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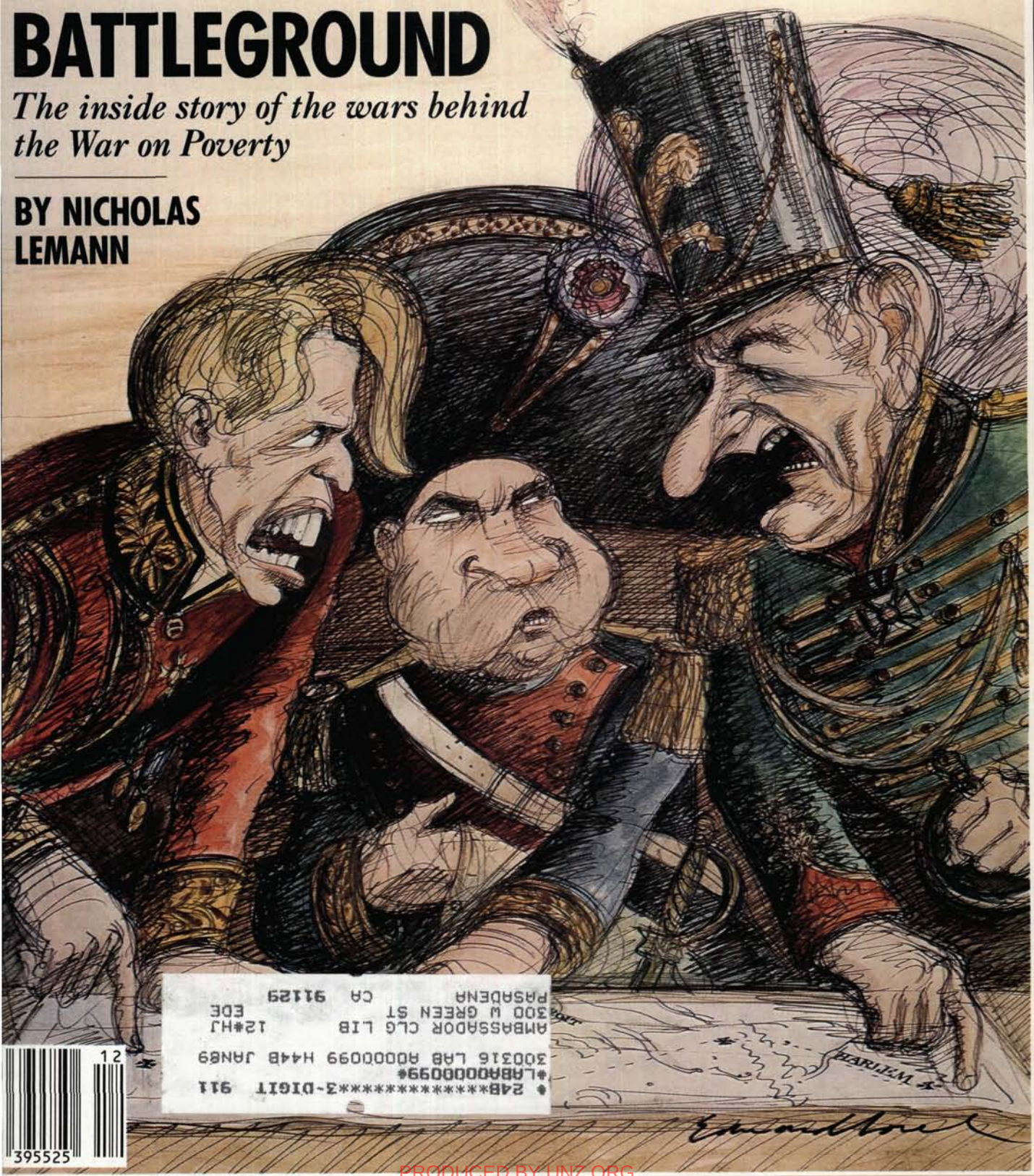
BATTLEGROUND

The inside story of the wars behind the War on Poverty

BY NICHOLAS LEMANN



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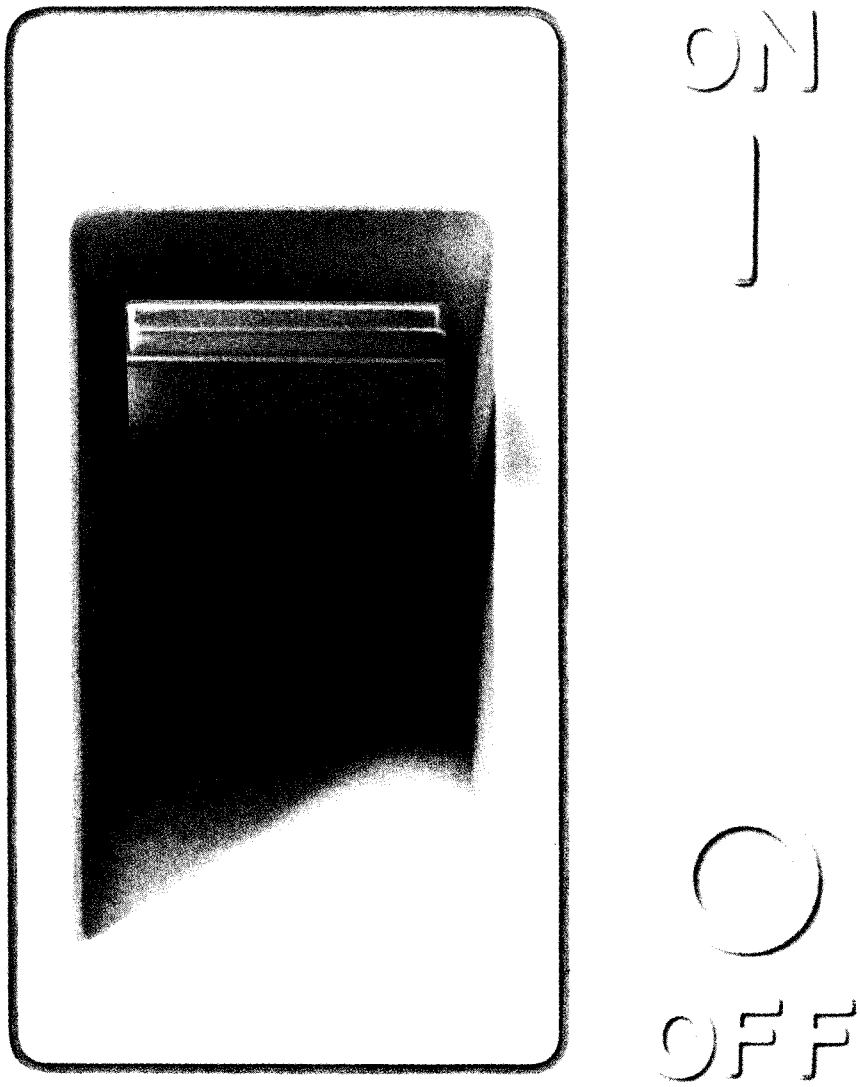

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The Atlantic

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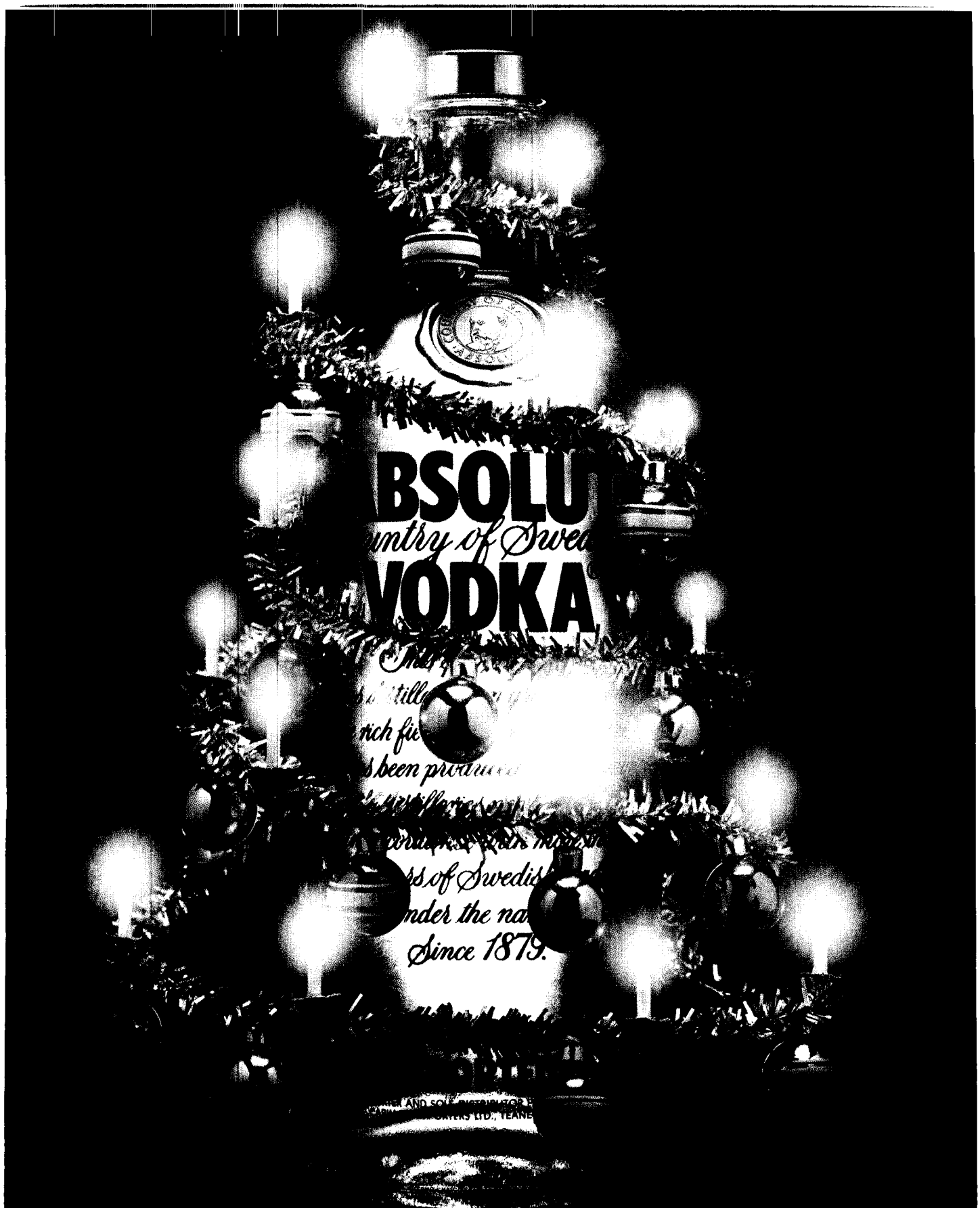

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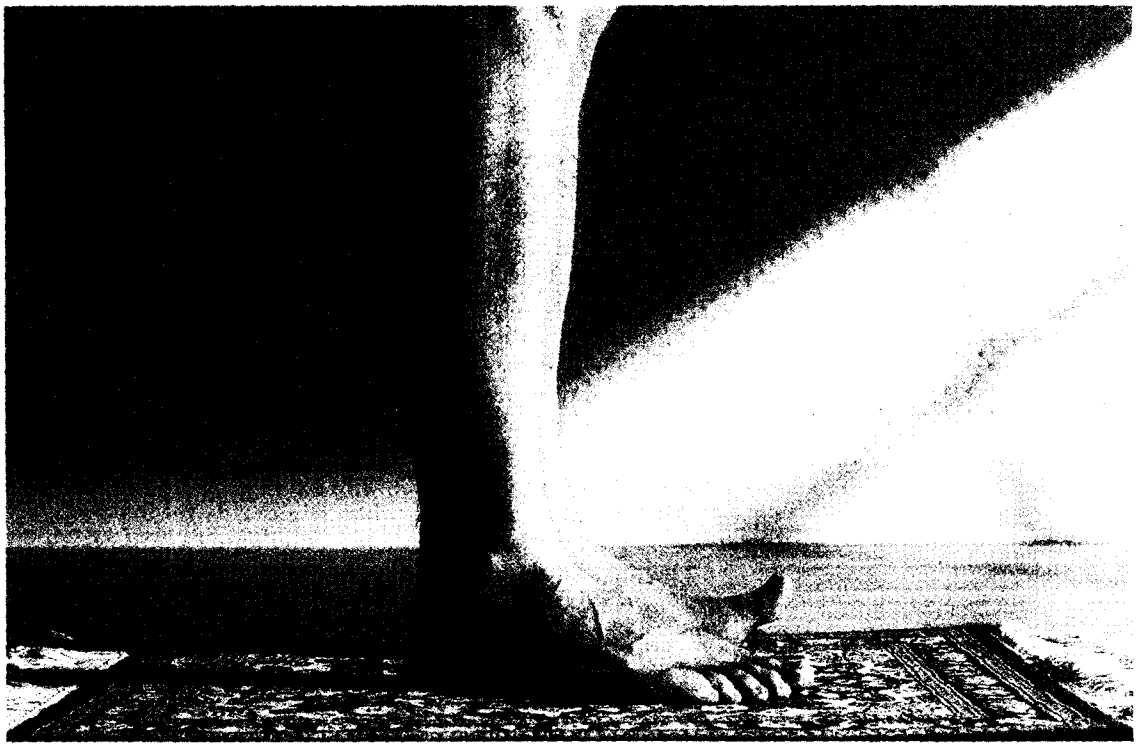

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

ARE WE ALONE?

In his article "Are We Alone?" (August *Atlantic*) Gregg Easterbrook omits or seems to downplay several interesting facts about the so-called "WOW!" incident at Ohio State University. First, the signal in question occupied so narrow a space in the radio band as to be unambiguously artificial. Natural sources of radio waves are consistently broad-band. Second, Robert Dixon, a spokesman for the radio observatory, was quoted in a reputable science magazine as saying that the source of the signal was at least as far away as the moon. Third, no lunar or planetary space probe from Earth was found to be the source of the signal. Such probes, unlike some satellites that orbit near earth, are used for scientific research, not for military or other classified purposes. One nation would have no reason to conceal from others the existence of such a probe. In fact, such probes are considered prestigious accomplishments and are publicized.

If these facts are considered together, the "WOW!" signal may well be taken as from another intelligent species in space. The fact that the signal was not repeated when the OSU telescope was again pointed to the same spot in the sky shouldn't, perhaps, be taken so seriously. We are told that the signal was very strong. Perhaps it came from an object moving through this solar system. If so, its signal naturally wouldn't be found again later at the same point in space.

The question embodied in the Fermi paradox (Why do we not know of space-faring extraterrestrials, if they exist?) may simply assume too much. Why *must* the ability to contact us openly be immediately followed by the desire to do so?

MICHAEL R. WATSON
Sonoma, Calif.

The search for extraterrestrial intelligence (SETI) assumes that civilizations in space would want to communicate by radio. How can we be sure that a better form of communication over long distances does not exist? Neutrinos are much less subject to interference and distortion than radio waves are. No one here on Earth has found a way to modulate neutrinos, but that does not mean that such a thing is impossible for a sufficiently advanced technology. If it is possible, then we could be being bombarded with alien transmissions every minute and never realize it.

SETI also seems to assume that a planet that has developed life must, sooner or later, develop *intelligent, technological* life. Why? Even if, as Easterbrook says, evolution favors the development of intelligence, we have seen that on our own planet some of the creatures with the greatest brains, whales and dolphins, have no hands with which to build machines. Life may be quite common throughout the universe, and still the kind of life that builds radio transmitters and, perhaps, interstellar spaceships may be relatively rare.

Easterbrook writes that "Hollywood whimsies like hyperspace and warp drive have no grounding in even the most speculative branches of physics." This isn't quite true. The physicist Robert Forward, for example, has suggested the possibility that a rotating ring of superdense matter might act as a sort of gateway to faster-than-light travel. While the physics in this is very speculative, that doesn't mean it isn't physics.

JAMES B. SALLA
Chicago, Ill.

We should not search for intelligent beings only among extraterrestrials. We should not assume, as Gregg Easterbrook does, that Earth has a lone intelligent presence. If outer-space aliens came to Earth and contacted dolphins or whales first, what would they learn about intelligent species on Earth? After all, if they are smart enough to travel through space, surely they will be smart enough to communicate with these highly developed, social, and intelligent marine minds.

We should be learning to communicate with other intelligent species on Earth instead of looking for intelligent beings millions of light-years away.

PATRICIA OSHEL
Placitas, N.M.

In his very interesting article on the search for extraterrestrial life Gregg Easterbrook neglected to address the issue of whether we could decipher a message from the stars. Assuming that

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something picked up by a SETI group could be identified as a message from an intelligent extraterrestrial civilization, the challenge of its interpretation might prove far more difficult than the challenge of its discovery. It is interesting to speculate on whether something from a completely foreign culture (the knowledge of universal constants like the laws of physics being the only definite area of similarity) could be translated into a form that we could understand.

DARWIN NEHER
Vancouver, B.C.

Gregg Easterbrook's article on SETI contains several common misconceptions about Darwinian theory. One example is the idea that evolution is equivalent to progress, with the goal being the development of "more sophisticated" organisms. Amoebas are not in fact hoping one day to become vertebrates. They are hoping to be more successful amoebas. Nor do organisms necessarily become more complicated or intelligent in the course of becoming better suited to their environment. The secondary loss of complex characters that were present in ancestral forms is extremely common. Witness, for example, the loss of tails in the great apes, and eyes in cave-dwelling fishes.

ALISON YORK
Berkeley, Calif.

Gregg Easterbrook replies:

I'm not sure I understand Michael Watson's objection. The article described the "WOW!" signal as "apparently alien in character." But when I interviewed Robert Dixon, the director of the Ohio State project, he told me that after extended contemplation of the "WOW!" signal, all he had been able to conclude was that its nature was unknown. That's how the article portrays the event.

Regarding Patricia Oshel's comments, I say, No sale. Cetaceans may well be intelligent, or at least self-aware, but many researchers, including John Lilly, have attempted to analyze dolphin song for language patterns or to establish some basis of communication with dolphins beyond that of trainer and subject. They have failed. Maybe someone in the future will succeed. And surely, given what little we do know, cetaceans should not be hunted or eaten.

Alison York's complaint leaves me scratching my head. I said only that through selection *some* organisms have become more sophisticated, especially with respect to the emergence of thinking beings. Surely it is a matter of fact, rather than of interpretation, that *Homo sapiens* is more sophisticated than his predecessors.

CUBA'S MILITARY

John Hoyt Williams, in "Havana's Military Machine" (August *Atlantic*), asserts that "no nation on earth receives more economic aid per capita, and yet the Cuban economy . . . barely lurches along." In fact Cuba is one of the only Latin American nations to have sustained significant economic growth throughout the past two decades: 7.5 percent annually from 1971 to 1975, four percent from 1976 to 1980, and 7.3 percent from 1981 to 1985. And in the category of subsidized economies Cuba has stiff competition from one of the United States' chief allies: on a per capita basis in 1985 Israel received in cash transfers two and a half times the estimated average of yearly trade subsidies that the USSR provides to Cuba.

Williams also states that "relations with other Latin American nations have generally deteriorated." Not true. While U.S.-Cuban relations deteriorated in the 1980s, Cuba's economic, diplomatic, and cultural relations with the rest of the hemisphere improved dramatically. For example, in November of 1987 the Presidents of eight Latin American countries—Argentina, Brazil, Colombia, Mexico, Panama, Peru, Uruguay, and Venezuela—called for the readmission of Cuba to the Organization of American States and other regional organizations. "There is a consensus among the Presidents," the Brazilian President, José Sarney, said, "that we ought to struggle for the total integration of Cuba into the inter-American system."

Williams also compares Cuba's armed forces with those of Canada. Yet Canada is not a small, underdeveloped Third World island and has not been targeted by the Reagan Administration as public enemy No. 1 in the Western Hemisphere. Williams fails to inform your readers of the 100,000 U.S. soldiers stationed throughout the Caribbean basin and the additional 147,000 soldiers of U.S. allies in the region. The CIA-sponsored coups in Guatemala (1954) and Chile (1973), the U.S. invasions of the Dominican Republic (1965) and Grenada (1983), the U.S.-sponsored guerrilla war against Nicaragua, and the enormous military buildup under the Reagan Administration are not paranoid inventions stemming from Cuba's "psychopathic" emphasis on war and weapons.

EDWARD J. MCCAUGHAN
San Francisco, Calif.

John Hoyt Williams proposes that Cuba is "the most thoroughly militarized nation on earth." This is certainly possible, although I can think of some other pretty strong candidates. Has he taken a look at Israel lately? What about Vietnam? How about Switzerland, where every adult male is part of the militia until well into middle age? Williams considers neither these nor several other likely prospects but instead proves his thesis by comparing Cuba with, of all places, Canada.

Using statistics from the International Institute of Strategic Studies, he points out that Cuba has a regular army of 145,000 with 110,000 reserves and is equipped with 950 Russian main battle tanks, while Canada, a much larger and richer country, "relies upon a regular army of only 22,500, with 114 antiquated MBTs." This comparison is spurious, both overall and in detail. Countries base the composition of their forces on the perceived threat. Williams is comparing apples and oranges.

The United States has not invaded Canada since the War of 1812 and is at present a close ally, while the Russian tank armies lie across the impassable Arctic Ocean. Canada is pretty confident that it won't have to fight a modern tank war on its territory with either of these major powers. Because of this analysis, half its tanks are stationed in Europe, equipping a mechanized brigade of 4,400 soldiers who represent its ground commitment to NATO.

Williams neglects to count Canada's reserve forces, which are listed by the IISS, but what I found really irritating was his description of the tank forces. Both Canada, which bought its Leopard 1 tanks in 1978, and West Germany, which made them, should be disturbed to have the Leopard 1 described as antiquated. Although it is true that the current Leopard 2 is even more capable, the Leopard 1 is a fine weapon system, mounting a powerful laser-sighted main gun. It is in no way antiquated. The same cannot be said for Cuba's Russian tanks. The first version of its T-54/55 was designed in 1946. The T-62 is more recent but its design is also older than that of the Leopard 1, and the T-62 has been proved in combat in the Middle

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East to be inferior to Western tanks of the Leopard 1's generation. In other words, the situation is the exact opposite of what Williams's words imply.

J. T. HOLLAND
San Francisco, Calif.

John Hoyt Williams replies:

In my article I set out to delineate the unique, rapid, and recent militarization of Cuban society and Fidel Castro's projection of military force abroad. I did *not* set out to examine U.S. policy or comparative economic-growth patterns. In the latter area I should note that no reputable printed statistics bear out Mr. McCaughan's economic-growth-rate figures, although Castro in a recent speech did use the 7.5 percent figure for the cited years. In fact reliable statistics point overwhelmingly to a drastic falloff in per capita production in industry and agriculture through the 1970s and the enormous growth of foreign debt (in both soft and hard currencies). Castro himself has admitted that unemployment tripled over the years 1980–1985 (to a very *yanqui* four or five percent). A draconian rationing system further indicates economic crisis, and in terms of per capita income, Cuba since 1960 has fallen from third in Latin America (after Argentina and Uruguay) to *fifteenth*!

Two minor points: I refer not only to Soviet "trade subsidies" but also to low-interest loans and outright grants and gifts. I did omit mention of Canada's reserves, but they are minuscule, with 24,700 soldiers for *all* services, including 19,000 members of the army reserves who are considered militia.

Do countries always base the composition of their force on "the perceived threat"? That would imply that the USSR greatly fears a huge-scale conventional ground invasion by NATO, which is clearly chimerical. No responsible leader (military or civilian) has contemplated the invasion of Cuba for more than a quarter of a century, and for obvious reasons. There has been nothing in the 1980s (Grenada is no parallel) to frighten Fidel Castro, yet it is in these 1980s that the domestic militarization has grown so pronounced.

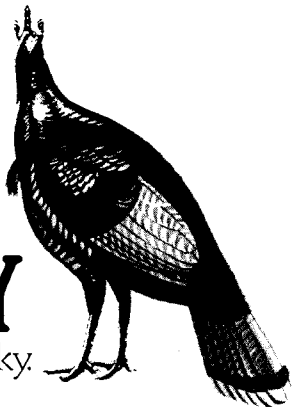
The Leopard may well not be ready for the scrap heap, and the tank was described to me as antiquated by disgruntled *Canadian* Army officers, who clearly favored the acquisition of Leopard 2 or U.S.-built M-1 tanks.

PRESENT TENSE

In "Time, Please" (September *Atlantic*) Peter Davison notes—quite correctly—that what underlies the dissatisfaction of "many casual readers of today's poetry . . . is that so many contemporary poets lack conviction. They have lost some degree of belief in the validity of poetic utterance."

True enough. But to attribute the vacuousness of so much contemporary poetry to "the dominance of the present tense" serves further to trivialize the already trivial character of most contemporary verse. Besides, it's wrong. The present tense dominates far too many good poems—poems that engage us intimately and that make things otherwise usual seem special indeed: "Something there is that doesn't love a wall"; "Terence, this is stupid stuff"; "Whose woods these are, I think I know"; "My mistress' eyes are nothing like the sun."

It only nests beneath the best trees.



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Indeed, the present tense dominates most of Shakespeare's sonnets (including number 18, cited by Davison as an example of the future tense, nine lines of which are in the present tense).

The present tense is not to blame for the pervasive emptiness and nihilism that Davison complains of as a lack of "commitment." Try recasting the tense of any mediocre, self-indulgently "expressive" poem, and observe how little improvement results; or do the same with many good poems, and see how little is lost. The issue is not tense but meaning (or the lack of it).

H. E. BLACKWELL
Jacksonville, Fla.

I am not a poet, but I know a strange metaphor when I see one, and I know that if anything doesn't have much of a smell, it's metal. Shouldn't Peter Davison's quote have read, ". . . will forever keep its freshness as a *petal* keeps its fragrance"?

ROBERT C. EHLE
Menlo Park, Calif.

I understand why Peter Davison deplores the present abundance of the present tense in poetry, and he makes a good case for a return to the past (tense). But the time when poets like Wordsworth could afford to recollect emotion in tranquillity has passed. Change has accelerated, things race by us; we live in the age of ephemera. Nothing has the stage long enough to become important. Something happens, and the poet has to get it down, *now*. It is the verbal equivalent of the snapshot—or, since the snapshot's time has passed, the video camera. Who has time to wait for a photograph to be developed? Even Polaroid is too tardy nowadays. And who can bother with elegies, when we barely have time to figure out who died today? The time of mere stimulation has arrived, as Wordsworth predicted it would. Should I mention that Brendan Galvin's poem "Swallow," in the same issue, is in the present tense?

GEORGE BILGERE
Denver, Colo.

Why are our writers more comfortable with the present tense? Because they are more comfortable avoiding the fright produced by thinking of history and the fear provoked by confronting the future.

RALPH D. STURM
Edinboro, Pa.

Peter Davison's two statements "The present tense . . . constrains us to hear only the voice of the watcher" and "Poets [writers] must learn to believe again that time is their friend" should be printed on huge placards and tacked above the desk of each offender.

ROY LIVENGOOD
Salina, Kansas

Peter Davison replies:

It's a pleasant surprise to find that "Time, Please" put burrs under so many saddles. No one, Mr. Blackwell, wants the present tense to vanish from poetry, eliminating half of our great lines and passages with it. But our practicing poets should recognize what they are sacrificing by squeezing themselves into one mode of utterance and preventing the currents of time from trickling through their work. I did not misquote Robert Frost, Mr. Ehle: petals die and lose their fragrance, while metals do neither. Sniff the blade of an old steel knife, or inhale the interior of a clean tin can, or take a whiff of some iron filings. Mr. Bilgere's argument reminds me of the ironic suggestion, made in the 1920s by the English journalist "Beachcomber," that the advent of the player piano had changed everything: "Slow music went out with the horse." Follow that all the way and the most modern poets would save a lot of time by regressing to simple grunts. I hope that all correspondents, including Messrs. Sturm and Livengood, realize that I have no quarrel with contemporary poetry, only with an insidious stylistic fad whose excessive use seems to me to be diminishing the art.

MORE ON PICASSO

This is simply to set the record straight on one point in Arianna Stassinopoulos Huffington's fascinating article "Creator and Destroyer" (June *Atlantic*). Picasso's work *Dream and Lie of Franco*, consisting of eighteen small etchings and one page of text, was to be published simultaneously in Spanish, French, and English. The text was *not*, as Huffington says, a poem but a full page of very Picassoesque prose. I know because I made the English version.

PAUL P. ROGERS
Austin, Texas

What Picasso did or did not do with his friends and lovers is totally irrelevant to his place as an artist. If all of his lovers and all of his children committed suicide to make *Guernica* possible, it would still have been a great, great bargain. If "10,000" died in building the pyramids, and a dozen in making the Brooklyn Bridge, do we care? Does it matter? Innocents are sacrificed all the time. It is the price a man pays for making a deal with the gods.

DAVID B. MANZELLA
Rhode Island School of Design
Providence, R.I.

Having just read "Creator and Destroyer," I am writing to express my thorough disgust with Picasso.

No matter what interpretation one might be able to make of this man and his work, he was an ugly, psychotic pervert who had *nothing* at all to contribute to mankind.

VIOLET T. GARDNER
Hilo, Hawaii

Arianna Stassinopoulos Huffington replies:

Roland Penrose called the text of the *Dream and Lie of Franco* "a long violent poem"; I called it "a poem full of violent imagery . . . written in Spanish, in his automatic style, which eschewed any rules of syntax or grammar"; Paul Rogers calls it "Picassoesque prose." We are all correct: Picasso's poetry *was* Picassoesque prose.

I am greatly relieved to know that David Manzella is a professor of design and not of ethics.

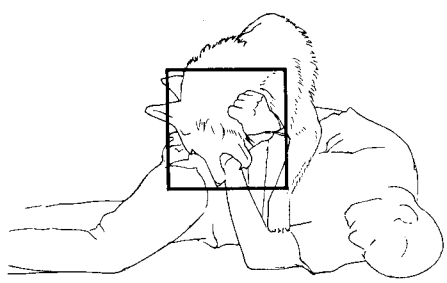
PICTURE PERFECT

Just what is happening in the picture on page 51 (in "Dog People," by E. S. Goldman) of your August issue?

STANLEY E. KRAVIT
Chicago, Ill.

Ralph Giguere, who illustrated "Dog People," has provided the line drawing below to clarify an illustration that apparently mystified some readers, Mr. Kravit among them.

THE EDITORS



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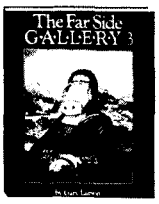

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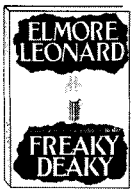

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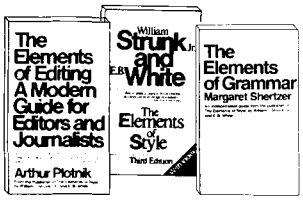

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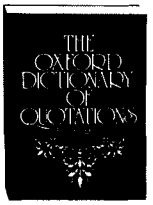

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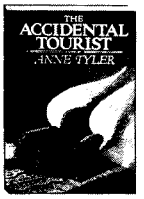

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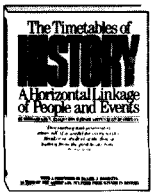

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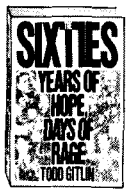

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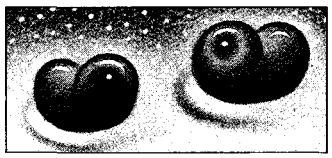
THE DECEMBER ALMANAC



ENVIRONMENT

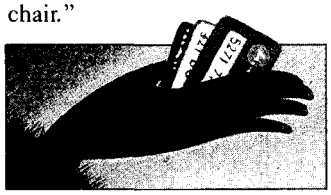
With December, according to the naturalist Richard Headstrom, "the nature year appears at its lowest ebb." In temperate climes reproduction in particular ebbs. December brings the hungry season—a bad time to be feeding offspring—and most land mammals are unenthusiastic about procreation. The big exception: *Homo sapiens*. Buoyed, perhaps, by the holidays, and little constrained by questions of food supply, human beings in the United States will conceive more children this month than in any other. The birthrate will be fully 10 percent higher next September than it is at its low in early winter.

ARTS & LETTERS

December **10,** the 88th presentation of the Nobel Prize awards. **21,** the 75th birthday of newspaper crossword puzzles, the first of which was published in the New York *World* in 1913. The history of the crossword puzzle has at times been stormy. One variety, the "trickster" puzzle, in which there exist two possible answers for every clue, became so popular in India in the 1950s that the national parliament sought to make it illegal, on the grounds that the fees to enter trickster contests were leading citizens to financial ruin. According to Will Shortz, of *Games* magazine, the San Francisco *Bulletin* once sold advertising space in the black squares of its puzzle grid. In 1924 *The New York Times* called crossword puzzles a "primitive form of mental exercise" and predicted their swift demise.

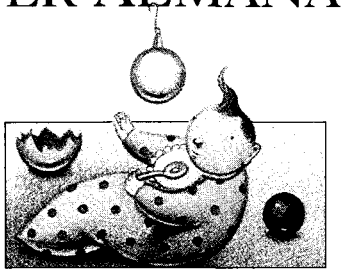
EXPIRING PATENT

No. 3,628,829. Device to enhance movie watching. "The combination of a viewing chair and sense-stimulating means for use in motion picture or television theaters is provided comprising a seat with armrests and having a back which terminates into a hood over the chair, support means for the chair including means adapted to rock the chair in various directions, means for vibrating said chair, odor-producing means associated with said chair, odor-conducting conduits associated with said odor-producing means, means for moving air through the odor-producing means . . . towards the face of a spectator. . . exhaust means associated with the hood of the chair for removing said fed air and odors, and a loudspeaker associated with the hood of said chair."



DEMOGRAPHICS

December is the month when Americans go most deeply into debt on purchases of consumer goods. Some 92 million Americans have at least one credit card from a bank or a store; the average credit-card holder carries 7.8 such cards (along with an average of $1,202 worth of bank-card debt alone). Credit-card use is highly variable, with a core of active buyers accounting for a disproportionate share of purchases. Take clothing: of the Americans with credit cards, more than half say they almost never charge clothing, about six percent say they always do, and 38 percent say they use cards about half the time. The United States does not have a cashless economy yet, but the average American who has a bank account writes a check for cash or withdraws cash from an automated teller machine only once every 16 days.



HEALTH & SAFETY

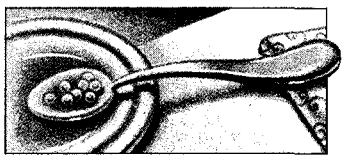
'Tis the season to visit the emergency room. The year's most anomalous injuries tend to occur in December. If past trends hold, some 400 people will be treated this month for lacerations caused by artificial Christmas trees. Some 300 children under the age of four will swallow Christmas-tree lights, and another 800 will swallow non-electric ornaments; all of the children will live. Nearly 5,000 people of all ages will be taken to emergency rooms as a result of some kind of accident involving Christmas ornaments, and they will survive the ordeal. Holly, which is poisonous, will be ingested by some 2,000 people, but they will not die. Poinsettias, which are not poisonous, will poison no one, but because many people think that poinsettias are poisonous, people will make more than 2,000 unnecessary calls to poison-control centers.

GOVERNMENT

December **15,** the Veterans Administration must submit a report to Congress today on how it is assisting homeless veterans, who make up approximately a third of the nation's street people. **21,** expiration of the treaty with Greece that permits the United States to maintain 16 military bases in that country. Negotiations for an extension of that treaty are under way. Also on this day the National Economic Commission, a bipartisan panel formed last spring to recommend ways to reduce the federal deficit, will announce its suggestions.

THE SKIES

December **9,** New Moon. **13–14,** the Geminid meteor showers peak tonight in the hours after midnight. **21,** the Winter Solstice; winter begins. At mid-Atlantic latitudes on this day the sun will be absent for 14 hours, but starting the following day it will begin, imperceptibly, to linger longer. Called Saturnalia by the Romans, the Winter Solstice has long been considered reason for celebration. **23,** Full Moon, also known this month as the Yule or Long Night Moon.



FOOD

The 1987 embargo imposed on imports from Iran will hit Americans where it hurts this month. December is when Americans eat almost half the caviar that they eat in any year. Because about half of our imported caviar used to come from Iran, the price of caviar products has risen dramatically. The best Beluga now costs as much as $650 a pound.

125 YEARS AGO

C. A. Bartol, writing in the December, 1863, issue of *The Atlantic Monthly*: "To have a good word for everybody, and take exception to nothing, is to incapacitate one's self for . . . real fellowship. We all know persons who seem a sort of social favorite on account of this gracious manner which they afford with such mechanical plenty. But what a dilution and deterioration their external quality of half-artificial courtesy becomes! It is handing round sweetened water, instead of tasting the juice of the grape. It is pouring from a pail, instead of opening a vial of sweet odors. This broadcast and easy approval lacks that very honesty which, in the absence of fineness, is the single grace by which it could be sanctified."

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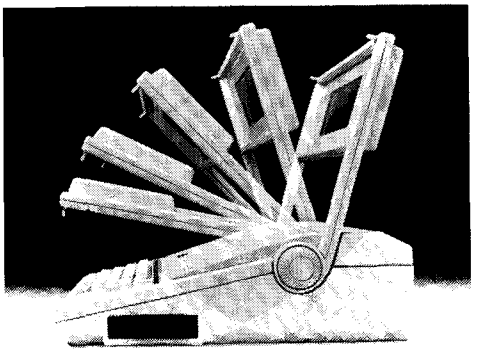

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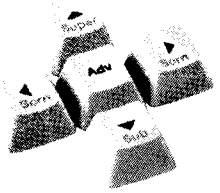

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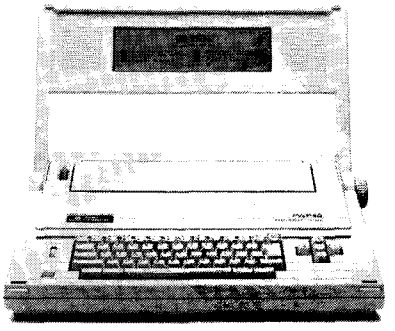

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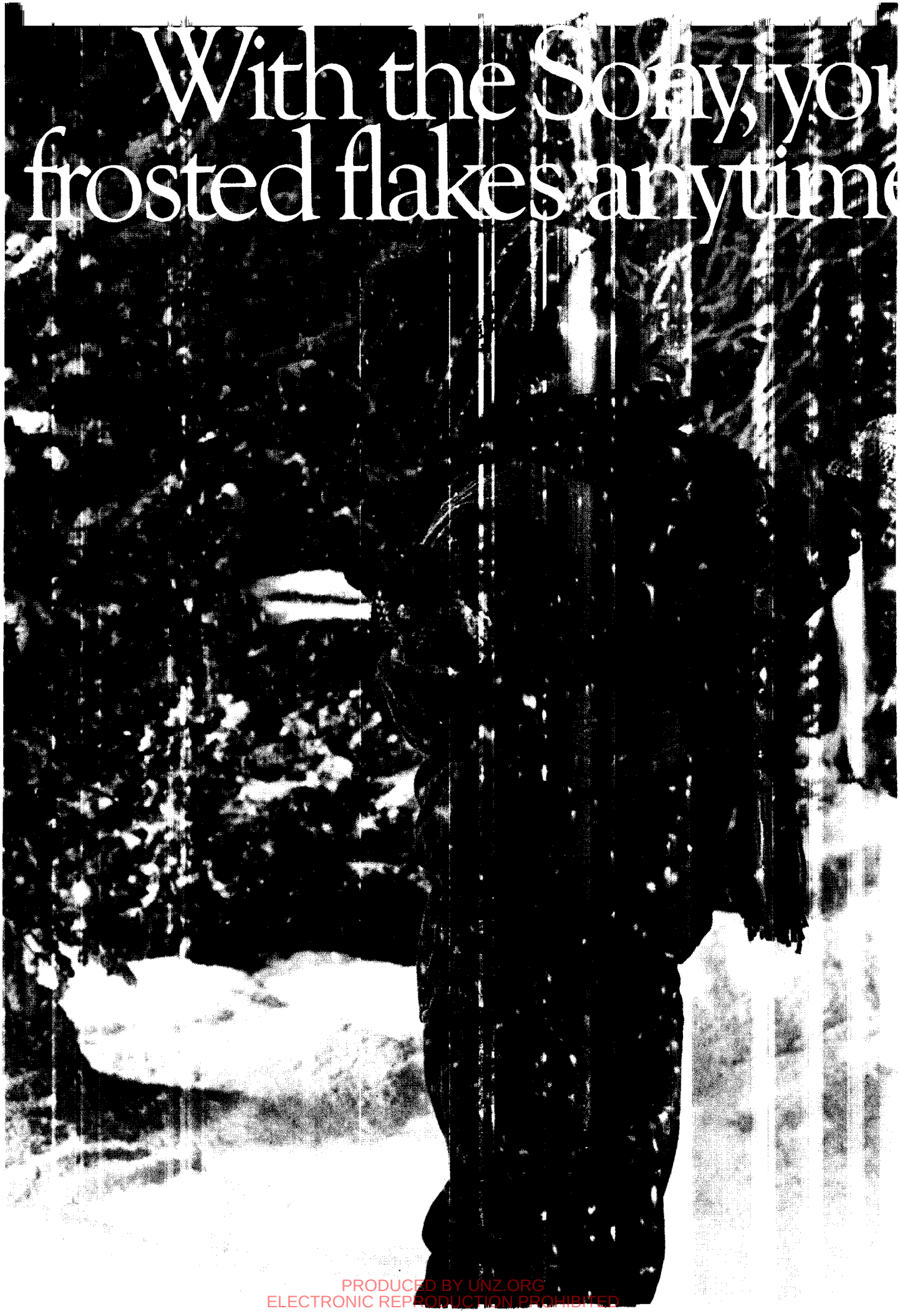

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Most kids were content with a white Christmas. But you wanted the fluffy, white stuff to be knee deep all year long. Anytime it snowed, you ran to the radio to see if school was closed.

Then you'd bundle up. And charge outside. To go sledding. Or build a snow fort. For a snowball fight. Or maybe you'd just stand around trying to catch snowflakes on your tongue.

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REPORTS & COMMENT

NOTES

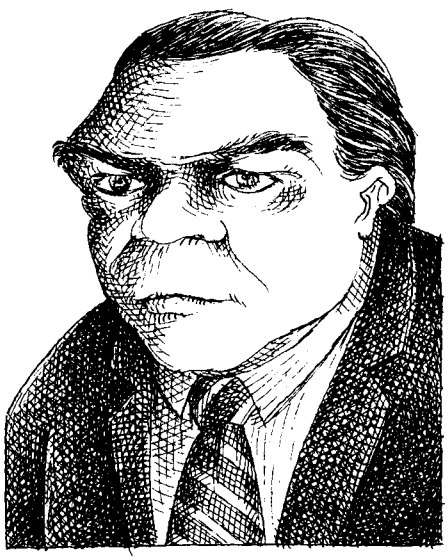
THE WAY WE WERE

THERE IS A famous saying of Bacon's to the effect that modern times are really the oldest ones (the world, after all, is not getting any younger), and that what we think of as antiquity, "by a computation backwards from ourselves," was actually a time of youth. This is an attractive and nicely counterintuitive notion, and one that is nearly impossible to keep in your head as you go about daily life. People just don't tend to think this way. And yet we all feel powerfully the loss of youth, especially if ours has been misspent; we have similar feelings about the lost youth of our race, about a world that was brasher and less proud and perhaps more suited to our natures. The myth of the noble savage may have been given a name by Rousseau, but it is probably one that even noble savages entertained.

What is surprising, though, is not that we harbor an affectionate attitude toward times gone by—many things, including beer, literature, and New York City, did use to be better—but that we so often move beyond passive nostalgia and attempt to bring back the past. I would not go so far as to say that civilization's every step forward compels a compensatory step in retreat, but it does seem to me that as society ratchets onward there is always a bit of slippage in the gears. The last few millennia offer several thousand examples, but let me present some from my own lifetime.

The La-Z-Boy reclining rocker, a state-of-the-art platform for the human frame in sentient repose, was introduced in 1961, well in time for the first Super Bowl; it was countered by that strange pretzel-shaped chair with no backrest which is supposed to be the ideal seating arrangement for creatures who were once arboreal. In the late 1960s the design of running shoes became a focus of Space Age ingenuity; the Stone Age response, in the early 1970s, was the Earth Shoe, a sloped-backward affair designed to induce the natural gait of Brazilian aborigines. In 1982 the first Jarvik-7 artificial heart was installed in a human subject; around the same time doctors began taking a second look at the medicinal properties of leeches. More recently, in the dawning age of the computerized, or "smart," house, there have been reports of people choosing to live underground or in caves.

This sort of thing—this resuscitation of the old and even of the primitive—is happening all around us, and once one becomes aware of the pattern, its new manifestations seem eerily predictable.



ILLUSTRATIONS BY MEL FURUKAWA

THAT IS WHY students of the phenomenon sat up and took notice not long ago when the trade journal *Frozen Foods Age* reported that sales of frozen convenience dinners, which had increased by 33 percent in the course of a single recent year, had achieved a historic high. Within months of this news the inevitable counterpunch was delivered, in the form of an article in *The New England Journal of Medicine*, "Paleolithic Nutrition: A Consideration of Its Nature and Current Implications." The article, by the physicians S. Boyd Eaton and Melvin Konner, bluntly asserted the superiority of Cro-Magnon man's diet. The article has now been expanded into a book, one that offers not only a "program of diet and exercise" but also a complete "design for living."

The Paleolithic Prescription, by Eaton, Konner, and Marjorie Shostak, an anthropologist, opens on a needlessly defensive note: "To some people, this book will be worth a lot of laughs." Oh, there are sure to be those who will have their fun ("Pass the mammoth, please"), but in the main the argument of the book strikes me as unassailable. *Homo sapiens*, the authors say, evolved in the context of a certain environment and way of life. For the most part, the conditions to which man was ideally suited no longer obtain, and yet man himself is little changed in any fundamental genetic way. We are still turning out the basic Cro-Magnon type of fellow, except that now he is working at a desk job, is afflicted by high levels of stress, is eating foods he wasn't meant to—and, not coincidentally, is looking forward to a date with high blood pressure, diabetes, cancer, or heart disease.

In contrast, the cave person, according to *The Paleolithic Prescription*, was lean, tall, strong, and aerobically fit. He did not smoke. If he drank, it was hap-

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hazardly. If he had a sweet tooth, it was difficult to indulge. If he liked meat, it was meat that was low in fat, because wild animals have a lot less fat than domesticated animals do. And he consumed a good deal of roughage: apparently about three pounds of raw vegetable matter a day. Cave persons also got lots of exercise. And they were not really the benighted captives of traditional sex roles we make them out to be. "If human societies were ranked along a continuum according to the status of women," the authors write, communities of cave persons "would be positioned near the end closest to full equality." Chronic degenerative disease, by the way, was almost unknown.

It sounds almost too good to be true, and in one or two particulars maybe it is. Some scientists argue that cave persons consumed more sugar, especially in the form of honey, than other scientists have cared to acknowledge. Rhodesian Man, a Paleolithic citizen whose remains were uncovered in Zambia, has been described by one analyst as a "dentist's delight." As for alcohol, a controversial new theory holds that not only did cave people have a taste for it but they made the leap to agriculture precisely in order to be assured of reliable supplies of grain for beer. An archaeologist friend of mine has also pointed out that whereas cave persons may have been aerobically fit, we all might be if we shared our dwellings with eighteen-foot-tall cave bears. We might suffer a bit from hypertension, too.

STILL, *The Paleolithic Prescription* makes good general sense, and I am giving serious thought to it. I am troubled, however, by the authors' tolerance of halfway measures, by their insufficient zeal. They note, for example, that cave persons were ardent insectivores, and yet nowhere on any of their suggested menu plans do insects, which are rich sources of protein, appear; rather, we are urged toward the usual vapid substitutes, such as chicken breasts (skinned) and cottage cheese. And though we are informed that your typical cave person, for all his clean living and egalitarianism, lived to only about thirty years of age, the matter is simply dropped and the provocative implication left unpursued.

Can I be alone in wondering whether a human life-span limited to three decades or so isn't what God really intended, and isn't such a bad idea regardless? Most of life's minor irritations are, to be sure, caused by people under thirty, but most of the real damage to the world has been done by people who are older. If life ended at thirty, the occasional Alexander the Great would still wreak havoc from time to time, but the First World War would never have happened and probably neither would the Second. We would still have most of Mozart but a lot less of Friml, Dickens, and Michener. If life ended at thirty, there would be no more Dr. Ruths, no more aging rock stars, no more graduation speakers of the most compulsory and tiresome kind, and no more nostalgia booms that couldn't be dismissively put down. The Social Security Trust Fund would turn into pure plunder, and could be used to pay off the federal deficit. And no one, at long last, would be eligible to run for President of the United States.

I would be surprised if such a regime, provided that it was adequately grandfathered, did not find wide acceptance.

—Cullen Murphy

WASHINGTON

HIDE AND SEEK

The Census Bureau can count people who it can't prove exist. One day it may not have to count at all

ON "S-NIGHT"—Tuesday, March 20, 1990—enumerators from the Bureau of the Census will attempt to count every homeless person in America. They will begin at shelters and cheap hotels at dusk and then, as the night wears on, move to bus stations, train stations, subway stations, all-night restaurants, and all-night movie theaters. They will ask each respondent if he or she has a home elsewhere. Only people who answer no will be interviewed.

After midnight the enumerators will go out on the streets in teams of two. When they see a sleeping person, they will estimate age, sex, and race by observation. When they meet someone who is awake and lucid, they will try to conduct a short interview but won't ask for the person's name. S-night enumerators (the *S* stands for *street* and *shelter*) will be given special training, safety tips, and a number to call in case of trouble, but they will not have police escorts. The Census Bureau is concerned about "the perception of police involvement in the census," according to an internal memo.

A few days after S-night, on "T-night" (the *T* stands for *transient*), enumerators will hang a census form on the door of each room in some 70,000 hotels and motels. The vast majority of the people who fill out these forms will also fill out census forms at home, and their transient forms will eventually be thrown out. But the T-night forms will still catch many people who would otherwise be missed.

The Bureau of the Census has been trying for 200 years to fulfill perfectly its constitutional mandate—an "actual enumeration" of the United States population once every ten years. In 1990 the census will be conducted by a staff of more than 300,000, processed by the latest computers, and analyzed by some of the best statisticians in the world. But it will fail nonetheless to verify physically

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the existence of millions of people. Not surprisingly, the people most likely to be missed by the census are the homeless, the poor, the illiterate, illegal aliens, minorities, and residents of remote rural areas. Nonetheless, the bureau is making steady progress toward its ultimate goal. Bureau officials estimate that they missed only 1.4 percent of the actual U.S. population in 1980, down from 5.6 percent in 1940. Charles Jones, the associate director of the census, says that he hopes in 1990 to pin down the U.S. population with a 0.5 percent margin of error. But the last few million people will be especially hard to find—they may, in fact, never be found—and the assumption that they even exist rests on sophisticated methodologies of which the public is largely unaware.

How do you count people who don't want to be counted, or people you just can't find? The bureau's staff has some powerful new tools. Next February, for example, the bureau will unveil its Topologically Integrated Geographic Encoding and Referencing System. TIGER is a computerized map of the United States, on a large enough to show all of the streets and most of the physical features of the American landscape. By cross-checking the map against the addresses on all census forms that have been received, the bureau can pinpoint every place that is unaccounted for. This new mapping system, and other computer tools, make it possible for the Census Bureau to establish the size and location of the U.S. population with astonishing precision. Theoretically, the bureau could one day be able to conduct a census without sending out forms or enumerators.

To a certain extent, the census even now requires an act of faith. Enumerators have always asked one person—ideally, the head of the household—to describe every other member of that household. Heads of household sometimes forget. A Census Bureau study in 1960 showed that they were not very likely to forget their wives and children, although they sometimes did, and rather more likely to forget their grandchildren and other relatives. They were most likely to forget their in-laws.

In recent years the amount of face-to-face contact between the bureau and its subjects has been diminishing. The intrepid enumerator with a clipboard who goes from door to door is rapidly disap-

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pearing. Since 1970 most census forms have been distributed and returned by postal carriers. This "mail out, mail back" procedure saves the bureau money and probably increases accuracy, because fewer errors occur when people fill out their own forms. In 1990 mail out, mail back will cover 85 percent of the population. Another 10 percent, in rural and hard-to-reach areas, will be handed forms by enumerators and will mail them back. If everything goes well, only five percent of the population—roughly 12.5 million people—will have to be interviewed in person by enumerators. Bureau officials will try to keep this number down. For the most part, enumerators are not full-time staff members or skilled demographers; they are retirees, college students, homemakers, and others who have the time and need some extra money. The task of finding and training hundreds of thousands of temporary (and not very well paid) employees during the census is one of the bureau's biggest headaches.

To make everything go well, the bureau must compile a list of the addresses of all dwellings in the country, a list that will be accurate on Census Day—April 1, 1990. The bureau is doing this by combining the resources of the Postal Service with those of the direct-mail industry.

The mailing lists of most catalogues, magazines, and organizations are available for sale, at prices that range from $50 to hundreds of dollars per thousand names. In January of this year the bureau bought about 56 million addresses from private vendors. To perfect this list, a card for each address will be printed, sorted by Zip Code, and given to the local post office by the local Census Bureau office. Postal workers will take the cards and "deliver" them to the post office's separating cases, which have small compartments for every local address. When the cards are all in place, some of the compartments will still be empty, because a lot of people, hard as it is to believe, are not on anyone's mailing list. A postal worker will fill out cards for any missed addresses. Bureau employees will then walk the streets with the fortified address lists, to double-check. Later, local officials will triple-check. And postal carriers will review the lists and add still more addresses—a quadruple check. The process is highly effective. In 1980 pre-census measures added 6.4 million households, containing 16.4 million people, to the enumeration, at a cost of only $1.71 per added person.

In 1990 the United States will contain about 106 million places of residence, which will be home to about 250 million people. Census forms will be delivered to 95 percent of these addresses on March 23, 1990. At that point the bureau will begin a battle against the human tendency to shove paperwork into a drawer and forget about it. On April 26 enumerators will visit households whose forms are missing. Beginning on June 26 they will visit households whose forms contained partial or contradictory information.

Eighty-three percent of U.S. households returned their census forms on time in 1980, but the rate varied widely by neighborhood. Follow-up operations in 1980 were expensive—they added a total of 2.6 million people, at an average cost of $27.97 per person. These measures included "casual counts" much like S-night, return visits (sometimes many of them) to missing households, and further checks against Postal Service and local government lists. The most expensive follow-up measure was an experimental program that matched census forms against driver's-license registrations and other "administrative" lists. Because the bureau's computers at the time were not capable of doing the actual matching, most of the work had to be done by hand. This program added 130,000 people, at a cost of $75.54 per person. The great expense was one reason why the bureau has decided not to check its data against administrative records in 1990. But as computing costs decline, and as other forms are standardized to contain data that can be checked against census forms, administrative-record checks will probably become more attractive. Denmark today conducts its decennial census solely through computer matching. It does not bother with a head count.

When all is said and done, however, there will still be unanswered questions. In some cases enumerators will know from asking neighbors that a building is inhabited, but they won't be able to reach the inhabitants. In others well-intentioned heads of household will make honest errors and omissions. And a lot of heads of household will simply refuse to divulge some kinds of information, such as income. The process that fills in these blanks is called imputation, which, in its most basic form, dates back to the 1940s.

In 1990 the imputation process will be a high feat of statistical computing. It would be relatively easy to get national or regional averages of age, income, and other characteristics, and simply slip those numbers into every known blank slot. But that would seriously compromise the overall reliability of the data and would produce wildly inaccurate portraits of areas where the undercount is high. Instead, the bureau will use a process called "hot-deck" imputation. Census Bureau computers scan through forms at rates of up to forty a minute. The forms come in sequence from the same general geographic area, and the bureau assumes that people who live near each other are similar. When the computer sees a blank slot, it automatically inserts the data from the previous questionnaire. Imputation added more than 3.5 million people to the count in 1980. In other words, 1.5 percent of the official 1980 count consisted of people who were merely assumed to exist. Because of imputation a congressional seat was taken away from Indiana and given to Florida.

THE CENSUS BUREAU thinks that in 1980, despite imputation, it may have failed to count as many as 3,171,000 people, or 1.4 percent of the U.S. population. The roughness or precision of an estimate like that one lies at the heart of a debate that has been going on in Congress over census adjustment.

The undercount estimate for 1980 was the product of demographic analysis, a statistical technique pioneered in the 1950s by Ansley J. Coale, a demographer at Princeton University. One of the basic rules of demography is that there are only three ways for a population's size to change: birth, death, and emigration or immigration. In the 1930s for the first time it became possible in the United States to procure reliable statistics of all three kinds from the whole country. Demographers use these data for different population groups to create a model that "ages" the U.S. population as a whole from one census to the next. The difference between the demographic projection and the actual enumeration provides an estimate of the undercount or overcount. It provides an estimate, to use the term of art, of the "error of closure."

The likelihood of undercounting matters deeply to many communities, because, as is well known, billions of dollars from Washington are distributed

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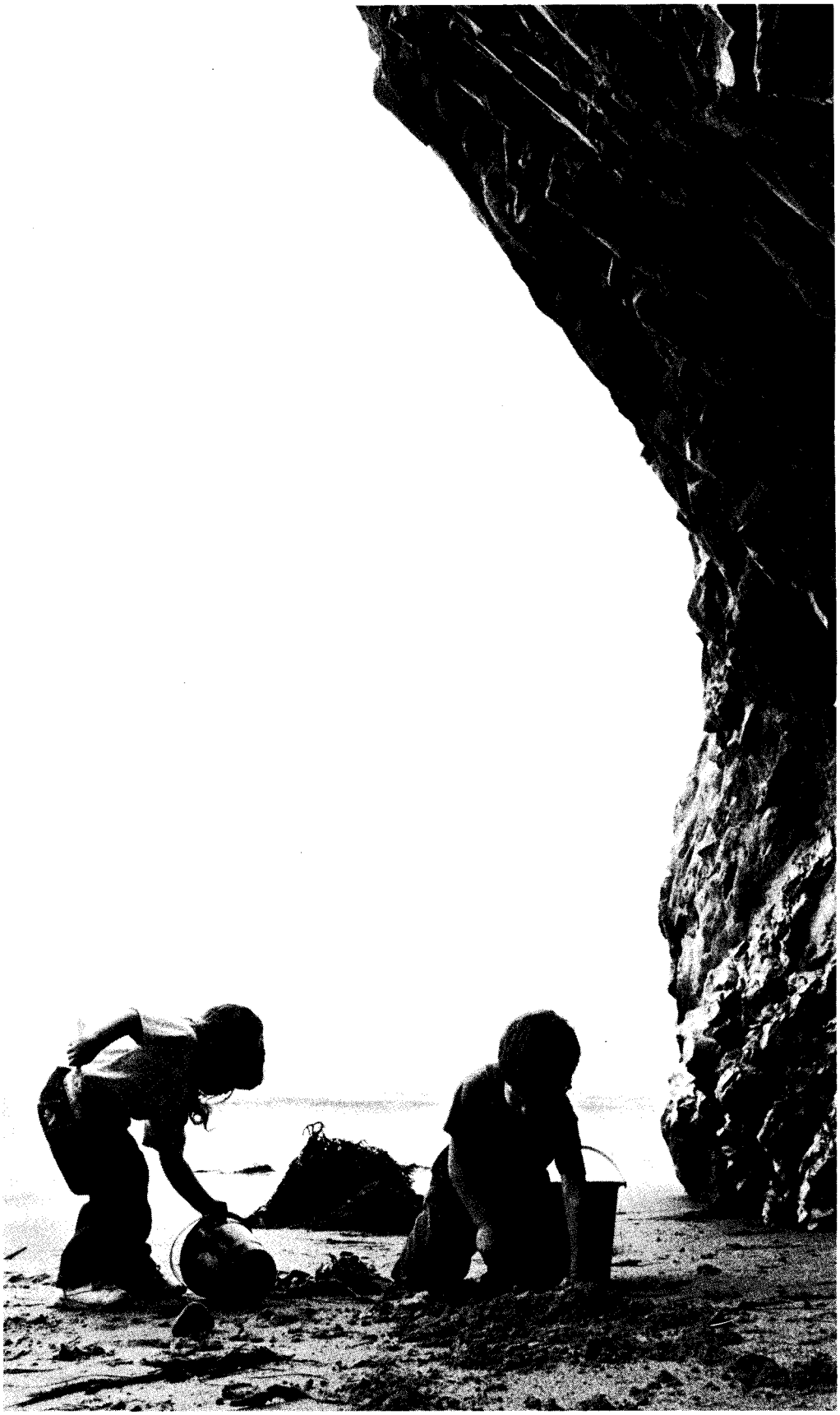

IF YOU LOOK HARD ENOUGH, YOU'LL BE SURPRISED WHAT YOU MIGHT FIND.

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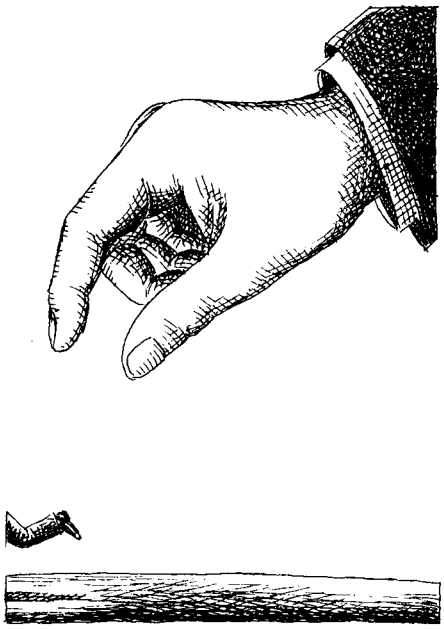
according to formulas that derive from census data. In 1980 some three dozen cities separately sued the federal government for alleged census undercounting. They demanded that the estimated undercount somehow be worked back into the official total, so that they could get their "rightful" share of money.

There had been a long debate on this issue among statisticians prior to 1980, and in the end the Census Bureau decided that demographic analysis was simply too blunt an instrument and that an adjustment could conceivably put more error into the count than it would remove. The bureau decided not to adjust the data, and it finally won the last of the lawsuits last spring. But after 1980 a small group of bureau officials and other statisticians devoted themselves to a search for an adjustment procedure that would in fact reduce error. Last year, they believe, they found it.

The model they devised is quite complex, and a beautiful example of the statistician's art. It would depend on a large post-census survey of about 300,000 households, which would generate data to compare with census data. This would be the largest single household survey ever done in the United States except for the census itself. According to Barbara Bailar, the chief of the bureau team that came up with the model, 300,000 households is the sample size statistically necessary to prevent the level of error from exceeding one percent—the level that the bureau considers tolerable. The post-enumeration survey would be based on a sample of thousands of "blocks," each consisting of a highly specific population segment, such as blacks in Los Angeles. The blocks would then be grouped into a smaller number of demographically similar "strata," and a sample of blocks that reflected the overall characteristics of each stratum would be chosen. After the regular census ended, the bureau would go to the sample blocks and conduct a second, more intensive enumeration. When the forms from the second survey were ready, they would be matched to the forms from the original census. The difference in the results would indicate the size of the undercount or overcount. For example, if the post-enumeration survey showed that there were 18 percent more blacks in inner cities than were counted in the census, then the original count of black inner-city men would be increased by 18 percent.

Comparing two enumerations to get a more accurate estimate is called the capture-recapture method. It is the same method that wildlife biologists use to estimate the number of fish in a pond or deer in a forest. When the subject is wildlife, it is assumed that every member of the population has an equal chance of being tagged each time; this assumption is known as the assumption of independence. The population necessarily falls into four groups: those tagged both times, those tagged neither time, those tagged the first time but not the second, and those tagged the second time but not the first. If the assumption of independence is valid, then the percentage of the population tagged the



first time that is also tagged the second time is, logically, the same as the percentage of the entire population that is tagged the second time. Estimating the total population thus becomes a simple matter.

Of course, for human beings the assumption of independence is not entirely valid. People can try not to get tagged. But most American statisticians are convinced that this potential problem is not serious enough to threaten the validity of the adjustment procedure devised by Bailar and her colleagues.

John Keane, the director of the Census Bureau, is not among their number, however. Neither is Robert Ortner, his superior in the Commerce Department. The census will not be adjusted in 1990. In announcing the decision, Ortner cited a continuing disagreement among statisticians, the great cost in money and time of the 300,000-household survey, and possible public skepticism about including people in the census whom no one has either seen or heard from. "We don't play with the numbers," Ortner said. (He did not mention imputation.)

In the ensuing controversy Bailar quit, black and urban groups protested, and there was widespread speculation that Ortner, a Republican, had forced a political decision on the bureau. An adjustment would mean more federal aid for cities and in general would tend to help the Democratic Party. Congressman Mervyn Dymally, a Democrat from California, is promoting legislation that would force the Census Bureau to adjust the 1990 count, but his bill is likely to fail. If an adjustment were to be made in 1990, one result would be the removal of a congressional district from Pennsylvania and the creation of a new one in Arizona.

DESPITE THE adjustment controversy, Keane has pledged that research into alternative methods of enumeration will continue, and he has been true to his word. Among other things, the bureau recently launched a program designed to figure out why so many blacks, Hispanics, Asians, American Indians, illegal aliens, and homeless people try to avoid the enumerator. The results so far show that these people believe that census information will be used to hurt them, that it is shared freely with other agencies like the Internal Revenue Service and the Immigration and Naturalization Service, and that it is used to hunt people down. (In fact the bureau takes elaborate measures to keep individual census forms confidential. Every number it releases to the public is an average, or is anonymous, and the smallest geographic area for which it will release data is a city block. Anyone who releases information about an individual sooner than seventy-two years after the enumeration was made has committed a federal offense.) The Census Bureau is toying with the idea of permitting people in certain "hard-to-enumerate" areas—such as inner cities, public-housing projects, and wilderness areas—to fill out census forms without providing their names.

The biggest improvement planned for 1990 is the installation of TIGER, the computerized street map of the United States. In every past census enumerators have used hand-drawn paper maps to

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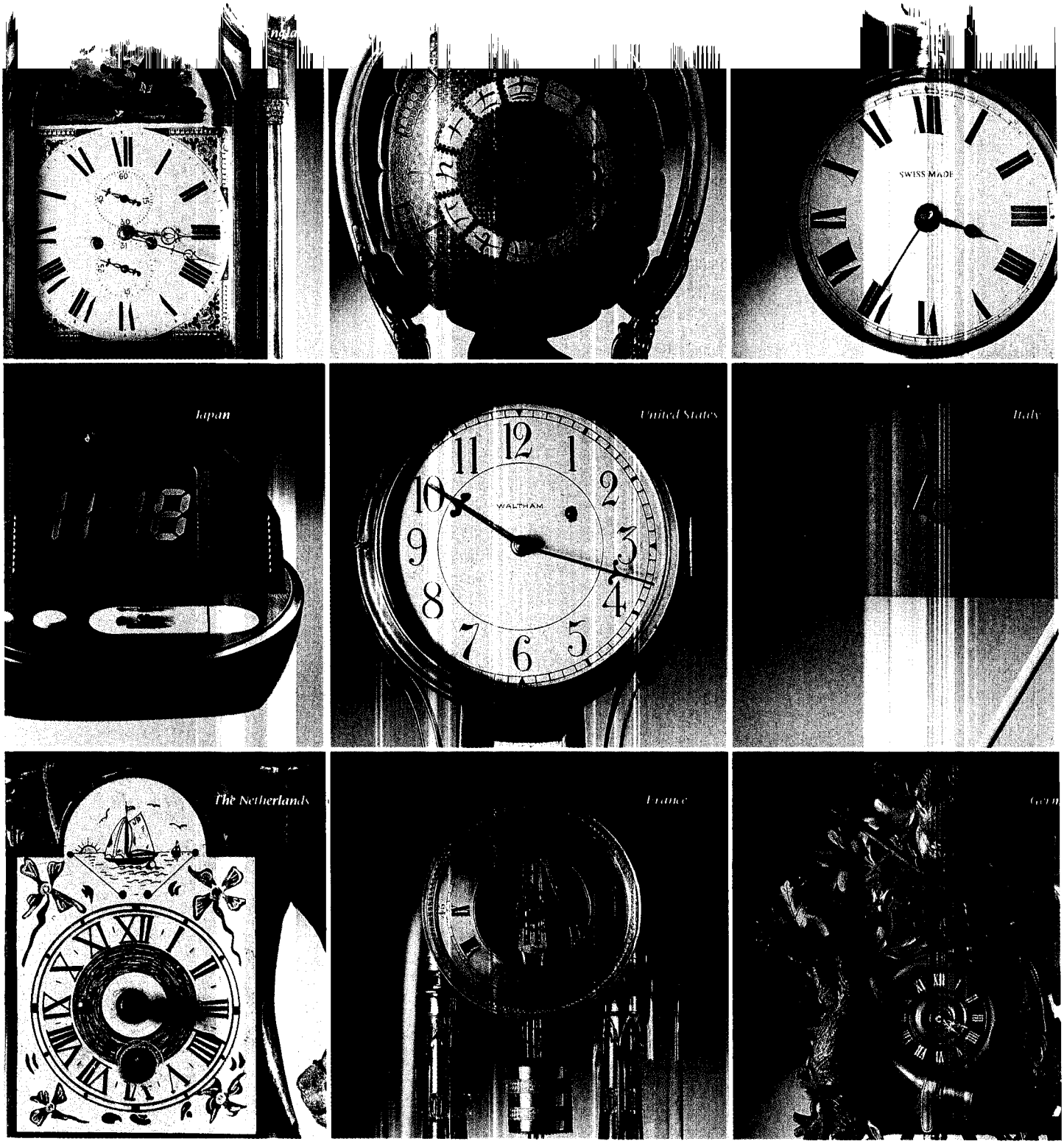

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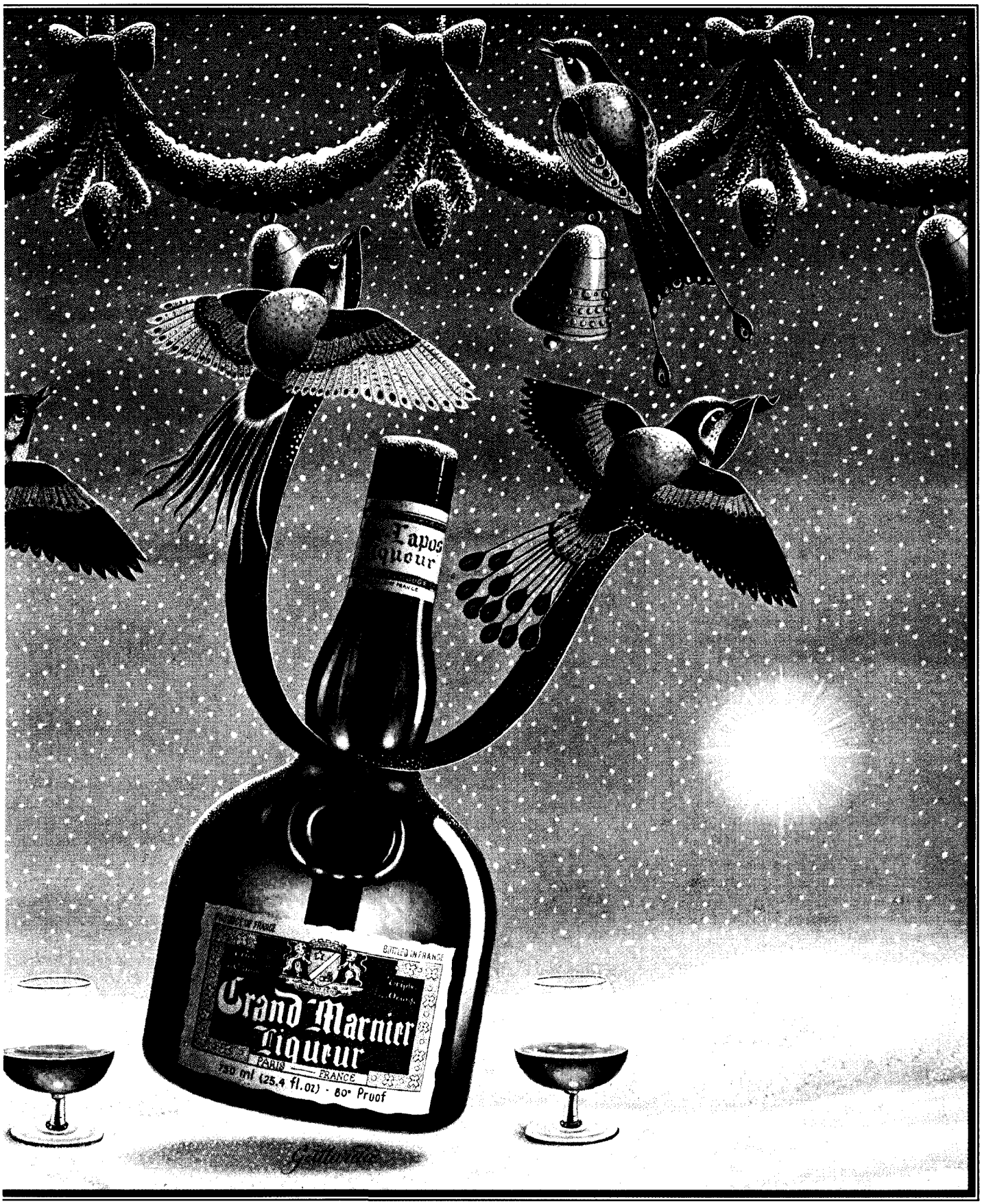

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find addresses. When they needed to make a correction, they marked it on the map. In 1980 the clutter of handwriting on more than 300,000 paper maps caused a lot of mistakes, and housing units near the edges of maps were often omitted, counted twice, or counted in the wrong area.

After the 1980 count the Census Bureau's geography division, in cooperation with the U.S Geological Survey, began the gargantuan task of entering all USGS 1:100,000 series maps into a computer. An automated scanning machine "read" each feature represented on each map, assigned it geographic coordinates, and added it to TIGER's master file. Computers use these coordinates to reconstruct the maps and display them graphically on a screen as a series of lines. The great advantage of this method is that any feature on the map can be changed instantly and simply, in the computer.

The TIGER file now contains about 50 to 70 gigabytes (one gigabyte represents a billion units of information). It is arranged into subfiles, each of which contains a different physical feature, such as waterways, political boundaries, rail lines, and streets. When the file is revised after the census, it will probably grow even larger and will certainly become more accurate.

So far the data in TIGER has not been linked to actual census data. In other words, it is not yet possible to call up a map of any road in America, hit a computer key, and instantly see the demographic characteristics of its residents. Soon, however, that may be possible. "We're just starting out," explains Robert Hammond, of the bureau's 21st Century Decennial Census Planning Staff. "We figured that we'd better build a Chevy first."

TIGER is also an invaluable gift to American businesses that use direct-mail campaigns, home-delivery routes, and other forms of marketing that need a high degree of precision. The data companies that serve these businesses are already working on software that will make TIGER easier to use. "It cost about as much as a typical weapons system," says Donald Cooke, the president of Geographic Data Technology, in Lyme, New Hampshire. "But it will be far more valuable to businesses than the census itself."

Bruce Johnson, the head of the 21st Century Decennial Census Planning Staff, is thinking past 1990 to the year 2000 and beyond. He thinks about sending enumerators out into the field with hand-held computers instead of clipboards, and he tries to imagine what a "paperless" census would be like. He thinks about installing TIGER in thousands of dashboard computers. And he wonders whether hand-held devices linked to satellites can instantly pinpoint a user's latitude and longitude, and whether that could have applications for enumeration in rural areas.

Technological advances might even replace the enumeration one day. Some statisticians have proposed using supercomputers to establish a "megamatch" of federal statistical data sources. Computers would blend data from such agencies as the IRS and Social Security with other lists provided by marketers and local governments. By combining all the data and purging duplicate information, the computers might be able to produce an accurate census at a cost lower than that of a traditional enumeration.

A census without trying to reach every American might prove politically unacceptable. "In the real world there would be serious practical problems," Robert Hammond says. Yet to some, it's an oddly appealing idea. "There's nothing," Johnson says, "that we're not allowed to think about."

—Brad Edmondson

WILLIAMSBURG

REVISING COLONIAL AMERICA

Harsh historical truths transform a historical landmark

EDWARD CHAPPELL is an affable Virginian who views the museum the way Bertolt Brecht did theater—as a device to provoke and disturb. "I think of the museum as a liberating force," Chappell, who is Colonial Williamsburg's director of architectural research, told me not long ago. "I want the visitor to ask what the museum's intentions are." Chappell's Williamsburg is a remarkably unabashed incarnation of Colonial America, a scrupulously reconstructed realm of slave quarters, sculleries, workshops, and social misfits. He led the way into the newly reconstructed Public Hospital, a copy of the first mental hospital in America, which was erected on the same site in 1773, and pointed with pride to a cell furnished with a soiled pallet and a used chamber pot, and to walls streaked with dirt, simulated feces, and graffiti. A sound track activated by our bodies added the querulous voice of a confused inmate. The adjoining gallery displays a frightful "tranquilizer chair" in which eighteenth-century doctors confined unruly patients, musical instruments provided as therapeutic devices by the more liberal doctors of the mid-nineteenth century, and straitjackets and handcuffs that came into use when medical policy tilted again toward repression a few decades later. "We're using the mentally ill as an example to show how society dealt with people it perceived as deviates," Chappell explained. "At the same time, we're show-

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ing how beliefs about mental illness changed over time. We want to make the point that the same issues are alive today."

Williamsburg's claim to historical importance is rooted in its role as Virginia's first capital. Here, amid the Tidewater plantations ninety miles southeast of Richmond, Patrick Henry agitated against English rule, and other patriots penned the state's first constitution and the document that became the most influential model for the Bill of Rights. The Williamsburg that present-day visitors see, however, is chiefly the product of John D. Rockefeller, Jr., who in the 1920s set out to rebuild the entire town as a monument to his own highly selective vision of Colonial America. Initially Williamsburg presented Colonial America as suburb, an almost preternaturally tidy collection of elegant gardens and some two hundred mostly reconstructed buildings which Charles Hosmer, a preservation historian, has eloquently described as "a never-never land of order, beauty, and harmony, mouthwateringly maintained."

The creation of Colonial Williamsburg was a historic event in its own right; as the country's first such restoration, it popularized the concept of historical preservation and imprinted the minds of a whole generation with an image of the Colonial era as dignified, harmonious, and orderly. Soon after its opening, in 1934, "neo-Colonial" imitations of Williamsburg's homes, featuring opulent boxwood gardens and a soothing palette of muted pastels, began to appear in profusion throughout suburban America. Williamsburg tapped the increasing need of twentieth-century Americans to communicate with the past and, however tenuously, to experience it. Since Williamsburg was established, some three hundred restorations of several kinds have been initiated in the United States. Historical preservation has broadened to encompass virtually every era of American history and has become an unquestioned facet of urban planning. Few American cities today lack a more or less authentically restored version of "Old Town," where people can imagine themselves walking in the footsteps of their ancestors, even in the midst of up-to-date boutiques and eateries.

Williamsburg, probably more than any other single place, has shaped the way that Americans visualize the Colonial era. The restoration's research staff of sixty historians, architectural histori-

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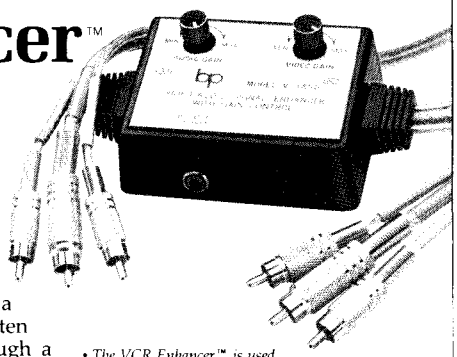

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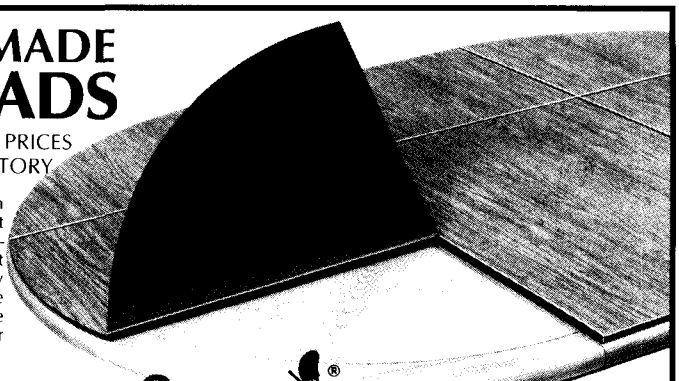

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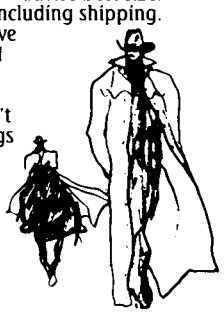

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ans, curators, and archaeologists is larger than that of most museums, while its wide-ranging studies of the Colonial economy, institutions, and populations are generally of high scholarly quality. For the average visitor, however, Williamsburg's soothingly human-scale world of chalky red-brick and white-clapboard buildings is what inevitably comes to represent Colonial reality. These buildings, which cover an area of about ten small city blocks, range in size from the stately Capitol, with its round, bastionlike wings, to tradesmen's simple homes, whose austere dimensions and white picket fences evoke an almost archetypal sense of probity, restraint, and innocence. Since Williamsburg's inception visitors have been charmed by the apothecary and the wigmaker's, the milliner's and the silversmith's, as quaint icons of a time gone by, and have stood gazing with the patriotic awe that Rockefeller intended in the reconstructed tavern where patriots are said to have plotted revolution, and in the chamber where Patrick Henry denounced the Crown. Few visitors fail to find Williamsburg visually stunning, but its postcard-perfect image has irritated preservationists for years. "It's far more elegant than the real Colonial city could ever have been," says the architecture critic Ada Louise Huxtable. "It's as phony as a nine-dollar bill."

BEHIND WILLIAMSBURG'S orderly façade, however, a transformation is occurring that will likely change the way that visitors, who number more than a million a year, understand the Colonial past, and to some extent change the way they see history in general. The changes represent a decisive shift—away from Williamsburg's idealization of Colonial life and toward a new emphasis on a Colonial world that was riven with class and racial divisions. The revision of Williamsburg means the infusion of the history of blacks, women, and working people into what used to be an almost exclusively white, male, and aristocratic domain. It also means deliberately sabotaging Williamsburg's Colonial Revival aesthetic to create a sense of the "messy complexity" of a lived-in town.

A dainty boxwood garden has been replaced with a blacksmith's gritty forge, and archaeologists have burrowed beneath a lawn in sight of the Governor's Palace to explore the vestiges of slave quarters. The lavish decor of the palace itself, formerly a paradigm of the twentieth-century Colonial Revival, has been redone to reflect more truthfully the taste for vivid colors and patterns so prevalent in Colonial times. Throughout Colonial Williamsburg paint is deliberately allowed to fade, and lawns are allowed to grow ragged. "We used to clean horse manure off the streets," one curator told me. "Now we leave it there." In an effort to re-create the emotional and psychological reality of the eighteenth century, "character interpreters" impersonate slaves, merchants, housewives, and other people whose lives have been documented through research in Colonial records, interacting with visitors in loosely structured dramatic vignettes of daily life.

The revision of Williamsburg reflects the increasing popularity of what the historian Gertrude Himmelfarb has disparagingly called "history with the politics left out." By "devaluing the political realm," Himmelfarb has written, social history "makes meaningless those aspects of the past which serious and influential contemporaries thought most meaningful." Social history does tend to focus on the activities of ordinary people, whom traditional historians have generally considered either insignificant or beyond the grasp of reliable research. Its proponents, however, argue that social history enables them to enrich the historical record with greater attention to the masses and classes who were not in a position to write their own history.

One driving force behind Williamsburg's transformation is Cary Carson, a Harvard-trained specialist in sixteenth-century culture, whose view of history was profoundly affected by the upheavals of the 1960s, when he was completing a thesis on Elizabethan diplomacy. "Social history seemed to address exactly the kinds of questions that the United States was dealing with in the sixties, including the lasting effects of slavery, the status of women, and the meaning of relationships in general," Carson, who is now Williamsburg's vice-president for research, told me. He sees Williamsburg as a tool for examining the human diversity of Colonial society, and more particularly for exploring the exercise of freedom within the web of economic, social, and human relationships that he believes are the primary stuff of history. "What we are trying to show here is how individuals made a difference in their environment, how they affected other people, how their relationships enhanced the power of some people and

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Those "Moderate" Arab States

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Should we sell sophisticated armaments to the so-called "moderate" Arab countries? Recently, Saudi Arabia, usually considered the leader of the "moderate" Arabs, turned to Britain for the biggest arms contract ever. Many are concerned that the U.S. Congress, being reluctant to allow unlimited arms sales to the Arabs, is depriving the U.S. of lucrative business.

What are the facts?

■ The Arab states boast today one of the largest, most deadly and most sophisticated concentration of armament the world has ever seen, surpassed only (and not by all that much) by the arsenals of the two super-powers. And the buildup of arms continues incessantly—making one wonder how these essentially backward countries can possibly absorb and utilize all this weaponry. Excepting the oil-rich Gulf countries, most of these Arab states can fairly be described as economic basket cases, with social and demographic problems that seem almost unsolvable. Still, they dedicate a large share of their meager resources to the acquisition of ever more deadly and offensive weaponry, instead of putting them into the service of building their countries and uplifting their populations.

■ Saudi Arabia, the kingpin of the "moderates," is an immensely wealthy but sparsely populated country. It fields an army of only 72,000 men, but has 190 military planes and 550 tanks—just about the largest ratio of military hardware to military manpower in the world. Until recently, the fiction was maintained that it needed this enormous arsenal in order to defend itself against the "threat of Iran." But now that Iran is prostrate, this can no longer be alleged, and even the most naive no longer believe it. As King Khaled put it quite bluntly: "When we build our military power, we have no designs on anybody, except those who took away our land and the holy places in Jerusalem, and we know who they are!

■ "Moderate" Saudi Arabia has participated in every war against Israel, from the birth of the state in 1948. It has never made peace with Israel. It is the principal paymaster of Syria, Israel's most fervent enemy, and of the PLO, which is sworn to the destruction of Israel. It is the main player in the worldwide Arab boycott of Israel, whose purpose is the destruction of Israel's economy. Yet, Saudi Arabia, already armed to the teeth and beyond, has just acquired batteries of super missiles from China. They can reach every point in Israel within minutes and can be armed with chemical and atomic warheads. And Saudi Arabia has squadrons of fighter planes at its air base in Tobruk, just one minute's flying time from Israel.

■ But Saudi Arabia's "defense" needs are insatiable. It has just concluded an arms deal with Great Britain amounting to $27 billion, the largest ever negotiated by that country. It includes at least 40 Tornado fighter planes, 80 Westland helicopters, a minimum of six Sundown minesweepers, the construction of two major air bases, and much more. It is an enormous package and has only one purpose: to be part of the coordinated force that, it is hoped, will eventually destroy Israel. The remarkable thing is that Britain will not sell any arms to Israel, because it feels that it could "destabilize the region."

■ But those bare statistics refer only to some of the so-called "moderates." Including the self-proclaimed non-moderates, tiny Israel, the size of New Jersey, with 90% of its population concentrated in an area the size of metropolitan Indianapolis, faces one of the most daunting and fearsome military machines the world has ever seen. Counting only Syria, Iraq, Jordan, Saudi Arabia, Libya and Egypt, Israel faces 17,265 tanks, 2789 combat aircraft and 3 million armed men. And that is before the huge sale of military material by Britain, missile deals with the Chinese, and other weaponry in the pipeline.

The concept of the "moderate" Arab states is a myth. The Arabs are single-mindedly determined to destroy Israel. They are spending hundreds of billions of dollars in order to attain strategic superiority to Israel, and then to accomplish its destruction. Israel is the only viable strategic asset the United States has in the entire area. Those who sell weapons to Israel's enemies—foreign countries and American companies—are playing into the hands of America's enemies. We do not find the Soviet Union selling weapons to the enemies of *its* allies. Why should the United States be any less straightforward in its foreign policy? If Israel were vanquished, the Persian Gulf with its vital resources, the entire Middle East and the Mediterranean Basin would fall under the unquestioned dominion of the Soviet Union.

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diminished the freedom of others, and how their relationships helped the community as a whole fulfill its will."

Carson's vision is a far cry from that of Rockefeller and the man who inspired him to undertake the Colonial Williamsburg project, W.A.R. Goodwin, a local Episcopal minister. The two conceived of the restoration as a device to capture the Colonial past like a fly in amber. Rockefeller met Goodwin at a Phi Beta Kappa banquet in New York in 1924; in the course of several visits to Williamsburg, he succumbed to the parson's fierce determination to free the town's Colonial core "entirely from alien and inharmonious surroundings," as Rockefeller put it. Beginning in 1926 his agents quietly began to buy up property in what was then a sleepy and dilapidated provincial southern town.

Workmen were ordered to remove everything built after 1800; they razed or moved modern shops and filling stations, humble workmen's houses, Victorian mansions, and fine Federal-style homes—six hundred buildings in all. The eighty-eight original buildings that remained were stripped of later accretions. More than a hundred others were rebuilt from the ground up, including the Capitol, where the Colonial legislature had met, and other buildings that had figured in revolutionary history. "There were no clear principles for restoration in those days," recalls A. Edwin Kendrew, a member of the original architectural team. "We developed new guidelines as we went, and we took every pain to make the new material look as much as possible like the original." Curious decisions were sometimes made. For historical as well as aesthetic reasons, the architects copied the first Capitol, which had burned in 1747, and which had never rung to the patriotic oratory that Williamsburg was intended to celebrate. The Governor's Palace, another reconstruction, was furnished with an overbearing opulence that bore no relationship to its Colonial appearance.

Williamsburg presented a curiously upper-crust vision of revolutionary America, extolling a society that was inspired by the idea of freedom but was at the same time imbued with patrician values and taste. Although blacks had made up more than half the Colonial population, the conditions of slavery were ignored; slaves, when they were referred to at all, were described as "servants." Almost instantly Williamsburg became a popular success; indeed, it

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was a culminating expression of the revival of "Colonial" style that had steadily been gathering force since the late nineteenth century. "The Colonial era has the power of myth for Americans, and its 'revival' in architecture and design became, in effect, a theme of American secular religion," says Kenneth Ames, a professor at the Winterthur Museum, in Delaware. "The Colonial Revival was a reaction of the old Anglo-Saxon stock to the diversification of American society, and it was grounded in a nineteenth-century concept of determinism which held that by re-creating the Colonial environment you could shape people who would duplicate the virtues of the Founding Fathers."

Rockefeller visualized Williamsburg as a patriotic shrine. Visitors are still greeted by words of his, which are inscribed on a wall in the information center: "May this restored city stand as a beacon light of freedom to the world." In the 1950s John D. Rockefeller III, who inherited his father's patronage of the restoration, came to see Williamsburg as a sort of ashram of democracy, where visiting world leaders could absorb American ideals. "He believed," Cary Carson told me, "that if only the 'enduring truths' which he believed were embodied in Colonial Williamsburg were made known to all freedom-loving peoples, the world would see the light and turn back the Red tide."

By the 1970s, however, the so-called Williamsburg message seemed increasingly anachronistic. A 1977 report observed that more and more visitors were asking, "Where did the poorer people live? What kind of work did the slaves do? Who really lived in Williamsburg anyway?" A few other restorations, like Plimoth Plantation and Old Sturbridge Village, both in Massachusetts, had already begun to experiment with social history; by late in the decade an articulate group of young Williamsburg curators were pressing for change.

"For many people, history is the core of patriotism, a kind of sacred text, a refuge where they can return to reaffirm their faith," Carson said. "I don't care whether history makes me proud or not. Nor do I care whether other people go away from here feeling proud. But I do want them to go away interested, and sometimes I want them to go away disturbed. I see this museum as a device to make Americans look at aspects of both the past and the present that they may not want to see."

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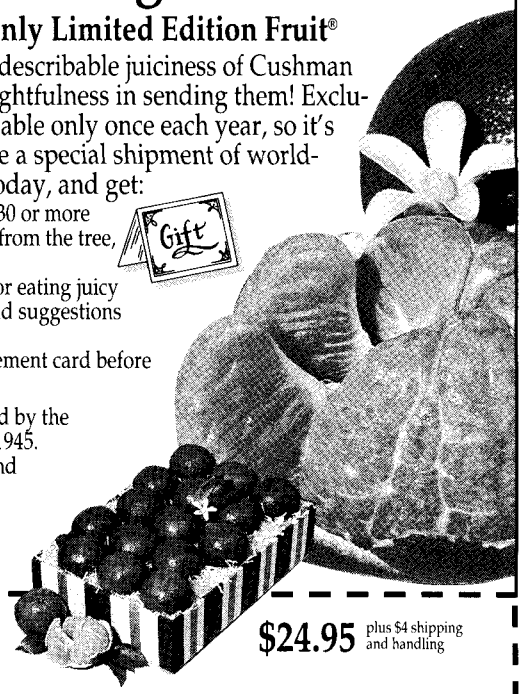

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THE FIRST SUGGESTION of radical change came in 1981, with the refurnishing of the Governor's Palace. "The palace had become a Taj Mahal of the Colonial style," says Graham Hood, an urbane Englishman who is the chief curator and who is empowered to make any changes that he can document. "It was furnished like an English country house, when in fact it had been the home of a government servant on the edge of the wilderness." In Britain, Hood was able to authenticate an exhaustive eighteenth-century inventory of the palace's contents. Armed with the inventory, Hood began to strip the palace down to something closer to Colonial reality. He started with the most conspicuously inauthentic room of all, a simple pantry that earlier curators had done up as an elegant dining salon. "All hell broke loose," Hood recalls. "People thought I was going to rob the palace of every vestige of elegance." Priceless but inappropriate antiques were systematically removed. Hood repainted the governor's once glacially formal bedroom a bright yellow, and the guest room a dark green that contrasts sharply with the purple-and-white drapes of its four-poster bed. He put red-and-white cotton slipcovers over richly upholstered chairs, took down brocades to hang blue-and-yellow checked curtains, and replaced Oriental carpets with bright Wilton rugs and strips of oilcloth painted in a marble pattern—the forerunner of linoleum. "A lot of people didn't like it, but they couldn't refute the historical argument," Hood says. "It was a triumph for historical revisionism."

The elevation of slave history to receive equal emphasis with that of white colonists, however, represents the greatest widening of Williamsburg's once resolutely myopic perspective. "Blacks were part of the fabric of everything," Rex Ellis, the director of interpretive programs in Afro-American history, told me: 52 percent of Williamsburg's 1,800 citizens in the 1770s were blacks, and all but eleven of them were slaves. "We are trying to redefine slavery, to move away from seeing it only as a system of forced labor or an ideology and to transform it into a society of people who created and maintained a community who survived that system." At Carter's Grove, a plantation a few miles outside town, workers have just finished reconstructing a complete slave quarters, the first such attempt in the country. Curators in Williamsburg proper are adding copies of slaves' clothes, tools, and furniture to a wide variety of museum exhibits.

A shortage of slave architecture and artifacts, however, has put the burden of presenting the slave experience upon the character interpreters, who perform partly improvisational vignettes designed to give visitors a glimpse of the slaves' world. The dramatizations are often vivid and powerful: Ellis, for instance, using historical figures as models, has created interpretations of an educated Muslim clerk who expects to buy his freedom and return to Africa and of a Baptist preacher striving to present the promise of spiritual liberation to his flock without scaring the masters with the specter of a slave revolt.

In another dramatization the burly Ellis interprets a black overseer challenged by his wife because he has flogged a well-liked field hand. "I'm the overseer," he bluntly declares. "That means I use the whip, I make the quota, and I take the blame. It was my job—what else could I do?"

"Everybody likes Joe, because he keeps us laughing when we're down in the fields," the wife, Sarah, protests.

"He ran away!"

"To see his wife and children, Jesse!"

"Four times, Sarah! And in the peak of daylight," Jesse retorts, clearly torn between shame, guilt, and professional pride. "Master Randolph's not a bad man—he could have cut off Joe's finger instead."

"Them women," Sarah replies, "staring me down, as if it was me instead of you whipping him. Lord, how that man screamed!"

"Sarah, how do you think it makes me feel? I'm the overseer. How many slaves can say that? How many slaves eat the food we eat, or wear the clothes we wear? We live better than most, and you deserve the best of whatever I can give you. I've got responsibilities, and if I don't take care of them, Master Randolph will find someone who will."

"I know, Jesse, but I got to go down to them fields tomorrow and be stared down by all those people because of what you did."

These dramatizations are not so much history as historical reconstruction that fuses serious research with subjective illustration, much as the work of Rockefeller's architects did fifty years ago. They may ultimately be as vulnerable as that work to idealization and error. "A serious historian," Carson told me, "can't say things that are not true, but he does make the same kind of choices as a novelist about what to leave in or take out. The physical re-creation of Williamsburg consists of educated guesses. Some of those guesses are wrong. A given door knocker may not be right, but we hope to leave visitors with ideas that are more important than the size of a door knocker."

In a sense, all Williamsburg is a dialectic between truth and fiction. The ambiguity underlying that dialectic is expressively embodied in Carter's Grove, a 230-year-old plantation house once described as the "most beautiful home in America." It overlooks the hazy James River from atop a sloping ridge a few miles south of Williamsburg. In the 1920s the mansion came into the hands of Mary McCrea, a Virginia socialite who had it systematically redesigned as a Colonial Revival masterpiece. Williamsburg acquired the property in the early 1960s and decided to remove McCrea's furnishings in order to exhibit the home as a prototype of eighteenth-century rural life. The project was hobbled, however, by growing ambivalence about the assumptions of restoration itself. While curators vacillated, visitors to Carter's Grove wandered through a congeries of McCrea's twentieth-century Colonial Revival furnishings, eighteenth-century antiques, and Williamsburg reproductions. "Finally," Lawrence Henry, who has been the director of Carter's Grove since 1985, told me, "we decided that what the house really represented was an early twentieth-century effort to recapture a sense of what Virginia life was like in the eighteenth century." As early as 1983, curators had begun undoing their predecessors' work and restoring the appearance of the house as it was circa 1940. They re-created McCrea's florid chintz curtains, replaced her twentieth-century screen doors, put her telephones back in public view, and in the kitchen exhibited her waffle iron, toaster, and coffee pot alongside the spinning wheel and rough black pots that McCrea had self-consciously displayed as symbols of the Colonial Revival.

Carter's Grove is ultimately a kind of hall of mirrors: the 1980s watching the 1930s watching the eighteenth century. Like much of the "new" Williamsburg, it is perhaps less a restoration than an exhibit of historical imagination—of the present's unending and inevitably inconclusive dialogue with the past.

—Fergus M. Bordewich

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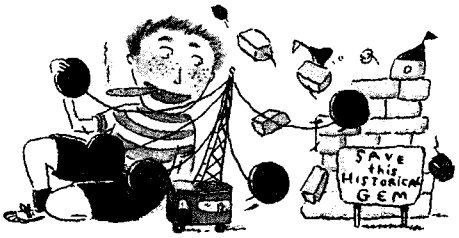
MODERN CHILD DEVELOPMENT

BY JOHN M. TIERNEY



"No, honey, we can't bring our own food into the restaurant. That's not fair to the man who owns the restaurant, because he has to pay rent. I'll explain it when we get home. It's time we had a talk about this anyway."

—A mother, to her young child, overheard at Broadway and 80th, in New York

"Daniel [a fourteen-year-old student at New York's Dalton School] always knew that one day he would be a developer."

—*The New York Times*

HEARING OF A case like Daniel's (and what parent doesn't these days?), you may well be concerned. But I'm here to reassure you: you're not alone, and your concern is a sign that you care. One of the most caring mothers I know, a loving person and a former student activist, recently came to my office in utter disillusion.

"What kind of values is my child acquiring?" she cried. "God knows I've tried to talk to her about real estate. But then I go into the kindergarten and see all the other girls converting their doll houses to condominiums, and she's sitting off by herself with those damn crayons. But maybe I shouldn't blame her. Is it my fault?"

She shouldn't blame anyone—yet. We child-development counselors often see cases like this. I treated a four-year-old who drove his parents to despair by fixating on roles in the low-paying occupational sectors of cattle-herding and firefighting. Then one day, as he was racing his fire truck across the living room, he screeched to a halt.

"Whoa! Stop, stop, Mister Big Red," he shouted. "If that bad old landmark building burn down, we build new home for Mickey Mouse."

"But, son," his father said, "in an urban area there'd be a terrible return on investment from a theme park . . . "

"Quiet, dear," the mother said. "Yes, Billy, that's a very good idea, and a theme park would offer lots and lots of tax advantages."

Hers was the correct approach: encouragement without pushing. Billy soon outgrew theme parks all by himself. He is now at a prestigious university, majoring in Industrial Park Tract Assemblage, proof of what I always say: The late developer can be the great developer.

Think of your child as a town house in a low-density neighborhood: he can become a high-rise, but only if you proceed with care. Guide him gently. Don't force him to play Monopoly. Give him Legos, but don't schedule practice sessions—and don't ruin the fun by making him prepare misleading environmental-impact statements. Don't point out the flood-plain restrictions against his sand castle.

Do take time to read to him. But make sure it's entertaining—*See Spot Leverage, Babar the Mall King, The Dinosaurs: Victims of Inadequate Casualty Insurance.* Turn learning into a game by having your child estimate the resale values on Sesame Street. Turn his birthday party into a public hearing on rezoning Mr. Rogers' neighborhood.

But what if the gentle approach doesn't work? What if your child still shows no interest by first grade? Then, and only then, do I counsel sterner measures. You might start by charging your child a modest monthly sum for his room. But give him a sense of security by instituting rent-control provisions. (Incidentally, the family's periodic hearings to consider increases will give him invaluable experience in reading utility bills.) If you don't see any improvement after six months, it's time to introduce him to market rates.

This sudden increase in rent is bound to cause strains at first, especially if your neighborhood's zoning prevents the child from leasing out his room as an office during school hours. But most children respond creatively. Some turn their school lockers into revenue producers. Many come to enjoy sharing their room with three or four subtenants. Whether you allow one-night transients is a decision for you to make. But I strongly discourage permitting any intersibling arrangement, be it lease, loan, or option. I've seen too many younger siblings forced to move into closets because they didn't understand balloon mortgage payments.

Sometimes the strain can seem unbearable. I treated one eight-year-old who threw terrible tantrums for weeks after his fourth 300 percent rent increase. His parents' patience was wearing thin.

"I've explained the facts of life to him," the father said to me. "I drew up charts showing that if he had just had the foresight back in 1982 to buy his room, he could be running a positive cash flow now. But he just throws himself on the floor."

The next week the parents came back in a different mood.

"He came to the table one night with a look I'd never seen before—kind of proud and grown-up," the mother said. "He announced that he was moving out to a friend's home in the suburbs. Well, at first we were a little hurt."

"But then," the father said, "he pulled out some construction paper labeled 'Family & Job Preservation Incentive Package.' It showed that he could afford to stay only if we offered him rent abatements—*retroactively*! I didn't think he knew the word. He threatened us with a graph of 'Lost Chores' that would result if he moved to suburbia. He had it all worked out where he could buy his room without putting up any money. But what really got me was his other demand. He wanted us to throw in the air rights over the master bedroom!"

The mother smiled with delight. "It was out of the blue, without a hint from either of us. He thought it up all by himself." And that, I think, is the way it should be. Your child, too, must learn the important lessons on his own. Give him your guidance, your support, your love—but above all, give him room to build. □

ILLUSTRATIONS BY JESSIE HARTLAND

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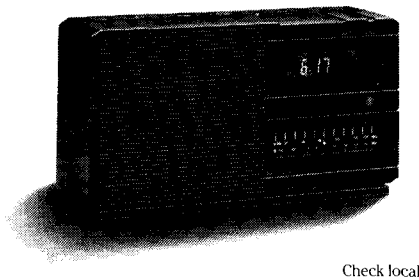

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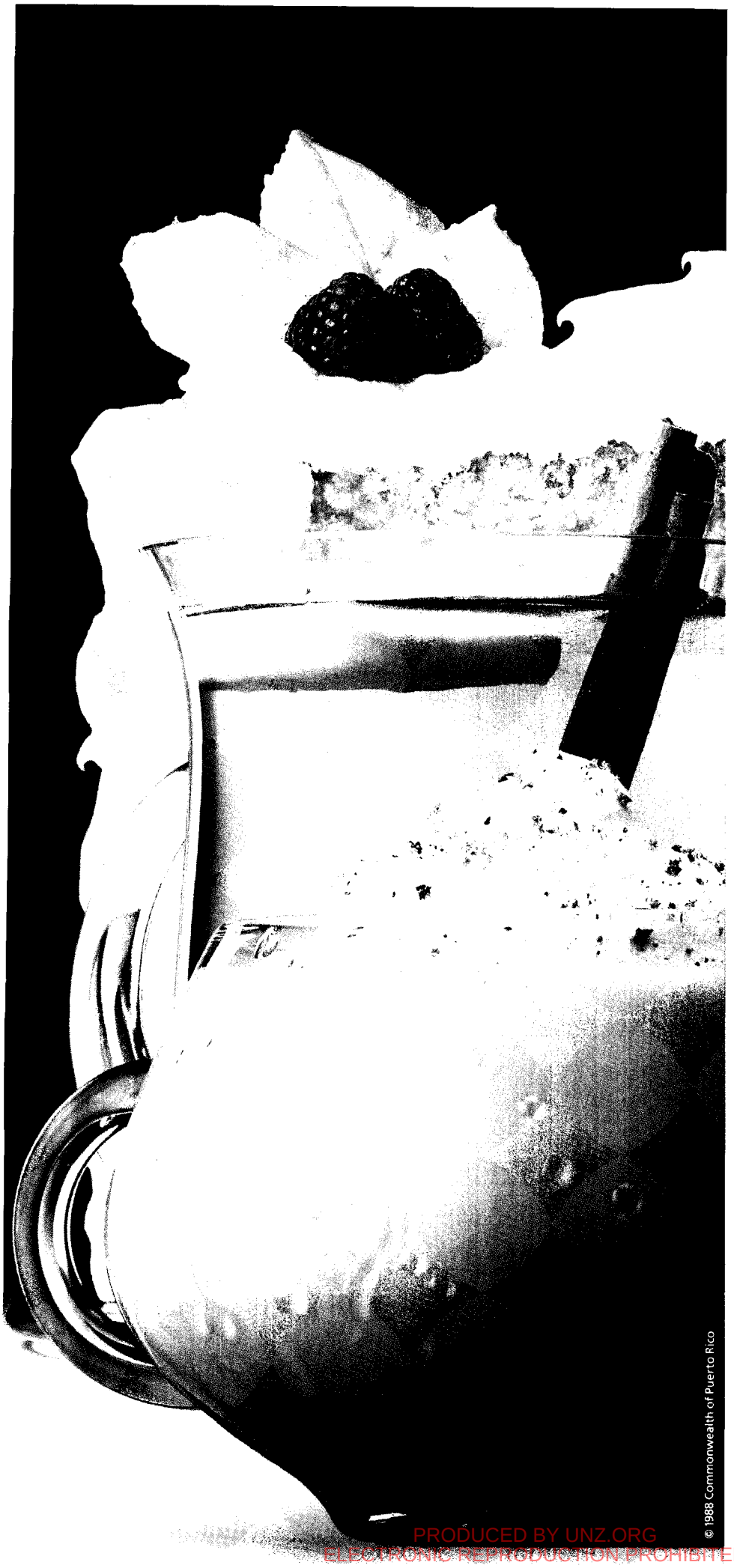

RUM? YUM.

To ensure your holiday season is as delicious as possible, just follow these recipes and make sure to use one of the rums of Puerto Rico, the rums that are aged by law for one year.

RUM CAKE WITH CHOCOLATE CREAM CHEESE ICING

1 pkg yellow cake mix
1/3 cup white or light rum
ICING
2 pkgs (8-oz each) cream cheese, softened
3/4 lb white chocolate, melted and cooled
2 sticks butter
1 tablespoon white or light rum

Prepare cake mix as package label directs, substituting 1/3 cup rum for 1/3 cup of the water. Divide batter equally among 3 greased and floured 9-inch round cake pans. Bake about 23 minutes at 350°F. Cool layers 30 minutes on racks; drizzle layers lightly with additional rum. Beat cream cheese until fluffy; gradually beat in chocolate and butter, until consistency of whipped cream. Fill and frost cake, using 1 cup icing between each layer. Garnish cake with chocolate leaves (spread back of 12 rose leaves with melted tinted white chocolate; chill; peel off and discard rose leaves) and raspberries or strawberries.

HOT BUTTERED RUM

Combine 1 tsp sugar, 1/2 tsp butter, 1 jigger light or dark rum, 4 cloves in glass or mug. Fill with boiling water. Stir. Add cinnamon stick.

SINGLE EGGNOG

Put an egg, tsp sugar, ice, jigger of dark or light rum and glass of milk in a shaker. Shake vigorously and strain into glass. Sprinkle with nutmeg.

Now you can eat, drink and be merry with just the right holiday spirit.

RUMS OF PUERTO RICO

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A product of the conflicting ambitions of the men who shaped it, the War on Poverty was ill-fated—but its fate need not be that of all anti-poverty programs

THE UNFINISHED WAR

BY NICHOLAS LEMANN

"IN THE SIXTIES WE WAGED A WAR ON POVERTY, AND poverty won," Ronald Reagan said last year, in one of the one-sentence pronouncements he has sometimes made to the press while walking across the White House lawn to his helicopter. Most people would probably agree with him. There is a widespread perception that the federal government's efforts to help the poor during the sixties were almost unlimited; that despite them poverty became more severe, not less; and that the reason poverty increased is that all those government programs backfired and left their intended beneficiaries worse off.

The truth is that the percentage of poor Americans went down substantially in the sixties. The idea that poverty increased comes from what people know about conditions in inner-city black ghettos, where unemployment, crime, illegitimacy, drug abuse, and physical decay did worsen through most of the sixties and afterward, even while the rate of black poverty overall was dropping. There is a strong temptation to see the ghettos as the embodiment of some kind of fundamental rottenness at the core of social-welfare liberalism.

The ghettos today are the country's greatest social problem, and with the Reagan years at their end, both political parties have begun tentatively talking about addressing poverty directly, with government programs. So the question of what really did happen in the sixties—what kind of war we waged on poverty, and why it didn't heal the ghettos—is of more than historical interest right now. It bears directly on our decision about whether, and how, to try again.

The sixties' other war, Vietnam, has been re-examined

ILLUSTRATIONS BY EDWARD SOREL

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much more extensively than the War on Poverty. Even the academic literature on the War on Poverty is not extensive. The public is far more familiar with the main events and figures of Vietnam (and other great upheavals of the time, like the civil-rights movement and the rise of the New Left) than with the history of the War on Poverty. This article, which will be continued next month, is the first full journalistic account of the War on Poverty—the first one based primarily on interviews with the living principals. This article also draws on White House papers, some of which have never been quoted before, including newly released material from the Richard Nixon archives that provide for the first time a close look at Nixon's thinking as he began to dismantle the apparatus of the War on Poverty. (The Nixon years will be discussed in the second part of this article, which will appear next month.)

Among the lessons to be drawn from the story of the War on Poverty is that what happened is not preordained to happen again. The War on Poverty was planned in a time of much greater national harmony and prosperity than exists now, with an optimism that today seems reckless, and carried out in a time of much greater tension and violence. The main tactic that the government used to fight poverty was a new and unproved one; almost no effort was made to find out what kinds of anti-poverty programs already worked and then to expand them.

We now think of the sixties as a time of faith in big government, but it wasn't. The War on Poverty looked for solutions to poverty that would be local and diffuse, and would circumvent state and local government and Congress. This earned the enmity of members of Congress, mayors, governors, and Cabinet secretaries, so the War on Poverty was in trouble politically from the start. Its planners hoped to build public support for it by achieving quick, visible successes, but in setting up hundreds of separate anti-poverty organizations run largely by inexperienced people, they practically guaranteed that there would be quite a few highly publicized failures. These turned public opinion against the War on Poverty.

Out in the field, especially in the ghettos, the War on Poverty was carried out in disregard of a powerful demographic force. It tried, and later government anti-poverty programs tried even more pointedly, to revive the ghettos as communities. But the ghettos were dying all the while, because millions of their residents were moving out, into new and better-off black neighborhoods. The more the government tried to create opportunity in the ghettos, the more opportunity it created for people to leave the ghettos. In fact, opening up jobs and housing that enabled people to move out was one of the great, if originally unintended, successes in the government's anti-poverty efforts. The people who couldn't or wouldn't take advantage of the new opportunities stayed behind to form the core of the underclass. Some government programs that were aimed at helping these people by giving them the education and training they needed to get out did have considerable success, but they were of limited scope.

A final important aspect of the War on Poverty is its place in the political competition between Robert Kennedy and Lyndon Johnson which dominated Washington at the time. It was Johnson who declared war on poverty, but he did so looking over his shoulder at Kennedy, and Kennedy, not Johnson, was the political sponsor of the war's main strategies. Johnson and Kennedy cared more about black poverty than did any other major politicians of the twentieth century, but they disliked and mistrusted each other so much that they were incapable of cooperating on the cause that was closest to both their hearts. Because the two men could not reconcile their ideas, the War on Poverty became an untenable combination of Kennedy's love for the rebellious moral crusade and Johnson's for the grandiose political gesture.

The Need for a Lyndon Johnson Initiative

LYNDON JOHNSON'S STATE OF MIND IN HIS FIRST FEW days as President included a generous helping of insecurity. Johnson's self-esteem was not unshakable to begin with, and almost immediately after the assassination it became clear to him that he was going to be compared unfavorably with John F. Kennedy. Johnson did not consider Kennedy to have been a towering figure, but he knew that Kennedy had won over the makers of enlightened opinion, the journalists and intellectuals and speech-making liberal politicians. These people had never liked Johnson. He used to complain to friends that even when he had been a liberal congressman, back in the thirties, he had been unable to win the approval of the liberal establishment, not so much for substantive reasons as because he was a southwesterner with a second-rate education who looked and talked like a hick. On the day after the assassination he told President Kennedy's top assistant, Theodore Sorensen, that he knew he lacked President Kennedy's education, culture, and understanding, but that he would try his best. Johnson gave Sorensen his first assignment by saying, "I want you to draw the threads together on the domestic program, but don't expect me to absorb things as fast as you're used to."

Johnson may have been playing to what he already knew to be Sorensen's opinion of his abilities, but he had never been able to disregard condescension when it was directed at him. Proving that it was misplaced and establishing himself as President were related tasks. Late in the day on Saturday, November 23, 1963, Walter Heller, Kennedy's chief economic adviser, was called into the Oval Office to brief Johnson. "Just as I was about to go out of his office and had opened the door," Heller wrote in notes he made just after the conversation and marked HIGHLY CONFIDENTIAL, "the President gently pushed it shut and drew me back in and said, 'Now, I want to say something about all this talk that I'm a conservative who is likely to go back to the Eisenhower ways or give in to the economy bloc in Congress. It's not so, and I want you to tell your

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It was Johnson who declared war on poverty, but he did so looking over his shoulder at Kennedy, and Kennedy, not Johnson, was the political sponsor of the war's main strategies.

friends—Arthur Schlesinger, Galbraith, and other liberals—that it is not so. . . . If you looked at my record, you would know that I am a Roosevelt New Dealer. As a matter of fact, to tell the truth, John F. Kennedy was a little too conservative to suit my taste."

RICHARD KALVAR, MAGNUM

The battleground

For some months Heller had been urging Kennedy to launch what he called an "attack on poverty." At the time of the assassination it was in the planning stages and had not received any public attention. Johnson was instantly attracted to the idea. According to Heller's notes of the meeting, "The new President expressed his interest in it, his sympathy for it, and in answer to a point-blank question, said we should push ahead full-tilt on this project." As Heller remembered it years later, "I told him it was the last thing I'd discussed with Kennedy. He said, 'That's my kind of program. It's a people program.'"

A week later Johnson invited two old friends, Arthur Goldschmidt and his wife, Elizabeth Wickenden, over for Sunday dinner at his house in Washington, where he and his family were still living while Jacqueline Kennedy prepared to leave the White House. The invitation itself signaled a change in Johnson. The couple were liberals who had long worked in government, friends from his days as a New Deal congressman, and they and the Johnsons had been less close since the late thirties, when Johnson began preparing to run for the Senate. Changing constituencies, from his congressional district to all of Texas, had caused Johnson to modulate his politics. Now that he was President, his constituency had changed again, in the opposite direction, becoming more liberal, and this made him think back to his time in Congress.

"Johnson talked very freely at that Sunday dinner," Wickenden says today. "He said, 'I have a very difficult problem. I feel a moral obligation to finish the things that JFK proposed. But I also have to find issues I can take on as my own.' So he came to this poverty program—making it nationwide. He didn't go into what it would do specifically. He said, 'I have to get re-elected in a year and a half, so I have to have something of my own.'"

Johnson quickly discovered, though, that finishing the work of the Kennedy Administration was not going to be a matter of passing Kennedy's modest legislative agenda. Almost immediately after the assassination the Kennedy legacy began to grow, especially where liberal issues like the attack on poverty were concerned. The Kennedy camp framed the question facing Johnson as whether he could possibly accomplish all the things that it claimed John Kennedy would have done.

In early December of 1963 Arthur Schlesinger, Jr., published an article on Kennedy in the *Saturday Evening Post.* He wrote, "In one of the last talks I had with him, he was musing about the legislative program for next January, and said, 'The time has come to organize a national assault on the causes of poverty, a comprehensive program, across the board.'" No sooner was Schlesinger's article published than Johnson wrote a letter to the American Public Welfare Association promising, identically, "a national assault on the causes of poverty." The severely grieving Robert Kennedy found a piece of notepaper on which his brother, during the last Cabinet meeting he had conducted, had scribbled the word *poverty* several times and circled it; he framed it and kept it in his office at the Justice Department. By the time Lyndon Johnson assumed the presidency, fighting poverty had taken on the coloration of having been John F. Kennedy's last wish.

In truth there is no evidence that this was his last wish, and it is not at all clear how far Kennedy would have let Heller go with his poverty program. Certainly all the living principals agree today that one thing Kennedy would not have done is publicly declare war on poverty. In Heller's next-to-last talk with Kennedy on the subject, on October 21, 1963, Kennedy had, it is true, been quite enthusiastic. He said that an article on a poor white area of Kentucky by Homer Bigart in the previous day's *New York Times* had convinced him that "there was a tremendous problem to be met," according to Heller's notes of the meeting. The notes continue, "It's perfectly clear that he is aroused about this and if we could really produce a program to fit the bill, he would be inclined to run with it."

Compared with those comments, however, Kennedy's last words to Heller about the poverty problem, at a meeting on November 19, three days before the assassination, represented a pulling-back. In the time between the two talks Kennedy had been briefed on the 1964 election by Richard Scammon, the director of the census. Scammon said that many voters thought that federal programs really didn't help them. Kennedy asked him how a new poverty program might affect the campaign. Scammon said that it wouldn't do him much good, because most voters didn't consider themselves poor, and those who did weren't the ones a Democratic presidential candidate had to win over. On November 19, according to Heller's notes, "I wondered just what his current feeling about it was. His attitude was, 'No, I'm still very much in favor of doing something on the poverty theme if we can get a good program, but I also think it's important to make clear that we're do-

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In 1964 the first summer race riot of the decade occurred, in Harlem, but outside New York this harbinger of disaster in the ghettos wasn't seen for what it was.

ing something for the middle-income man in the suburbs, etc. But the two are not at all inconsistent with one another. So go right ahead with your work on it.'"

UPI/BETTMANN NEWSPHOTOS

Harlem, 1964

In December of 1963 Johnson, in order to avoid seeming to abandon Kennedy's commitment to an attack on poverty, would have to do much more than Kennedy himself had been prepared to do. And there was a further complication to this business of the Kennedy legacy: the Kennedy poverty program, such as it was, was one with which Johnson felt instinctively uncomfortable right from the beginning.

When Race, Ghettos, and Poverty Seemed Minor Problems

BETWEEN THE BEGINNING OF THE SECOND WORLD War and the end of Johnson's presidency more than four million black Americans moved from the rural South to the urban North. Along with affluence and the Baby Boom, this was one of the great transforming demographic events of American life after the war, one that profoundly affected such diverse matters as urban geography, education, popular music, presidential politics, and government social policy. Unlike affluence and the Baby Boom, though, the great black migration was not widely recognized as important while it was happening. By the fall of 1965 Lyndon Johnson's poverty program would stand as the national government's chief direct response to the problems of the northern ghettos to which the migrants came, but the program was conceived with only the haziest understanding of what the ghettos' problems were.

Today, with the events of the civil-rights movement enshrined in history and racial issues a constant theme in politics, government, the press, entertainment, and intellectual life, it is easy to forget how different the feel of race was inside the American establishment at the time Johnson took office. The Montgomery bus boycott had taken place in 1955 and 1956, but well after that most liberals considered the segregation of public facilities and the denial of the vote to blacks in the South, though wrong, not a pressing moral crisis for the nation. It was still an Eleanor Roosevelt issue rather than a primary concern for tough, pragmatic liberals. The civil-rights movement was tiny: the Congress of Racial Equality had a field staff of two people in 1960, the year before it began to stage the Freedom Rides. The most famous civil-rights event of the 1960 presidential campaign was a phone call that Kennedy made to Coretta Scott King to console her about the imprisonment of her husband in Georgia. Kennedy made the call only because his brother-in-law and chief civil-rights adviser, Sargent Shriver, got him alone in a room, away from his political strategists and his brother Robert, who, Shriver knew, would be opposed to the call. A day later Robert Kennedy called the judge who had put Martin Luther King, Jr., in jail, to ask for King's release, but this, Kennedy revealed later, was at the request of the governor of Georgia, who had asked him to put pressure on the judge. A long jail term, the governor thought, would raise King's visibility in Georgia and thus worsen Kennedy's chances of carrying the state in November.

Blacks in the North were regarded during the 1960 campaign as classic machine-politics urban ethnic voters, rather than an oppressed group with a moral claim to justice. As Robert Kennedy said in 1964, "I think those running for office in the Democratic Party looked to just three or four people who would then deliver the Negro vote. And you never had to say you were going to do anything on civil rights." Of the four black members of Congress, the one with the highest national profile, Adam Clayton Powell, of New York City, was regarded inside the political world as an intermittently lovable rogue who, in Robert Kennedy's words, "always exacts a price, a monetary price, for his support"; for whatever reason, Powell had endorsed Dwight Eisenhower for President in 1956. Besides courting the black congressmen, presidential candidates campaigned in northern black communities by buying advertising in black newspapers. An important issue in the Kennedy campaign's efforts among blacks in 1960 was that the black publishers had not yet been paid for advertisements bought in 1956, and they were reluctant to get behind the Democratic ticket until they were. The feeling that money changing hands was necessary for black support led the Kennedy campaign to offer to buy Simeon Booker's column in *Jet* magazine—meaning that it would continue to appear under Booker's name but would be written by the Kennedy staff until November. (Booker and his publisher refused.)

In 1960 there simply was no widespread sense that the country would soon become intensely preoccupied with race relations. The prevailing view of black life in the North in the early sixties was optimistic: blacks who left the South were bound to better themselves economically as well as to escape legal segregation. Alarmism about ethnic migrations to cities seemed like a relic of the 1880s, long since proved unjustified by the experience of the Irish, the Italians, the Jews, and others. In 1963 James Bal-

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dwin published *The Fire Next Time*. In 1964 the first summer race riot of the decade occurred, in Harlem, but outside New York this harbinger of disaster in the ghettos wasn't seen for what it was. As late as February of 1964 *Business Week* was optimistic enough about the power of migration to solve the problems of black America to say, "The basic cause of Negro poverty is discrimination—in education, jobs, access to medical care. Many Negroes have improved their lot by moving to the cities. But many others still live in the rural South."

IN THE GHETTOS THE MOOD HAD ALREADY BEGUN TO turn sour by the time Kennedy was elected President. Virtually everywhere in the urban North there was strict residential segregation, which meant that as the migration continued, overcrowding became an increasingly serious problem in the ghettos. Public schools had to begin running double shifts, and many of the new students were starting at a disadvantage, because they and their parents were products of the inferior black rural school systems in the South. Hard drugs had appeared. Crime began to rise. The economic rationale for the migration was beginning to evaporate: during the prosperous early sixties manufacturing employment dropped in such cities as New York, Chicago, Cleveland, Detroit, Philadelphia, and Newark. The welfare rolls were growing. The Black Muslims were catching on, a development viewed within the ghettos as salutary, because of the Muslims' amazing ability to rehabilitate criminals, but nonetheless a sign that there was fertile ground for a bitter anti-white ideology.

Before the Kennedy assassination the white public-policy experts who knew all this constituted a self-conscious advance guard. In the late fifties a psychiatrist at the National Institutes of Mental Health named Leonard Duhl convened a group of social scientists who for a decade discussed ghettos, among other exotic subjects, under the rubric of studying the country's mental health. They called themselves the "space cadets," because on the day *Sputnik* was launched, one of them said, "If people think the Russians are out in space, they should see us." At around the same time, a program officer at the Ford Foundation named Paul Ylvisaker, who often rode the bus to the airport through the growing Newark ghetto, and who sensed a mood of stored-up anger there, started a Gray Areas program at the foundation—"gray areas" being a euphemism for black areas. And also in the late fifties Richard Cloward and Lloyd Ohlin, two academic experts on juvenile delinquency, were helping to found Mobilization for Youth, on the Lower East Side of Manhattan, which they hoped would be a new kind of social-service agency to help the ghettos.

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THERE WAS CROSS-FERTILIZATION AMONG THESE groups, and by the fall of 1961 all of them had established relations with an obscure new federal agency called the President's Committee on Juvenile Delinquency. The agency had been created at the instigation of John Kennedy's sister, Eunice Shriver, who was the family social worker, having long been interested in mental retardation, physical handicaps, and juvenile delinquency, which she had studied while a staff member of a government commission in the forties. She talked her brother the President into establishing a juvenile-delinquency committee and he put his brother the Attorney General in charge of it. Robert Kennedy, in turn, made David Hackett the director of the committee.

Hackett, Robert Kennedy's best friend from prep school, was surely the unlikeliest possible liaison between the federal government and the leading edge of left-liberal social policy. At Milton Academy, in Milton, Massachusetts, in the 1930s, Robert Kennedy had been, to use Hackett's word, a "misfit"—Irish in a school with no Irish, Catholic in a school with no Catholics, runty, shy, and the son of Joseph P. Kennedy, a hated figure in the Boston WASP culture that dominated the school. Hackett, who had grown up near Milton and was descended from a line of Episcopalian naval officers, was the star of the school, a great athlete (he played on two U.S. Olympic hockey teams), who supposedly was the model for the Phineas character in John Knowles's *A Separate Peace*. He alone in the Milton student body befriended Bobby Kennedy. Thus the psychological grounding of their friendship contained an element of Hackett's reaching out to the oppressed and of Kennedy's feeling oppressed himself. And the two shared a mistrust of what Hackett calls "normal behavior"—pejoratively, since it was normal behavior that had caused Kennedy's prep-school ostracism.

Before the Kennedy presidential campaign Hackett was the editor of an entertainment guide distributed free to hotel guests in Montreal. He joined the campaign as a delegate counter, and after the inauguration was given a small office adjoining Robert Kennedy's in the Justice Department. He was not part of the inner circle there; people didn't know what he did, exactly, and in contrast to the Rhodes scholars and law-review editors with whom Kennedy surrounded himself at Justice, who were laconic, Hackett was simply inarticulate. Having begun a sentence, he often found it impossible to extricate himself, and helplessly waved his hands or said "et cetera" to imply that everyone understood what he was trying to say. He was emotional, ruled by his heart, much more than the other Kennedy men. The rest of them have gone on to jobs running major institutions, while Hackett directs a tiny foundation in Washington.

Juvenile delinquency was a perfect theme for Robert Kennedy, involving as it did two of his central concerns, young people and fighting crime. But among experts in the field, many of whom the completely unintellectual and nonideological Hackett now had to meet, it was the subject of an abstruse debate. The academic study of juvenile delinquency was dominated by a long-standing fight between social workers and sociologists—to be specific, between the School of Social Service Administration and the sociology department at the University of Chicago. Social workers tended at the time to focus on the individual, sociologists on the society; delinquency was said by social workers to be caused by an insufficiently nurturing mother or a too-threatening father, while to sociologists it was part of a larger social process. The Chicago sociology department, under the influence of Professor Robert Park, had a tradition of taking to the city's neighborhoods to learn what life was really like—Park had dispatched his graduate students to the funerals of the victims in the St. Valentine's Day massacre, because they'd get good stuff there. One of Park's protégés, Clifford Shaw, wrote the seminal book in the juvenile-delinquency field, *Delinquency Areas* (1929), which showed that certain poor neighborhoods in Chicago had always led the city in delinquency, no matter which ethnic groups were living in them. He saw delinquency as merely a stage in the great ongoing natural process of assimilation.

In the fifties the latest twist in delinquency theory was to marry the street-wise Shaw tradition to the concept of anomie, especially as elaborated by Robert K. Merton, of Columbia University, the leading theoretical sociologist of the day. Anomie was said to afflict teenage males when they experience a conflict between what they want and what they can get—when they lack the means to achieve their goals. Delinquency was seen as an expression of anomie. *Delinquent Boys*, by Albert K. Cohen, published in 1955, explained delinquency as the result of a realization by lower-class kids that they couldn't have middle-class success and so had to set up an alternative status system in which they could succeed.

In 1960 Cloward and Ohlin published *Delinquency and Opportunity*, which went Cohen one better by arguing that delinquents turned to crime not out of a sense of failure but because society had denied them any other form of opportunity: in effect, their delinquency constituted a critique, and a perceptive one, of society. There were nowhere near enough data available in 1961 to prove or disprove the correctness of this theory; in any case, the debate about whether social deviancy is the individual's fault or society's has been going on in the industrial world for centuries, and it will never be settled. The appeal of *Delinquency and Opportunity* to government was theoretical, not practical.

Hackett himself is no great help in explaining why, as he made his way through the thicket of explanations for delinquency, the Cloward-Ohlin theory attracted him. "It just made sense to me," he says. He hired Ohlin as a consultant and made a large grant to Mobilization for Youth, which was announced by President Kennedy himself in May of 1962. The idea of insufficient opportunity as the cause of delinquency was the guiding principle of the Committee on Juvenile Delinquency as it made grants to

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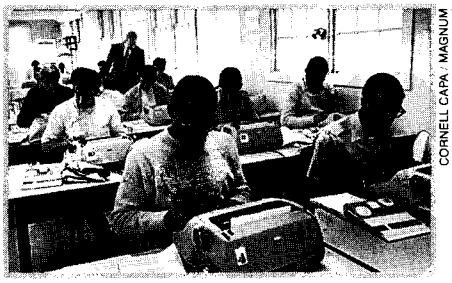
The advocates of community action had intended to start small. But Johnson was not interested in small programs, especially when his first major initiative as President was involved.

organizations all over the country, several of them working in urban black ghettos.

In the Kennedy family by far the most devoted adherent of the theory was the Attorney General. To the President the theory seems to have been a technical point to be mastered, but it became one of the fundamental principles of his brother's life. Ohlin briefed both Kennedy brothers, at different times. John Kennedy listened impassively to Ohlin for ten minutes just before he was to announce the Mobilization for Youth grant and then walked outside, gave a flawless summary, and went on to the next item on his agenda with his customary coolness. Robert Kennedy, who had invited Ohlin to breakfast on the day he was to testify in Congress in behalf of the authorization of funds for the committee, took much longer to get it. Finally, in the car riding to Capitol Hill, he said, "Oh, I see—if I had grown up in these circumstances, this could have happened to me."



CORNELL CAPA / MAGNUM

A Job Corps class

POVERTY, AS A TOPIC OF NATIONAL CONCERN, WAS only a little bit less peripheral than ghettos in the years before the War on Poverty was launched. John Kenneth Galbraith's *The Affluent Society*, the liberal bible of the late fifties, included a chapter on poverty which so much downplayed it as a problem that Senator Paul Douglas, of Illinois, commissioned a study refuting Galbraith. The reason that poverty was not a major issue even for liberals was that it seemed to be disappearing in the post–Second World War boom. From 1947 to 1957 the percentage of American families with incomes under $2,000 went from 35 to 23, and the percentage of black families went down even more dramatically, from 62 to 36. The rate of exit from poverty had begun to slow in the late fifties, but this was not widely known; prevailing opinion agreed with Galbraith that poverty had become confined mainly to "poverty pockets," like Appalachia. John Kennedy had seen some of these during his primary campaign in West Virginia, and after taking office he set up the Appalachian Regional Commission to try to improve conditions there.

At the level of practical politics there was (and still is) a fundamental hostility in congressional and public opinion to the idea of an American welfare state, especially one that gives money to poor people. The biggest social-welfare program, Social Security, travels under the guise of an insurance policy; Aid to Families With Dependent Children, the main program for making cash grants to the poor, was created along with Social Security in 1935 and was billed as a kind of pension plan for widows and orphans rather than a welfare system. Even though it has been widely believed for decades that AFDC encourages the formation of single-parent families, only last September did Congress pass a provision making all two-parent poor out-of-work families in the country eligible for welfare.

Michael Harrington's *The Other America*, which claimed that one third of the country was poor, was published in 1962, and it was rescued from obscurity by a long review in *The New Yorker* by Dwight Macdonald, which appeared in January of 1963. (The consensus among President Kennedy's aides is that he read the Macdonald article, not the Harrington book. The article, dry, witty, and elegantly written, would have been much more to Kennedy's taste than the book, which is earnest and impassioned.) But practical-minded Washington liberals didn't for a minute believe that books and articles about poverty would suddenly melt Congress's deep hostility to social-welfare programs. The liberal cause of the time in Washington was increasing government spending, in order to stimulate the economy (the unemployment rate in the Kennedy years was over five percent, which was considered unacceptably high) and to respond to Galbraith's warning that America was becoming a nation of "private affluence and public squalor." Even this proved impracticable, though. Kennedy, possessing neither great legislative skill nor a sweeping electoral mandate, couldn't get spending programs past the southern committee chairmen who ruled Congress.

In March of 1962 Walter Heller began pushing a tax cut as an easier way to stimulate the economy, and in January of 1963 Kennedy finally agreed to the idea. That March, Heller raised the subject of poverty with Kennedy, taking care to couch it in practical terms: since the poor didn't pay taxes, he said, the tax cut would come under attack for being a subsidy to the middle class and the rich unless the Administration did something for poor people at the same time. In June, Robert Lampman, an old student of Heller's who had temporarily joined his staff, worked up a memo on the subject of poverty.

Lampman, who considered himself more the realist than Heller, believed that any program aimed at doing something about poverty was doomed. "Probably a politically acceptable program must avoid completely any use of the term 'inequality' or of the term '*redistribution* of income or wealth,'" he wrote Heller. In August, Lampman returned to a professorship at the University of Wisconsin, pessimistic about the future of the poverty initiative. Hel-

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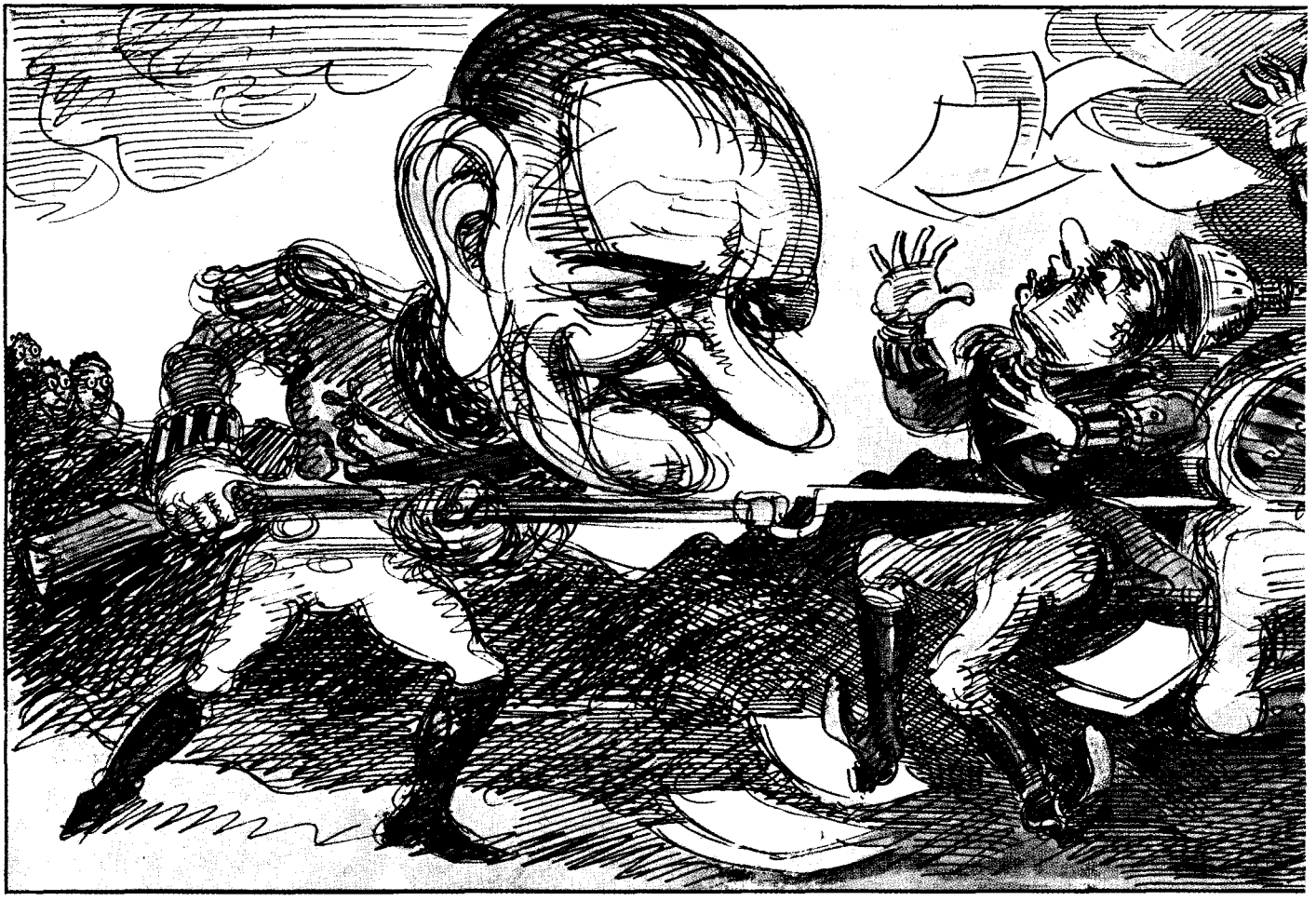

ler pressed on, without much success. He invited John Kenneth Galbraith to a lunch at the White House mess with several government officials, but, as Heller remembers it, Galbraith, too, was cool to the idea of a concerted effort to help the poor. As Heller told me, "Ken sort of took the position he took in *The Affluent Society*—'We even build our superhighways over them, on concrete stilts.' His position was, they were not a major element in the picture—not that it wasn't a problem, but that it was a problem the political system wasn't going to address."

Heller began to talk up poverty among the political people around Kennedy who would make the final decisions about the 1964 legislative program. The argument emerged—political people say from Heller, who they sometimes wished would stick to economics—that a poverty program would help in the 1964 campaign, not by bringing in more of the poor-person vote but by pulling good-hearted suburban Republican Protestant churchwomen away from Nelson Rockefeller.

With the departure of Lampman, Heller put another of his assistants, William Capron, in charge of poverty, and Capron began to convene meetings of people from several federal departments and agencies to figure out what the poverty effort would actually consist of. This was a disaster, at least in the views of Heller and Capron. Every government agency has a wish list of programs it has long been unable to get past the White House and Congress; the poverty idea brought out the wish lists, and a number of programs that hadn't made the cut for the New Deal, thirty years earlier, came up. The Secretary of Labor, Willard Wirtz, a ponderous man who had been Adlai Stevenson's law partner in Chicago, wanted jobs programs, run by the Labor Department. The key bureaucrat at the Department of Health, Education, and Welfare, Wilbur Cohen, an old New Dealer and a veteran lobbyist for social-welfare programs, wanted education and welfare programs, run by HEW. Neither man shared Heller's belief that something publicly billed as an attack on poverty could work. In October, after months of meetings, Capron presented Theodore Sorensen with a list of 150 separate programs for fighting poverty, intending to demonstrate what a mess the departments were making of the effort. He got the reaction he had been hoping for: Sorensen firmly told him to come back with something better.

The Solution Arrives

THE POVERTY FIGHTERS IN THE WHITE HOUSE WERE like frontier settlers with their wagons circled and the arrows flying in faster and faster: they needed the cavalry to ride to their rescue. It came in the form of the crime-fighters at the President's Committee on Juve-

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nile Delinquency. The committee's poverty-fighting (and delinquency-fighting) idea was called community action. Over the years there was a great deal of confusion about what community action meant—not surprisingly. It was an intentionally vague idea, difficult to understand and subject to widely varying interpretations.

The theory of community action was that what poor people needed were new neighborhood-based organizations. As it was, there were many government efforts to help the poor—nutrition programs, employment programs, welfare programs—but there was no coordination among them, and no concerted attempt had been made to find out what services the people in the poor neighborhoods most needed. Under community action the government would set up a kind of planning board in the neighborhood, the board would consult with the poor people there, and, eventually, a mission would emerge. In principle, a community-action agency could do *anything*—it was not an anti-poverty program so much as a mechanism through which new anti-poverty programs would be invented. Also, rather than take on all the traditional functions of a government agency itself, it would be small and would coordinate the work of existing agencies. The only rule was that the solution to the neighborhood's problems could not be imposed from above (that is, from Washington).

In practice, community action was not quite so Zen-like. The activities of organizations that received grants from the Committee on Juvenile Delinquency varied, but not radically. Probably the two best-known early grant recipients were Mobilization for Youth and the Ford Foundation's Gray Areas program in New Haven, Connecticut. Both offered remedial education, job training, and help in getting poor people through the welfare and health-care bureaucracies. Mobilization for Youth was more confrontational, occasionally organizing rent strikes and demonstrations at government offices, while the New Haven project had a spirit closer to that of an old-fashioned settlement house, whose aim was to teach immigrants (in this case Puerto Ricans and southern blacks) the skills they needed to assimilate in the new land.

To Walter Heller, community action had value as a theory (he was an old friend of E. F. Schumacher, who later wrote *Small Is Beautiful*), but more to the point, it solved all the bureaucratic problems of pulling together the Kennedy attack on poverty. It had a powerful bureaucratic patron in Robert Kennedy. Involving as it did one-year local grants, it was much cheaper than the big national programs that Labor and HEW were proposing, and President Kennedy didn't want to spend much money. Community action seemed small, flexible, and nonbureaucratic, and this was consistent with the ethos of the Kennedy Administra-

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Once, somebody was briefing Shriver on what would become the Foster Grandparents program, a small part of the War on Poverty. Shriver broke in, "It's not big enough! Not big enough!"

tion. In domestic policy as in foreign, there was a strong bias toward doing things through lean, action-oriented agencies—the Peace Corps, the Green Berets—rather than through the clumsy, slow-moving traditional bureaucracies and their friends in Congress. Heller had already decided that poverty could be fought effectively only through a new government agency. Finally, community action was easy to sell inside the Administration, because it had the sheen of originality: it was the only proposal for fighting poverty that seemed fresh and new and exciting.

UPI/BETTMANN NEWSPHOTOS

Kennedy, Shriver, Jacob Javits

It is by no means universally accepted that crime and poverty are caused by a lack of opportunity. But if you accept the premise, then increasing opportunity ought to cure crime and poverty. In retrospect, there was a glaring logical flaw in community action. Past experience suggested that the best way for the federal government to increase opportunity for the poor was through major national efforts: lowering the unemployment rate, improving schools, undertaking public works, and eliminating discrimination. Sometimes the programs that turned out to be the most effective at reducing poverty—like the Homestead Act, the Erie Canal, universal public education, and the GI Bill—weren't planned for that purpose but nonetheless changed social and economic conditions in some important way. Community action, however, was based on the idea that only through local efforts—in fact, only through efforts inside the poorest neighborhoods—could the government increase opportunity. How, it now seems fair to ask, could there have been so much faith in the ability of a program *inside* the ghettos to increase the amount of opportunity available to the people living there?

Policy-makers are always strongly impelled to believe what it is convenient for them to believe. For foundation executives, or social activists, or officials of a tiny government committee, or members of the White House staff who knew there was nearly no give in the federal budget, the temptation to find small-scale solutions to the large problem of poverty was very strong. Community action was at least a beginning. Also, the urban ethnic neighborhood was then just starting to be glorified as an alternative to the conformist, gray-flannel tract-house America of the Eisenhower years. In the late fifties Leonard Duhl's group at the National Institutes of Mental Health had funded an influential book by Herbert Gans called *The Urban Villagers*, about a thriving Italian neighborhood in the West End of Boston that had been destroyed by an urban-renewal program under the misguided banner of slum clearance. The interstate highway system and urban renewal (or, to use the nickname its critics gave it, "Negro removal") were to liberals' minds two of the great mistakes of the Eisenhower years, promoting downtown business development and suburban sprawl at the expense of vibrant, though poor, inner-city communities.

By the time President Kennedy was killed, Walter Heller and his circle had decided that the attack on poverty should begin with the creation of a handful of community-action demonstration projects. They had not formally presented this idea to Kennedy, however. Selling Lyndon Johnson on fighting poverty had been accomplished with great ease on his first day as President. Now they had to sell him on community action.

THIS WAS NOT AN EASY TASK. JOHNSON SHARED ALmost none of the opinions that had steered Heller toward community action. He liked the New Deal. He liked the Labor Department and HEW. He liked the old-line committees in Congress. Johnson was uncomfortable with abstract concepts: he liked government programs that involved things you could see and touch, that produced results. "His conception of the War on Poverty had this sort of *concrete* idea," Heller told me. "Bulldozers. Tractors. People operating heavy machinery."

Over the Christmas holidays of 1963 Heller and Kermit Gordon, the director of the Bureau of the Budget, flew down to the LBJ Ranch, where part of their mission was to talk Johnson into community action. "Kermit told me he and Heller presented it to Johnson, but [Johnson] was scared," says William Cannon, who was Gordon's assistant assigned to the poverty program. "He killed the community-action part of it. But the next day they persuaded him, so they came back to Washington with it in." It is not at all clear how much Johnson understood about what he was agreeing to, or what his reasons were. All through 1964 rumors would emanate from the White House that Johnson had thought community action was going to be like the old National Youth Administration, the New Deal agency where Johnson had worked before running for Congress, and that he hadn't realized that it would give money to local nonprofit organizations. Certainly some of the appeal that community action held for him must have been financial. He told Heller and Gordon that they had to hold the federal budget under $100 billion, because he didn't want to look like an irresponsible spender in an election year.

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For $500 million in new funds, which is what he gave Heller and Gordon for poverty-fighting, a much more visible program could be created through community action than through more traditional means.

As he approved community action, Johnson also changed it. The advocates of the idea had intended to start small. Heller's staff wanted ten local community-action agencies, five urban and five rural. Hackett thought that even this was too much, and proposed that the initial funding for the War on Poverty be $1 million a year. But Johnson was by nature not interested in small, slowly developing programs, especially when his first major initiative as President was involved. The President on whom he modeled himself was not, after all, Kennedy but Franklin D. Roosevelt. Once, while strolling through the White House with Hugh Sidey, of *Time,* Johnson stopped at a bust of FDR and caressed it. "Look at the *strength* in that face!" he told Sidey. The poverty program was the opening shot in Johnson's New Deal. By the end of January, 1964, the plans were for community action to begin in seventy-five cities.

As Allen Matusow points out in his book *The Unraveling of America*, there was no proof at that point (and there is still no proof) that any of the local organizations funded by the President's Committee on Juvenile Delinquency had actually reduced delinquency. Hackett himself said a few years later, "There've been a great many critics of the program, that it was not successful; that's probably right." It was just as unclear whether community-action agencies could reduce poverty. Community action was a totally untested idea that Johnson suddenly transformed into a large undertaking.

Some of Johnson's old friends felt that by giving the nod to community action Johnson showed not just his ambition but also the uncertainty of his self-esteem. Here was an idea that his instincts told him to avoid but that all the Kennedy people were for—Heller and Gordon and Ted Sorensen and, not least important, Robert Kennedy. "If *they* thought it up, that was it," says Horace Busby, who had been a Johnson aide since the late forties, and who was the lone dissenter in the discussions of community action at the ranch that Christmas. Elizabeth Wickenden wrote a memo opposing community action and in response got a form letter from a White House aide thanking her for her interest. On the last Sunday night in 1963, after a meeting with Heller, Gordon, and Sorensen, Busby stayed up late in Johnson's office at the ranch, writing Johnson a memo that urged him to go slower. Five years later it was clear that the Democratic Party's greatest problem was (as it still is) an inability to hold middle-class voters; Busby was almost alone in seeing that the anti-poverty effort might come across as a departure from rather than a continuation of the New Deal, and thus alienate part of Johnson's natural constituency. He wrote, "It is the American in the middle . . . who is the key to our economy, society, and political stability . . . his consent is vital—his dissent fatal—to our social progress vis-a-vis Negro rights, etc."

In his 1964 State of the Union address, delivered on January 8 and written primarily by Theodore Sorensen, Lyndon Johnson said, "This Administration today, here and now, declares unconditional war on poverty in America." His speech did not mention community action at all; instead, Johnson talked about such old-fashioned ideas as better education, housing, health care, and job training, and he was careful to mention the need to work closely with state and local governments. A research study ordered up afterward by Johnson showed that the speech had been interrupted by applause more times than any other State of the Union speech since 1933.

The Un-Kennedy

ON FEBRUARY 1 JOHNSON APPOINTED SARGENT Shriver head of the War on Poverty, and essentially dropped out of the planning himself. The appointment of Shriver represented a victory for Walter Heller, because it implied that a new agency would be created—Shriver was too much of a heavyweight to be made an assistant secretary of HEW or Labor. But there was more to it than that.

In the public's mind, Shriver was a Kennedy: Eunice Kennedy's husband, John and Robert Kennedy's brother-in-law. So it appeared that Johnson was so deeply loyal to the dead President's desire to fight poverty that he would entrust it only to a family member. As the director of the Peace Corps, Shriver was already perhaps the most visibly successful head of an agency in the federal government; certainly he had demonstrated an ability to get a new agency off the ground and to win over Congress, the press, and the liberals. He had close ties to the White House through Johnson's adviser Bill Moyers, who was his deputy director at the Peace Corps and who had promoted Shriver for the poverty job, hoping to open up the Peace Corps directorship for himself. (Johnson, however, kept Shriver in both jobs simultaneously.)

What the public didn't know was that Shriver wasn't really quite a Kennedy—the family would never elevate him past a certain level, which he resented—and that his appointment must have needled Robert Kennedy, who was already feuding with Johnson. Kennedy had let it be known in December that *he* was interested in running the War on Poverty, so, in picking Shriver, Johnson was turning down Kennedy, though the family tie was strong enough to ensure that Kennedy wouldn't criticize the appointment. In the longer range, both Kennedy and Shriver were interested in being Johnson's running mate in 1964, and by giving Shriver this high-visibility job Johnson seemed to enhance his chances of getting on the ticket.

To the close observer, some strain was visible between Shriver and Kennedy. Shriver was closer to embodying the Kennedy legend, as it came together during 1964, than Robert Kennedy was. Kennedys were aristocratic, handsome, heroic. But Shriver was more aristocratic (coming

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from an old Maryland family), more handsome (conventionally, anyway, with his barrel chest and resolute chin and jaw), more heroic (he had a distinguished though unpublicized war record, having served four years in the Navy in the South Pacific). He was also more seriously Catholic and, unlike the Kennedys, came from the socially concerned wing of the Church; he was, as his father had been, a member of the Society of St. Vincent de Paul. He had been in charge of civil-rights issues during the 1960 campaign, when the Kennedy inner circle had considered such issues secondary and a little sob-sisterish. During the staffing of the Kennedy Administration, Robert Kennedy had pointedly refused to appoint Shriver's aide Harris Wofford as his assistant on civil rights in the Justice Department, because, as he said later, Wofford "was very emotionally involved in all of these matters and was rather in some areas a slight madman." Shriver and his wife had been interested in juvenile delinquency since the late forties, Robert Kennedy since the early sixties.

A few days after the Kennedy assassination an aide came upon Lyndon Johnson in the Oval Office studying a notecard headed "What Bobby Thinks," which contained a list of Robert Kennedy's complaints about Johnson's conduct since the death of his brother. Johnson had kept Jacqueline Kennedy waiting on the ground for two and a half hours inside Air Force One in Dallas so that he could be sworn in as President; Johnson had been too quick in clearing President Kennedy's things out of the Oval Office. These were not rational complaints—they were born of grief, and it was somewhat embarrassing to Robert Kennedy to have them circulated—but it was useful to Johnson to know about about them. Who told you this? the aide asked him. Sargent Shriver, Johnson said. So Shriver had signaled Johnson that he was not so blindly loyal to his brother-in-law that he couldn't help the new President.

Shriver thought a little like Johnson. Though his background and Johnson's were entirely different, both came from families that had lost their money and both worked their way through college. Like Johnson, Shriver loved the application of the war metaphor to poverty—the idea of himself as the general in charge of managing, if not an actual war, at least something that belonged in the pantheon of grand successful American efforts. He used to tell the first head of community action to think of himself as running the Chevrolet division of General Motors. Shriver's mind, like Johnson's, automatically focused on what could get through Congress, and he instinctively thought big. Once, somebody was briefing him on what would become the Foster Grandparents program, which was a small

THE BRIDGE OF SIGHS

If you'll believe me when I tell you I have tried
To understand pleasure, the beginning of pleasure,
You'll know exactly how I watched my mother

That morning lounging in the red plush chair
In the gray, submerging shadows of the parlor
As she talked on the phone: that I stared

With each of my five years at the tender
Curve of her ankle as it moved down the high instep
Of her dry, clean, pale, and perfect foot and over

The toes, underneath to the arch. Oh, it just leapt!
It was the highest, most splendid arch,
More magnificent than the Arc de Triomphe in the newsreels

As the German soldiers marched beneath,
More delicate than the arches of the bridges
Of Venice, built by those gentlemen the Doges,
Paved by the feet of centuries of lovers
And saved from destruction by the American soldiers
On probably the same morning

I watched my mother's foot tense and relax,
And when she smiled down her long body at me,
And stroked my hair, and offered me the smooth beauty

Of her foot, and asked me, yes, to *rub it* just a little,
She said, right into the phone to whomever,
"Ahhh," the *ah* of the beginning of pleasure

That demands, even as it gives itself up,
That leaves you always ready to begin,
Always on the lip of things

Like a young harlot standing on the Bridge of Sighs
Waving goodbye to the soldiers of the losing side,
Waving hello to the soldiers of the winning side.

—Steve Orlen

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part of the War on Poverty. Shriver broke in impatiently, "It's not big enough! Not big enough!"

By the day after his appointment was announced, Shriver was at work with his staff, even though it was Sunday. Heller, Gordon, and Sorensen met him at Gordon's office to brief him on community action, which they envisioned as being all of the War on Poverty. As Johnson, at the ranch, had been, Shriver was immediately wary. In running a war, you had to produce victories, and it was hard to see how community-action agencies could be quickly perceived as successful. The premise that the activities of various government entities could be successfully coordinated by a neighborhood board was questionable. There had to be other ways to fight poverty. At one point Shriver and Adam Yarmolinsky, an assistant to Robert McNamara at the Pentagon, whom Shriver had asked to serve as his deputy, left to go to the men's room. There Shriver turned to Yarmolinsky and said, "It'll never fly."

ALL THROUGH THE MONTH OF FEBRUARY, 1964, Shriver chaired meetings with government officials, academics, writers, activists, foundation executives, and even financiers, to plan the Economic Opportunity Act of 1964, the legislation that would create the War on Poverty. These sessions surely represent a high-water mark for the essential quality, whether it was confidence or hubris, that characterized American society in the late fifties and early sixties. The Vietnam War did not represent nearly as great a departure from the usual activities of a world power as did the attempt to eliminate poverty in a capitalist country without giving poor people either money or jobs—and yet the people at Shriver's meetings had little doubt that they could do it. America could do anything. Even if one lacked faith in community action as the means, poverty, which hung on mostly in isolated pockets, could hardly be an insurmountable challenge. One evening during this period the diplomat George Kennan came to an informal seminar at Robert Kennedy's house and said that he had heard there was talk of eliminating poverty. Didn't everyone know, he said, that it was impossible to eliminate poverty, that no one in history had done it? Kennedy heatedly insisted that of course it could be done.

There was in early 1964 (before the escalation of the Vietnam War) comity in the house of liberalism. Socialists like Michael Harrington and Paul Jacobs participated amicably in some of the planning sessions with Shriver, and were judged by the government insiders to be good-hearted and supportive, though of little help in formulating a program. The feeling that, as Daniel Patrick Moynihan put it later, "a *big* bet was being made" did not dominate the meetings, because most of the participants felt that as money was spread out across the country, the War on Poverty would win friends in Congress, and they would be able to pump more money into the programs that worked best and scale back the failures. The economy was bountiful and would become more so after the tax cut went into effect. "For the proponents of social legislation, this was our Camelot," Yarmolinsky says.

Because there was no sense that this was the last chance to get poverty-fighting right, there weren't great battles over the design of community action. According to one version of events, the community-action man on Kermit Gordon's staff at the Bureau of the Budget feared that Shriver might jettison community action entirely, and so got Hackett to persuade Robert Kennedy to prevail on Shriver to keep it. (Schlesinger accepts this version in *Robert Kennedy and His Times*.) But even if Kennedy had had that kind of clout with Shriver, community action wouldn't have needed it to survive. Shriver thought that community action was part of his charge from Johnson. "The only thing he gave me was community action," he says now. Also, he had great faith in experts, and all the experts said that community action was a great idea.

Shriver and Yarmolinsky put their energies into broadening the bill. After his first briefing on community action Shriver called Richard Lee, the mayor of New Haven, to ask him about the Gray Areas project there. Lee said it was important not to overfund a brand-new community-action agency, because much of the money would be wasted. This strengthened Shriver's resolve not to spend all the money available to the War on Poverty on community action, as Heller and Gordon wanted to. In the bill he lobbied through Congress there were ten separate new programs. Community action was by far the biggest, but the one most important to Shriver was the Job Corps, which would take poor young men and women to wholesome camps and train them to join the work force.

Shriver's immediate contribution to community action was to expand it, as a way of improving the War on Poverty bill's chance of passing, even while he was limiting its funding. Within a month of Shriver's appointment the plans called for not ten or seventy-five community-action agencies but many more; by 1967 there were more than a thousand. (Future poverty warriors should realize the folly of trying to fund a thousand independent local organizations, most of them new and run by inexperienced people.)

Hackett and Lloyd Ohlin drifted away from the War on Poverty, having decided that community action had become so big as to be irredeemably distorted in conception. This left as the leading advocate of community action within Shriver's planning group Richard Boone, who had been Hackett's chief confederate at the Committee on Juvenile Delinquency.

Boone was the most radical of the Kennedy Administration poverty fighters, but he was a radical in the Kennedy spirit. Compact, tough, with a piercing gaze and a crew cut, he had establishment credentials, such as a degree from the University of Chicago and a tour of duty at the Ford Foundation, but he came across as something more than a cosseted expert; he had been a captain on the Cook County sheriff's police force (granted, as an aide to a pro-

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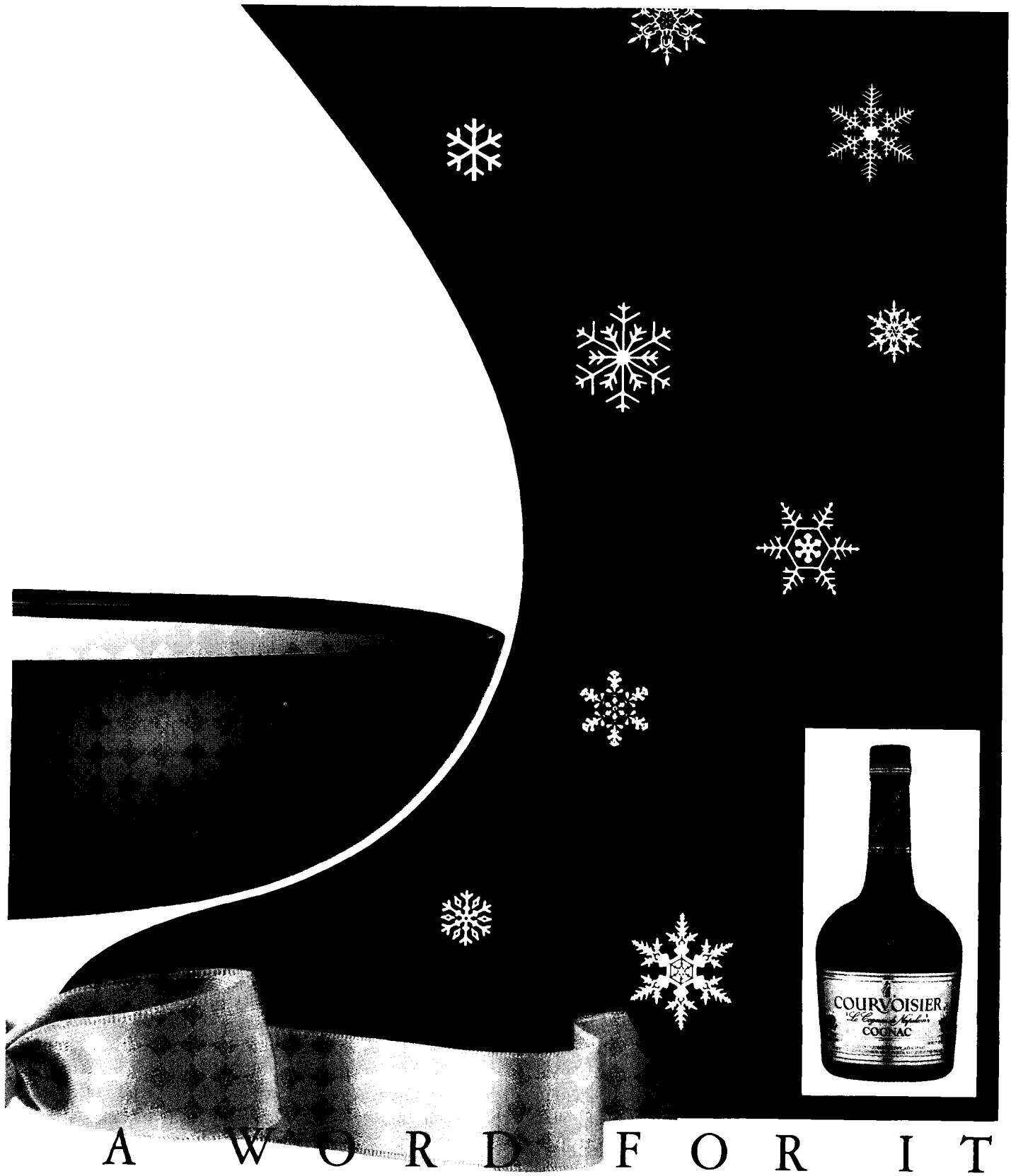

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fessor who had been elected sheriff on a reform ticket). He struck the people who worked with him as half revolutionary, half operator, a man to whom working in government was both a cause and a game.

Unlike Hackett and Ohlin, Boone saw the War on Poverty as an opportunity to be seized, and he became a constant, terrierlike presence at Shriver's meetings, always pushing for language in the law that would ensure that poor people would be represented on the boards of community-action agencies. In one meeting he asked Yarmolinsky how many times he had to insist on what became known as "maximum feasible participation" by the poor before it got into the bill. "Oh, just a few more times," Yarmolinsky said. So Boone asked a few more times, and it was in.

It had always been a part of the community-action creed that the poor should be consulted about their needs, so that they would get the proper government services. This would be a way to avoid what Robert Kennedy called planning programs "for the poor, not with them." Boone believed in this, but there were also other reasons for his idea about putting poor people on community-action boards. First, Boone believed that the cause of poverty was political as well as economic: when a community was poor, the reason was that it lacked power as well as money. Therefore, part of the cure for poverty was empowerment—training the residents of a poor neighborhood to organize themselves and learn to get things from the power structure. Maximum feasible participation was a way of turning the community-action boards into a power base for the poor.

Second, Boone saw the course of community action as a struggle between poor people and social workers, whom he regarded with contempt. Unless some preventive action was taken, social workers would appropriate community-action agencies and infuse them with the "social-worker mentality," in which, for example, all juvenile delinquents were regarded as psychologically troubled and in need of professional help in order to become normal members of society. Boone saw maximum feasible participation as a way of hitting social workers where they lived, challenging them for control over the many social-work jobs that community action and the rest of the War on Poverty would create.

In the ghettos there was a hunger for good jobs. In most cities blacks had been effectively shut out of the skilled trades and higher-paying municipal-service work, which were the logical next step up the ladder from unskilled manual labor. Maximum feasible participation appealed to neighborhood pride, and it held out the promise of a new employment base—administering the War on Poverty and the other new domestic programs of the Johnson Administration. Over the next decade, as the related ideas of fighting poverty and neighborhood control of government social programs spread through federal, state, and local government, these new jobs became extremely important to the growth of the black middle class, although they didn't help the ghettos much as communities.

In the Washington of 1964 the day when there would be black mayors of big cities seemed impossibly far off; therefore it appeared to be necessary to mitigate the influence of local government in order to bring the benefits of government—both services and jobs—to blacks. Circumventing existing political structures (not just the big federal departments in Washington but also city machines) was already part of the ethic of community action. Also, there was some fear among the planners of the War on Poverty that public officials in the South would make their local community-action agencies all white unless Washington had some specific way to prevent it.

Most of Shriver's group, and certainly Shriver himself, failed to see that these areas of mild rebellion against the way things were usually done in politics would make the community-action program very unpopular with even stalwart Democratic politicians in the North. So much was being planned in February of 1964 that maximum feasible participation seemed like a minor point; for Shriver to have worried about its coming to dominate the War on Poverty would have been like an orchestra conductor's worrying that the piccolos might drown out the brass section. The loyalty to the national Democratic Party of the big-city Democratic mayors and the blue-collar constituencies they represented still seemed rock solid. Of the people who might create trouble for the War on Poverty, mayors and congressmen in the North ranked far behind Republicans, southern Democrats, and professional social workers, in the minds of the members of Shriver's inner circle.

Today it seems obvious that community action was headed for political trouble. Politics then was more organized than it is now, but even now politicians don't like surprises. Spending federal money in the district of a congressman, the state of a senator or governor, or the city of a mayor will not automatically be popular with the official: he or she wants to know ahead of time who is going to get the money (preferably a political supporter) and to announce the grant personally, if possible. In return for these favors, the local official should become a loyal defender of the federal program.

Because community action broke all these rules, it eroded political loyalty to the War on Poverty. Much of what the community-action agencies did was popular. Probably the single most common activity of local community-action agencies around the country was running Head Start programs for preschool children, and Head Start was from the moment of its founding, in 1965, the best-liked of all the government's anti-poverty programs. Head Start was technically a part of the community-action program; so were other popular programs, like Foster Grandparents and Upward Bound. But the association did not help community action politically. It was always an uphill battle to draw attention away from the chief mechanism of the War on Poverty—the quasi-autonomous community-action agency—and toward programs like Head Start. Shriver didn't see, and perhaps couldn't have seen, what he was getting into.

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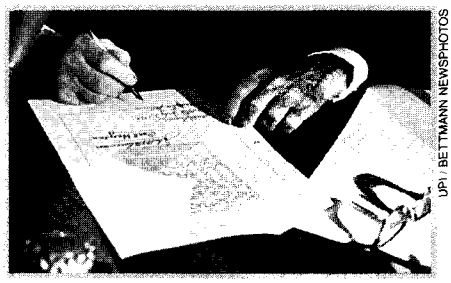
Johnson wanted to set world records in politics, as a star athlete would in sports. "Get those coonskins up on the wall," he would tell the people around him.

Johnson's First Troubled War



UPI / BETTMANN NEWSPHOTOS

The Civil Rights Act, 1964

IT ISN'T REALLY SHRIVER, WHO HAD never run for office, but Lyndon Johnson whom one would expect to have understood that the War on Poverty faced bad political problems. Johnson was a totally political man who had no hobbies, read no books, could barely sit through a movie: politics was virtually his only interest, and his fascination with it knew no bounds. He personally scrutinized the membership of even honorary presidential commissions. One of his Cabinet officers remembers going to see him on a Sunday at Camp David and finding him on the phone with a friend in Texas running down the results of local school-board elections there—just to relax, as it were.

His ambition as President was a politician's ambition: he wanted in particular to pass a lot of legislation, and in general to unify the country, to heal the divisions of geography and race and class that even FDR had failed to close. He wanted to set world records in politics, as a star athlete would in sports. "Get those coonskins up on the wall," he would tell the people around him. He pushed hard for the desegregation of 5,000 southern school districts by September of 1965, and as the deadline approached he had an aide call the commissioner of education daily: How many more have you brought in—what's the count? On the day before Congress went on its Easter recess in 1965, when Johnson's lobbyists were sweating to finish up the many bills they were working on already, he called to say, "Well, can't you get another one or two yet this afternoon?"

And yet Johnson had a streak of rebelliousness. He was not at all an organization man of politics—as, say, the late Mayor Richard Daley, of Chicago, was. He came from a one-party state where there was no tradition of slowly moving up through the ranks. He had done things in the service of his political ambition that he knew were wrong, and he knew that there were national problems that the political system would not ordinarily address. It was a point of pride with him in the first two years of his presidency, as it would not be for most politicians, that he was doing things that would hurt him politically. "Every day while I'm in office I'm going to lose votes," he told one aide. "I will probably lose about a million votes a month," he told another in the great days after the 1964 election. Of all the things Johnson wanted to do, the one he wanted most to do was also the one he knew would be the most unpopular: help blacks. After the 1964 Civil Rights Act passed, he told aides, accurately, "I think we just gave the South to the Republicans." There was at times almost a recklessness to the way he spent his mandate. He submitted the fair housing act, the piece of liberal legislation that most terrified members of Congress, a few months before the 1966 midterm elections.

Johnson's confident talk about losing support was not, however, based on seasoned self-knowledge. He was an extremely thin-skinned man who needed to be loved and was deeply wounded by criticism when it came. Even if he was prepared for attacks, it was for attacks of a certain kind: he would rile the old southern crocodiles on Capitol Hill, and Texans like John Connally, while winning over all the intellectuals and the liberals and the students and the blacks who had mistrusted him. He would pass the legislation they had dreamed of for decades—civil rights, medical care, aid to education—and they would love him for it. He might lose the South, but he would win over the North. Perhaps Johnson was constitutionally unprepared for the possibility that anyone might turn against him, but he was much more vulnerable, psychologically, to reproach from liberals than from conservatives, because leftward was the direction to which he was looking for approval.

THE WAR ON POVERTY BECAME EMBATTLED ALMOST instantly. The Economic Opportunity Act of 1964 passed in August, creating the Office of Economic Opportunity, headed by Sargent Shriver, which would administer community action, the Job Corps, and most of the other programs that made up the War on Poverty. On January 20, 1965—not yet half a year into the existence of the OEO—President Johnson received a confidential letter from Theodore McKeldin, the mayor of Baltimore, complaining about the community-action program and adding that the mayors of St. Louis, Cleveland, and Philadelphia didn't like the agencies in their cities either. At the end of 1965 several Democratic mayors set up a meeting in Miami just to grouse about community action, and Vice President Hubert Humphrey, whom one would have expected to be an ally of the War on Poverty, had turned against community action, because of his role as Johnson's liaison to the mayors.

The most important enemy, by far, of community action among the mayors was Daley, who at the time was the single most powerful politician not just in Chicago but also on Capitol Hill, where he controlled the largest bloc of votes that would reliably move on one person's orders. He was crucial to Johnson's legislative program, and Johnson took

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Later that summer Johnson announced the commitment of American ground troops to Vietnam, and the Watts riots began. The cracks and fissures in liberalism widened and deepened.

great pains to keep him happy. Daley considered it essential to maintain total control of all politics and government in Chicago. He once personally saw to it that a small HEW grant to Martin Luther King, Jr., for a literacy program in the Chicago ghetto was canceled—after it had been publicly announced—because he considered it wrong for the federal government to put money into Chicago without going through him, especially when the recipient was King. To Daley, community action was the political equivalent of original sin. "You're putting M-O-N-E-Y in the hands of people who are not in my organization," he told Bill Moyers. "They'll use it to bring you down."

King at Selma, 1965

"Many mayors assert that the Community Action Program is setting up a *competing political organization* in their own backyards," Charles Schultze, who had succeeded Kermit Gordon as budget director, wrote Johnson in September of 1965. To be more precise, they were worried about competing black political organizations. White backlash in the North, still blurry from the Washington perspective of 1964 and 1965, was perfectly obvious to the big-city mayors. Daley, who drove a car with the license plate 708-222 to commemorate the number of votes he got when he became mayor of Chicago, in 1955, saw his vote drop below 700,000 for the only time in his career in the 1963 mayoral election, and actually lost the white vote that year, because of his visible incorporation of blacks into his machine. Daley needed to hold on to Chicago's black voters, who were among his most dependably loyal constituents; the appearance in the ghettos of an independent black political force would not only threaten his black base but also cause white voters to panic and begin voting for candidates to the right of Daley. Like all the old-politics mayors, Daley thought that it was already enough of a struggle to keep the Democratic city organizations alive without Washington's stepping in to fund the opposition.

Community action had political problems not just with the mayors but also in Congress. Most southern conservatives never liked any part of the War on Poverty. During the initial lobbying for the Economic Opportunity Act, Wilbur Mills, of Arkansas, told one of Shriver's aides that he was not going to be involved in any program to help "a bunch of niggers," and threw the man out of his office. White ethnic congressmen, men like Dan Rostenkowski and Roman Pucinski, of Chicago, and James Delaney and Hugh Carey, of New York, turned against community action, for the same reasons that the mayors did. And these were only the Democratic opponents of community action; Republican conservatives, especially midwesterners and westerners, of course disliked it too.

As the most visibly liberal government agency, the OEO was a frequent target of both the right and the left. Opposition to the OEO was one of Ronald Reagan's early political themes. Adam Clayton Powell, who was the chairman of the House committee that authorized the OEO's funds, never thought that the agency was fully responsive to his concerns, and at one point he banned all OEO employees from his committee's offices. Richard Boone, who worked for the community-action program in the early stages, left in 1965 to start an organization called Citizens Crusade Against Poverty, whose purpose was to make sure that community action wasn't selling out.

In the executive branch the OEO's main enemies were HEW and the Department of Labor. Wilbur Cohen tried repeatedly to get Johnson to abolish the OEO as an independent agency and to put most of its parts in HEW, where they would presumably be better managed and less visible. Willard Wirtz was opposed to the idea of community action from the start, opposed to the OEO as a separate agency, and positively enraged when he discovered that the big jobs program in the War on Poverty, the Job Corps, would be run by the OEO and not the Labor Department. He was given the Neighborhood Youth Corps as a consolation prize, but he still tried constantly to sabotage the Job Corps. Inside the OEO there was always the suspicion that the Labor Department's U.S. Employment Service, whose responsibility it was to screen people for the Job Corps, was sending along people with criminal records in order to make the Job Corps look bad.

ALL THESE OFFICIALS WERE INEVITABLE ENEMIES OF community action, who would create political trouble for the programs no matter how well they did out in the field. But out in the field there were problems too. Shriver hoped that the OEO, and especially the Job Corps, would loose an avalanche of favorable publicity, the way the Peace Corps had. He wanted the Economic Opportunity Act to pass in a blaze of glory, and successful anti-poverty programs to spring up immediately. Shriver agonized but went along when the North Carolina congressional delegation demanded that Shriver get rid of his deputy, Yarmolinsky, as the price of its support, probably because at the Pentagon Yarmolinsky had advocated the

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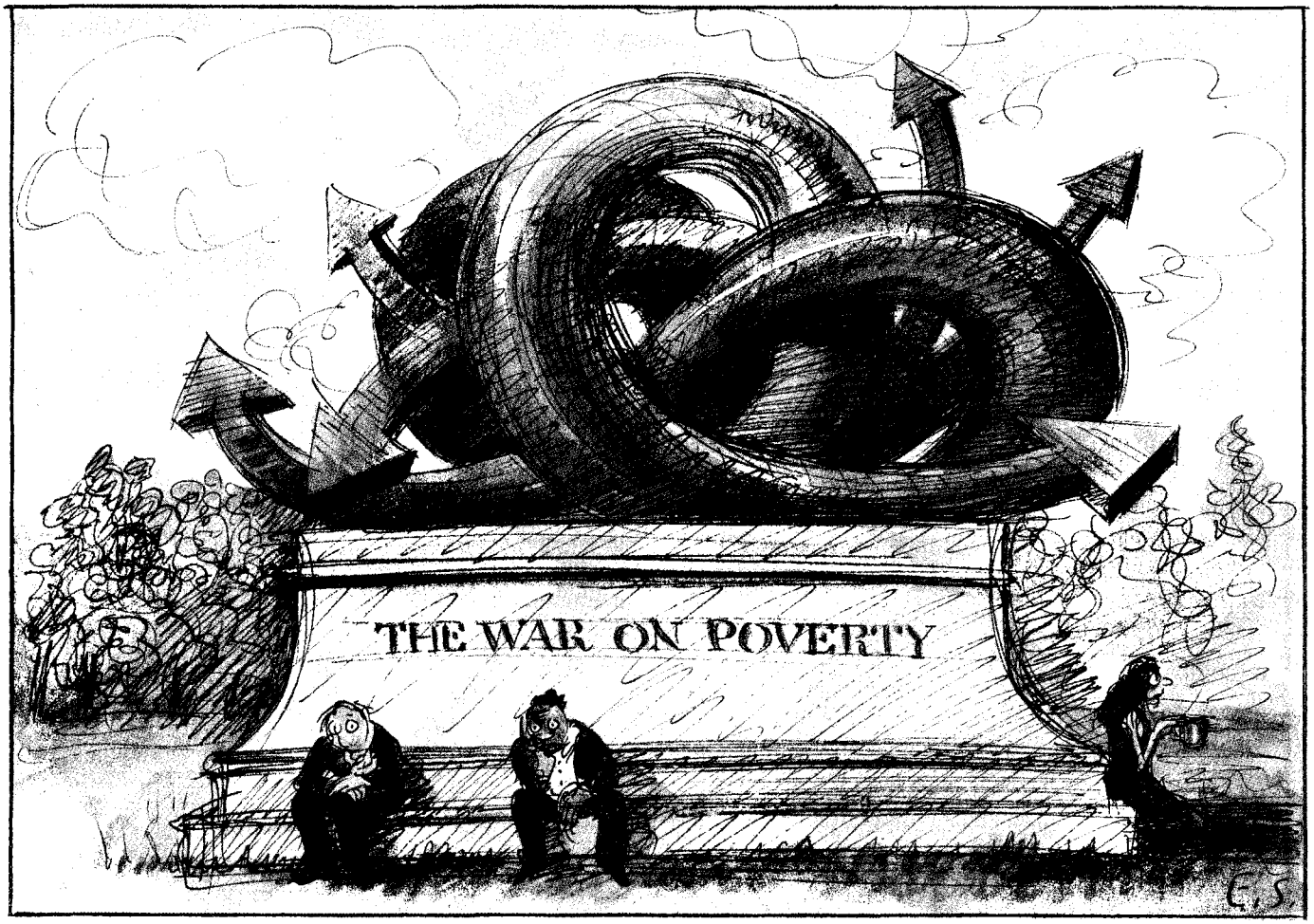
integration of public facilities near military bases in North Carolina. Having deprived himself of his key administrator, Shriver tried to produce administrative miracles. He insisted that 10,000 kids be enrolled in Job Corps camps by the end of June of 1965; his staff had them sleeping on the floors of gymnasiums to meet the quota. At the signing of the first batch of grants to community-action agencies—grants to more than 250 nongovernment organizations, most of them new and unproved—Shriver picked out one, the agency in Albemarle, North Carolina, and asked Fred Hayes, one of the people running community action, How do you know this one will work? It doesn't even have an executive director's name on the application. How do you know they won't pick someone incompetent? "I said, 'You don't know he won't be an incompetent,'" Hayes says today. "'He may well be. You can't control the grant recipients, and some of them are going to screw up.'"

Some of them did, indeed, screw up. In Harlem, Adam Clayton Powell demanded a piece of the action at HARYOU, a project whose guiding spirit was the black psychologist Kenneth B. Clark; HARYOU became HARYOU-ACT, Clark resigned in protest, and almost from the moment it received its first OEO grant, of $1.2 million, in June of 1965, HARYOU-ACT was under investigation for financial irregularities. Even in Chicago, where Mayor Daley had been able, through Johnson's intercession, to keep the poverty program totally under his control, an internal OEO report circulated in May of 1965 showed that no books were being kept, that a subcontractor was working without a written contract, and that there was a one-to-one ratio of clerical to professional employees.

At the Job Corps camps there were several embarrassing incidents of violence. At Camp Atterbury, in Indiana, one trainee was sodomized by several others. At Camp Gary, in Texas, five trainees held up and shot two enlisted men from a nearby Air Force base, and another trainee was stabbed to death outside a dance at the YMCA. At Camp Breckinridge, in Kentucky, a recruit shot a woman and then, while awaiting trial, managed to steal a car and ran into a family of four on the highway, killing them all. It became a joke among the OEO's lobbyists in Congress that they should tell every recalcitrant member that if he didn't vote right on OEO bills they would put a new Job Corps center in his district.

Shriver was a dedicated man who drove himself and the people around him, but he reacted to the problems of the OEO more by emphasizing his strength, salesmanship, than by correcting his weaknesses, conception and administration. He invented citizens' support groups, like Athletes Against Poverty. He tried to hire Al Capp, the creator of Li'l Abner, to produce a comic book advertising the Job Corps. He barraged Johnson with memos, written with the



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specificity and enthusiasm of a professional publicist, claiming that the image of the OEO was turning around. In a typical passage he wrote, "I can't remember hitting five major American newspapers simultaneously on any program in recent years. An eight-column head in the Cleveland *Plain Dealer* certainly marks some sort of high point." From Shriver's perspective, the great problem of the War on Poverty was that it wasn't the kind of war he was used to fighting: it lacked public support, funds, and tolerance for error. Wanting and expecting to be a general, he found himself instead the operator of an unpopular social program.

Retreat and Shifting Ground

In December of 1965 Johnson's chief aide for domestic affairs, Joseph Califano, prepared a detailed plan for dismantling the OEO, the first of several such plans to cross Johnson's desk. Soon afterward Johnson turned down a request by Shriver for an increase in the OEO budget from $1.75 billion to $4 billion, and Shriver threatened to resign, backing down only when Johnson told him, "If you quit, we'll quit," meaning he would abolish the OEO. In 1967 the OEO nearly died when Congress missed the regular deadline to renew its appropriation. It survived only because of an amendment to the appropriation bill which gave elective public officials appointive power over a third of the seats on the community-action boards. The OEO is the great exception to the political-science maxim that government agencies are immortal. It never had any powerful friends and was at the edge of abolition almost from its founding.

Most of the controversies that arose in the field operations of the OEO had a racial aspect. There were many community-action agencies, urban and rural, that led a relatively quiet existence; most of the best-publicized problems of the community-action program involved an agency in a black ghetto. The OEO was intended to be substantially aimed at the ghettos, but it was founded in ignorance of changes in the mood of American race relations which would be obvious within a year of its founding and would affect it deeply.

Martin Luther King's strategy of seeking nonviolent confrontations with the often violent defenders of legal segregation in the South was not just morally right, it was a brilliant political strategy that played perfectly in the press and quickly persuaded white liberals (like the founders of the War on Poverty) that civil rights was an urgent cause. But black America—and the movement itself, for that matter—was never as Gandhi-like as King. Medgar Evers, the head of the Mississippi chapter of the NAACP until he was assassinated, in 1963, owned a gun. (Even King owned a gun during his early days in Montgomery.) John Lewis, the head of the Student Non-Violent Coordinating Committee and now a congressman from Atlanta, had to be talked out of giving a speech at the 1963 March on Washington calling for a modern black version of Sherman's march through Georgia. King himself maintained relations with black-nationalist leaders like Malcolm X and Elijah Muhammad, whom whites imagined to be antithetical to his cause.

Freedom Summer, in 1964, which was portrayed in the national press as a love feast between white college students and the black movement, was actually somewhat tense. There was a feeling among blacks who had risked their lives over the past few years that the whites had swept in, taken over leadership positions, dominated press coverage, and, in the case of some white women, stolen men from the black women in the movement. The summer ended with Johnson's offering to seat only two members of the delegation from the Mississippi Freedom Democratic Party at the Democratic National Convention, an experience that looked to Washington like a great civil-rights victory and to the civil-rights movement, especially the leaders of SNCC, like a crushing defeat. By the fall of 1964 discussion had already begun within SNCC about its becoming an all-black organization, which it did in 1967.

All this was in the South. In the North church-based protest never had the galvanizing effect on black people that it did in the South, and ghetto poverty did not inspire the sympathies of whites in the way that segregation had. All through the middle sixties there were frustrating discussions within the movement about how to bring the struggle north and address the problems of the ghettos. The March on Washington was officially billed as the March on Washington for Jobs and Freedom, and its chief organizer, Bayard Rustin, was annoyed that King's overpowering "I Have a Dream" speech effectively switched the focus from economic issues in the North to segregation in the South.

The final great event of the movement was the Selma-to-Montgomery march, in 1965. In its wake Johnson said, "We shall overcome" before a joint session of Congress and proposed the Voting Rights Act. In June, Johnson in effect moved his rhetoric north, giving a commencement address at Howard University, in Washington, D.C., in which he called for "not just equality as a right and a theory, but equality as a fact and equality as a result."

Then, later in that summer of 1965, over the space of two weeks, Johnson announced the commitment of American ground troops to Vietnam, and the Watts riots began. From that point on the little cracks and fissures in liberalism inexorably widened and deepened. The world Lyndon Johnson wanted to conquer came apart. □

This is the first part of a two-part article. In the second part, which will appear next month, Lyndon Johnson loses confidence in the War on Poverty, and Richard Nixon and Daniel Patrick Moynihan move toward giving poor people money instead of services.

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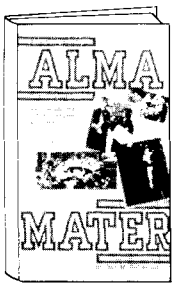

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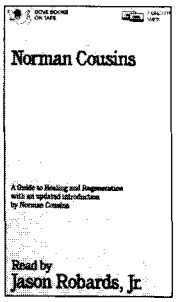

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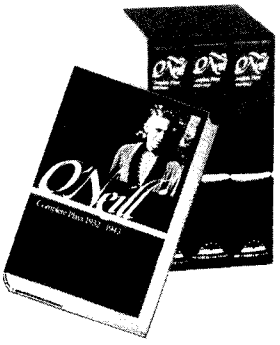

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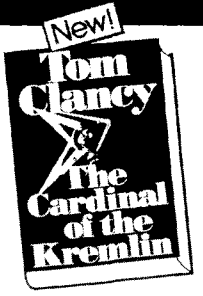

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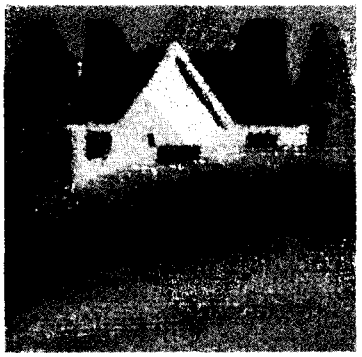
A Short Story

HOLD ME FAST, DON'T LET ME PASS

BY ALICE MUNRO



THIS IS WHAT HAZEL WROTE IN THE NOTEBOOK SHE had brought from Canada:

Ruins of "Kirk of the Forest." Old graveyard. William Wallace declared Guardian of Scotland here, 1298.

Courthouse where Sir Walter Scott dispensed judgment, 1799–1832.

Philiphaugh? 1945.

Gray town. Some old gray stone like Edinburgh. Also grayish-brown stucco, not so old. Library once the jail (gaol).

Country around very hilly, almost low mountains. Colors tan, lilac, gray. Some dark patches, look like pine. Reforestation? Woods at edge of town, oak, beech, birch, holly. Leaves turned, golden-brown. Sun out, but raw wind and damp feels like coming out of the ground. Nice clean little river.

One gravestone sunk deep, crooked, name, date, etc., all gone, just skull and crossbones. Girls with pink hair going by, smoking.

She struck out the word *judgment* and wrote in *justice*. Then she struck out *lilac*, which seemed too flimsy a word to describe the gloomy, beautiful hills. She didn't know what to write in its place.

She had pressed the button beside the fireplace, hoping to order a drink, but nobody had come.

Hazel was cold in this room. When she checked into the Royal Hotel, earlier in the afternoon, a woman with a puff of gilt hair and a smooth, tapered face had given her the once-over, told her what time they served dinner, and pointed out the upstairs lounge as the place where she was to sit—ruling out, in this way, the warm and noisy pub downstairs. Hazel wondered if women guests were considered too respectable to sit in the pub. Or was she not respectable enough? She was wearing corduroy pants and tennis shoes and a windbreaker. The gilt-haired woman wore a trim pale-blue suit with glittery buttons, white lacy nylons, and high-heeled shoes that would have killed Hazel in half an hour. When she came in after a couple of hours' walk, she thought about putting on her one dress but decided not to be intimidated. She did change into a pair of black velvet pants and a silk shirt, to show she was making some effort, and she brushed and repinned her hair, which was gray as much as fair now, and fine enough to have gotten into an electric tangle in the wind.

Hazel was a widow. She was in her fifties, and she taught biology in the high school in Walley, Ontario. This year she was on a leave of absence. She was a person you would not be surprised to find sitting by herself in a corner of the world where she didn't belong, writing things in a notebook to prevent the rise of panic. She had found that she was usually optimistic in the morning but that panic was a problem at dusk. This sort of panic had nothing to do with money or tickets or arrangements or whatever dangers she might encounter in a strange place. It had to do with a falling-off of purpose, and the question Why am I here? One could as reasonably ask that question at home, and some people do, but generally enough is going on there to block it out.

Now she noticed the date that she'd written beside "Philiphaugh": 1945. Instead of 1645. She thought that she must have been influenced by the style of this room. Glass-brick windows, dark-red carpet with a swirly pattern, cretonne curtains with red flowers and green leaves on a beige background. Blocky, dusty, dark upholstered furniture. Floor lamps. All of this could have been here when Hazel's husband, Jack, used to come here, during

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the war. Something must have been in the fireplace then—a gas fire, or else a real grate, for coal. Nothing was there now. And the piano had probably been kept open, in tune, for dancing. Or else they'd had a gramophone, with 78s. The room would have been full of servicemen and girls. She could see the girls' dark lipstick and rolled-up hair and good crepe dresses with their sweetheart necklines or detachable white-lace collars. The men's uniforms would be stiff and scratchy against the girls' arms and cheeks, and they would have a sour, smoky, exciting smell. Hazel was fifteen when the war ended, so she did not get to many parties of that sort. And even when she did get to one, she was too young to be taken seriously, and had to dance with other girls or maybe a friend's older brother. The smell and feel of a uniform must have been just something she imagined.

Walley is a lake port. Hazel grew up there and so did Jack, but she never knew him, or saw him to remember, until he turned up at a high school dance escorting the English teacher, who was one of the chaperons. By that time Hazel was seventeen. When Jack danced with her, she was so nervous and excited that she shook. He asked her what the matter was, and she had to say that she thought she was getting the flu. Jack negotiated with the English teacher and took Hazel home.

They were married when Hazel was eighteen. In the first four years of marriage they had three children. No more after that. (Jack told people that Hazel had found out what was causing it.) Jack had gone to work for an appliance-sales-and-repair business as soon as he got out of the Air Force. The business belonged to a friend of his who had not gone overseas. Until the day of his death Jack worked in that place, more or less at the same job. Of course, he had to learn about new things, like microwave ovens.

After she had been married for about fifteen years, Hazel started to take extension courses. Then she commuted to a college fifty miles away, as a full-time student. She got her degree and became a teacher, which was what she had meant to do before she got married.

Jack must have been in this room. He could easily have looked at these curtains, sat in this chair.

A man came in, at last, to ask what she would like to drink.

Scotch, she said. That made him smile.

"*Whisky*'ll do it."

Of course. You don't ask for Scotch whisky in Scotland.

Jack was stationed near Wolverhampton, but he used to come up here on his leaves. He came to look up, and then to stay with, the only relative in Britain that he knew of—a cousin of his mother's, a woman named Margaret Dobie. She was not married, she lived alone; she was middle-aged then, so she would be quite old now, if indeed she was still alive. Jack didn't keep up with her after he went back to Canada—he was not a letter writer. He talked about her, though, and Hazel found her name and address when she was going through his things. She wrote Margaret Dobie a letter, just to say that Jack had died and that he had often mentioned his visits in Scotland. The letter was never answered.

Jack and this cousin seemed to have hit it off. He stayed with her in a large, cold, neglected house on a hilly farm, where she lived with her dogs and sheep. He borrowed her motorbike and rode around the countryside. He rode into town, to this very hotel, to drink and make friends or get into scraps with other servicemen or go after girls. Here he met the hotel-keeper's daughter, Antoinette.

Antoinette was sixteen, too young to be allowed to go to parties or to be permitted in the bar. She had to sneak out to meet Jack behind the hotel or on the path along the river. A most delectable, heedless, soft, and giddy sort of girl. Little Antoinette. Jack talked about her in front of Hazel and to Hazel as easily as if he had known her not just in another country but in another world. Your Blonde Bundle, Hazel used to call her. She imagined Antoinette wearing some sort of woolly pastel sleeper outfit, and she thought that she would have had silky, babyish hair, a soft, bruised mouth.

Hazel herself was a blonde when Jack first met her, though not a giddy one. She was shy and prudish and intelligent. Jack triumphed easily over the shyness and the prudery, and he was not as irritated as most men were, then, by the intelligence. He took it as a kind of joke.

Now the man was back, with a tray. On the tray were two whiskies and two jugs of hot water.

He served Hazel her drink and took the other drink himself. He settled into the chair opposite her.

So he wasn't the barman. He was a stranger who had bought her a drink. She began to protest.

"I rang the bell," she said. "I thought you had come because I rang the bell."

"That bell is useless," he said with satisfaction. "No. Antoinette told me she had put you in here, so I thought I'd come and inquire if you were thirsty."

Antoinette.

"Antoinette," Hazel said. "Is that the lady I was speaking to this afternoon?" She felt a drop inside: her heart or her stomach or her courage—whatever it is that drops.

"Antoinette," he said. "That's the lady."

"And is she the manager of the hotel?"

"She is the owner of the hotel."

The problem was just the opposite of what she had expected. It was not that people had moved away and the buildings were gone and had left no trace. Just the opposite. The very first person that she had spoken to that afternoon had been Antoinette.

She should have known, though—she should have known that such a tidy woman, Antoinette, wouldn't employ this fellow as a barman. Look at his baggy brown pants and the burn hole in the front of his V-neck sweater. Underneath the sweater was a dingy shirt and tie. But he didn't look ill cared for or downhearted. Instead he looked like a man who thought so well of himself that he could afford to be a bit slovenly. He had a stocky, strong body, a

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square, flushed face, fluffy white hair springing up in a vigorous frill around his forehead. He was pleased that she had mistaken him for the barman, as if that might be a kind of trick he'd played on her. In the classroom she would have picked him for a possible troublemaker, not the rowdy, or the silly, or the positively sneering and disgusting kind, but the kind who sits at the back of the class, smart and indolent, making remarks you can't quite be sure of. Mild, shrewd, determined subversion—one of the hardest things to root out of a classroom. What you have to do—Hazel had said this to younger teachers, or those who tended to get discouraged more easily than she did—what you have to do is to find some way of firing up their intelligence. Make it a tool, not a toy. The intelligence of such a person is underemployed.

What did she care about this man anyway? All the world is not a classroom. I've got your number, she said to herself, but I don't have to do anything about it.

She was thinking about him to keep her mind off Antoinette.

He told her that his name was Dudley Brown and that he was a solicitor. He said that he lived here (she took that to mean he had a room in the hotel) and that his office was just down the street. A permanent guest—a widower, then, or a bachelor. She thought a bachelor. That twinkly, edgy air of satisfaction didn't usually survive married life.

Too young, in spite of the white hair, a few years too young, to have been in the war.

"So, have you come over here looking for your roots?" he said. He gave the word its most exaggerated American pronunciation.

"I'm Canadian," Hazel said, quite pleasantly. "We don't say *roots* that way."

"Ah, I beg your pardon," he said. "I'm afraid we do that. We do tend to lump you all together, you and the Americans."

Then she started to tell him her business—why not? Perhaps she was lonely for someone to talk to. She told him that her husband had been here during the war and that they had always planned to make this trip together, but they hadn't, and her husband had died, and now she had come by herself. This was only half true. She had often suggested such a trip to Jack, but he had always said no. She thought this was because of her—he didn't want to do it with her. She took things more personally than she ought to have done, for a long time. He probably meant just what he said. He said, "No, it wouldn't be the same."

He was wrong if he meant that people wouldn't be in place, right where they used to be. Even now, when Dudley Brown asked the name of the cousin in the country and Hazel said Margaret Dobie, Miss Dobie, but in all probability she's dead, the man just laughed. He laughed and shook his head and said, Oh, no, by no means, indeed not.

"Maggie Dobie is far from dead. She's a very old lady, certainly, but I don't believe she's got any thought of dying. She lives out on the same land she's always lived on, though it's a different house. She's pretty sound."

"She didn't answer my letter."

"Ah. She wouldn't."

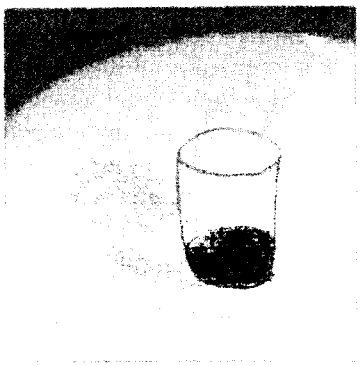
"Then I guess she wouldn't want a visitor either?"

She almost wanted him to say no. *Miss Dobie is very much the recluse, I'm afraid. No, no visitors.* Why, when she'd come so far?

"Well, if you drove up on your own, I don't know, that would be one thing," Dudley Brown said. "I don't know how she would take it. But if I was to ring up and explain about you, and then we took a run out, then I think you'd be made most welcome. Would you care to? It's a lovely drive out, too. Pick a day when it isn't raining."

"That would be very kind."

"Ah, it isn't far."



IN THE DINING ROOM DUDLEY BROWN ATE AT ONE LITtle table, and Hazel at another. This was a pretty room, with blue walls and deep-set windows looking out over the town square. Hazel sensed none of the gloomy air of neglect that prevailed in the lounge. Antoinette served them. She offered the vegetables in silver serving dishes with rather difficult implements. She was very correct, even disdainful. When not serving she stood by the sideboard, alert, upright, hair stiff in its net of spray, suit spotless, feet slim and unswollen in the high-heeled shoes.

Dudley said that he would not eat the fish. Hazel, too, had refused it.

"You see, even the Americans," Dudley said. "Even the Americans won't eat that frozen stuff. And you'd think they'd be used to it; they have everything frozen."

"I'm Canadian," Hazel said. She thought he'd apologize, remembering he'd been told this once already. But neither he nor Antoinette paid any attention to her. They had embarked on an argument whose tone of practiced acrimony made them sound almost married.

"Well, I wouldn't eat anything else," Antoinette said. "I wouldn't eat any fish that hadn't been frozen. And I wouldn't serve it. Maybe it was all right in the old days, when we didn't have all the chemicals we have now in the water, and all the pollution. The fish now are so full of pollution that we need the freezing to kill it. That's right, isn't it?" she said, turning to include Hazel. "They know all about that in America."

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"I just preferred the roast," Hazel said.

"So your only safe fish is a frozen one," Antoinette said, ignoring her. "And another thing: they take all of the best fish for freezing. The rejects is all that is left to sell fresh."

"Give me your rejects, then," Dudley said. "Let me chance it with the chemicals."

"More fool you. I wouldn't put a bite of fresh fish in my mouth."

"You wouldn't get a chance to. Not around here."

While the law was being laid down in this way about the fish, Dudley Brown once or twice caught Hazel's eye. He kept a very straight face, which indicated, more than a smirk would have done, a settled mixture of affection and contempt. Hazel kept looking at Antoinette's suit. Antoinette's suit made her think of Joan Crawford. Not the style of the suit but its perfect condition. She had read an interview with Joan Crawford, years ago, that described many little tricks Joan Crawford had for keeping hair, clothes, footwear, fingernails, in a most perfect condition. She remembered something about the way to iron seams. Never iron seams open. Antoinette looked like a woman who would have all that down pat.

She hadn't, after all, expected to find Antoinette still babyish and boisterous and charming. Far from it. Hazel had imagined—and not without satisfaction—a dumpy woman wearing false teeth. (Jack used to recall Antoinette's habit of popping caramels into her mouth between kisses, and making him wait until she'd sucked the sweetness out of the last shred.) A good-natured soul, chatty, humdrum, a waddly little grandmother—that was what she had thought would be left of Antoinette. And here was this pared-down, vigilant, stupid-shrewd woman, sprayed and painted and preserved within an inch of her life. Tall, too. It wasn't likely she'd been any kind of cozy bundle, even at sixteen.

But how much would you find in Hazel of the girl Jack had taken home from the dance? How much of Hazel Joudry, a pale, squeaky-voiced girl who held her fair hair back with two bows of pink celluloid, in Hazel Curtis? Hazel was thin too—wiry, not brittle like Antoinette. She had muscles that came from gardening and hiking and cross-country skiing. These activities had also dried and wrinkled and roughened her skin, and at some point she'd stopped bothering about it. She threw out all the colored pastes and pencils and magic unguents she had bought in moments of bravado or despair. She let her hair grow out whatever color it liked and pinned it up at the back of her head. She broke open the shell of her increasingly doubtful and expensive prettiness; she got out. Years before Jack died, even, she did that. It had something to do with how she took hold of her life. She has said and thought that there came a time when she had to take hold of her life, and she has urged the same course on others. She urged action, exercise, direction. She didn't mind letting people know that when she was in her thirties she had what used to be called a nervous breakdown. For nearly two months she had been unable to leave the house. She stayed in bed much of the time. She crayoned the pictures in children's coloring books. That was all she could do, to control her fear and unfocused grief. Then she took hold. She sent for college catalogues. What got her going again? She didn't know. She had to say, she didn't know. Maybe she just got bored, she would say. Maybe she just got bored, having her breakdown.

She knew that when she had gotten out of bed (this is what she didn't say), she had left some part of herself behind. She suspected that this was a part that had to do with Jack. But she didn't think then that any abandonment had to be permanent. Anyway, it couldn't be helped.

When he had finished his roast and vegetables, Dudley got up abruptly. He nodded to Hazel and said to Antoinette, "I'm off now, my lamb." Did he really say that—*lamb*? Whatever it was, it had the satirical inflection that an endearment would need between him and Antoinette. Perhaps he said *lass*. People did say *lass* here. The driver on the bus from Edinburgh had said it to Hazel, that afternoon.

Antoinette served Hazel a piece of apricot flan and started immediately to fill her in on Dudley. People were supposed to be so reserved in Britain—that was what Hazel had been led to believe, by her reading, if not by Jack—but it didn't always seem to be the case.

"Off to see his mother before she's tucked up for the night," Antoinette said. "Always off home early on a Sunday night."

"He doesn't live here?" Hazel said. "I mean, in the hotel?"

"He didn't say that, did he?" Antoinette said, rather primly. "I'm sure he didn't say that. He has his own home. He has a lovely home. He shares it with his mother. She's in bed all the time now—she's one of those ones who have to have everything done for them. He's got a day nurse for her and a night nurse, too. But he always looks in and has a chat Sunday nights, even if she doesn't know him from Adam. He must have meant that he gets his meals here. He couldn't expect the nurse to get his meals. She wouldn't do it anyway. They won't do anything extra at all for you now. They want to know just what they're supposed to do, and they won't do a tick more. It's just the same with what I get here. If I say to them, Sweep the floor, and I don't say, Put up the broom when you're finished, they'll just leave the broom lying."

Now is the time, Hazel thought. She wouldn't be able to say it if she put it off longer.

"My husband used to come here," she said. "He used to come here during the war."

"Well, that's a long time ago, isn't it? Would you like your coffee now?"

"Please," Hazel said. "He came here first on account of having a relative here. A Miss Dobie. Mr. Brown seemed to know who she would be."

"She's quite an elderly person," Antoinette said—disapprovingly, Hazel thought. "She lives away up in the valley."

"My husband's name was Jack." Hazel waited, but she

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didn't get any response. The coffee was bad, which was a surprise, since the rest of the meal had been so good.

"Jack Curtis," she said. "His mother was a Dobie. He used to come here on his leaves and stay with this cousin, and he would come into town in the evenings. He used to come here, to the Royal Hotel."

"It was a busy place during the war," Antoinette said. "Or so they tell me."

"He would talk about the Royal Hotel and he mentioned you, too," Hazel said. "I was surprised when I heard your name. I didn't think you'd still be here."

"I haven't been here the whole time," Antoinette said—as if to suppose that she had been would be to insult her. "I lived in England while I was married. That's why I don't talk the way they do around here."

"My husband is dead," Hazel said. "He mentioned you. He said your father owned the hotel. He said you were a blonde."

"I still am," Antoinette said. "My hair is just the same color it always was; I never have had to do anything to it. I can't remember the war years very well. I was such a wee little girl at the time. I don't think I was born when the war started. When did the war start? I was born in 1940."

Two lies in one speech, hardly any doubt about it. Blatant, smooth-faced, deliberate, self-serving lies. But how could Hazel tell if Antoinette was lying about not knowing Jack? Antoinette would have no choice but to say that, given the lie she must have told all the time about her age.

(Antoinette, I think that you knew my husband, during the time that he was full of wildness and content.

All I want is for you to say yes. Yes, I knew him, yes.)

FOR THE NEXT THREE DAYS IT RAINED, OFF AND ON. When it wasn't raining, Hazel walked around the town, looking at the exploded cabbages in kitchen gardens, the unlined flowered window curtains, and even at such things as a bowl of waxed fruit on the table in a cramped, polished dining room. She must have thought that she was invisible, the way she slowed down and peered. She got used to the houses' being all strung together. At the turn of the street she might get a sudden, misty view of the enthralling hills. She walked along the river and got into a wood that was all beech trees, with bark like elephant skin and bumps like swollen eyes. They gave a kind of gray light to the air.

When the rains came, she stayed in the library, reading history. She read about the old monasteries that were here in Selkirk County once, and the Kings with their Royal Forest, and all the fighting with the English. Flodden Field. She knew some things already from the reading she had done in the *Encyclopaedia Britannica* before she ever left home. She knew who William Wallace was, and that Macbeth killed Duncan in battle instead of murdering him in bed.

"When I first saw the name Philiphaugh on the building across the street, I didn't know what it was about," Hazel said to Dudley. They had a whisky in the lounge now every night before dinner. An electric radiator had appeared, and was set up in front of the fireplace. After dinner Antoinette sat with them. They all had their coffee together. Later in the evening Dudley and Hazel would have another whisky. Antoinette watched television.

"At Philiphaugh the fray began," Dudley said, obviously quoting. "Do you know now?"

"The Covenanters," Hazel said.

"Do you know what happened after the battle of Philiphaugh? The Covenanters hanged all their prisoners. Right out there in the town square, under the dining-room windows. Then they butchered all the women and children on the field. A lot of families traveled with Montrose's army, because so many of them were Irish mercenaries. Catholics, of course. No—they didn't butcher all of them. Some they marched up toward Edinburgh. But on the way they decided to march them off a bridge."

He told her this in a most genial voice, with a smile. Hazel had met this smile before and she had never been sure what it meant. Was a man who smiled in this way daring you not to believe, not to acknowledge, not to agree, that this was how things must be, forever?

JACK WAS A HARD PERSON TO ARGUE WITH. HE PUT UP with all kinds of nonsense—from customers, from the children, probably from Hazel as well. But he would get angry every year on Remembrance Day, because the local paper would run some lugubrious story about the war.

"NOBODY WINS IN A WAR" was the headline of one such story. Jack threw the paper on the floor.

"Holy Christ! Do they think it'd be all the same if *Hitler* had won?"

He was angry too when he saw the Peace Marchers on television, though he usually didn't say anything, just hissed at the screen in a controlled, fed-up way. As far as Hazel could see, what he thought was that a lot of people—women, of course, but, as time went on, more and more men, too—were determined to spoil the image of the best part of his life. They were spoiling it with pious regrets and reproofs and a certain amount of out-and-out lying. None of them would admit that any of the war was fun. Even at the Legion you were supposed to put on a long face about it; you weren't supposed to say anymore that you wouldn't have missed it for the world.

When they were first married, Jack and Hazel used to go to dances, or to the Legion, or just to other couples' houses, and sooner or later the men would begin telling their stories about the war. Jack did not tell the most stories, or the longest, and his were never thick with heroics and death staring you in the face. Usually he talked about things that were funny. But he was on top then, because he had been a bomber pilot, which was one of the most admired things for a man to have been. He had flown two full tours of operations (*ops*—even the women referred to *ops*). That is, he had flown on fifty bombing raids.

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Hazel used to sit with the other young wives and listen, meek and proud and—in her case, at least—distracted by desire. These husbands came to them taut with proved courage. Hazel pitied women who had given themselves to lesser men.

Ten or fifteen years later the same women sat with strained faces or caught one another's eyes or even absented themselves (Hazel did, sometimes) when the stories were being told. The band of men who told these stories had shrunk, and it shrank further. But Jack was still at the center of it. He grew more descriptive, thoughtful, some might say long-winded. He recalled now the noise of the planes at the American airfield close by, the mighty sound of them warming up in the early dawn and then taking off, three by three, flying out over the North Sea in their great formations. The Flying Fortresses. The Americans bombed by day, and their planes never flew alone. Why not?

"They didn't know how to navigate," Jack said. "Well, they did, but not the way we navigated." He was proud of an extra skill, or foolhardiness, that he would not bother to explain. He told how the RAF planes lost sight of one another almost at once and flew for six or seven hours alone. Sometimes the voice that directed them, over the radio, was a German voice with a perfect English accent, providing deadly false information. He told about planes appearing out of nowhere, gliding above or beneath you, and of the death of planes in dreamlike flashes of light. It was nothing like the movies, nothing so concentrated or organized—nothing made sense. Sometimes he had thought he could hear a lot of voices, or instrumental music, weird but familiar, just beyond or inside the noises of the plane.

Then he seemed to come back to earth—in more ways than one—and he told his stories about leaves and drunks, fights in the blackout outside pubs, practical jokes in the barracks.

His cousin, Miss Dobie, also happened to be a person who excelled at practical jokes.

ON THE THIRD NIGHT HAZEL THOUGHT THAT SHE had better speak to Dudley about the trip to see Miss Dobie. The week was passing, and the idea of the visit didn't alarm her so much, now that she'd got a little used to being here.

"I'll ring up in the morning," Dudley said. He seemed glad to have been reminded. "I'll see if it would suit her. There's a chance of the weather's clearing too. Tomorrow or the next day we'll go."

Antoinette was watching a television show in which couples selected each other, by a complicated ritual, for a blind date, and then came back the next week to tell how everything went. She laughed outright at disastrous confessions.

Antoinette used to run out to meet Jack with nothing but her nightie on under her coat. Her daddy would have tanned her, Jack used to say. Tanned us both.

"I'LL DRIVE YOU OUT, THEN, TO SEE MISS DOBIE," Antoinette said to Hazel at breakfast. "Dudley's got too much on."

Hazel said, No, no, it's all right, if Dudley is too busy.

"It's all set up now," Antoinette said. "But we'll go a bit earlier than Dudley planned. I thought later this morning, before lunch. I just have a couple of things to see about first."

So they set out in Antoinette's car, around half past eleven. The rain had stopped, the clouds had whitened, the oak and beech trees were dripping last night's rainwater with the stirring of their gold and rusty leaves. The road went between low stone walls. It crossed the clear, hard-flowing little river.

"Miss Dobie has a nice house," Antoinette said. "It's a nice little bungalow. It's on a corner of the old farm. When she sold off the farm she kept one corner of it and built herself a little bungalow. Her other, old house was all gone to rookery."

Hazel had a clear picture in her mind of that other, old house. She could see the big kitchen, roughly plastered, with its uncurtained windows. The meat safe, the stove, the slick horsehair couch. A great quantity of pails and implements and guns, fishing rods, oilcans, lanterns, baskets. A battery radio. On a backless chair a big husky wom-

POWERS OF CONGRESS

How the lightstruck trees change sun
to flamepaths: veins, sap, stem, all
on brief loan, set to give all
their spooled, coded heat to stoves called
Resolute: wet steel diecast
by heat themselves. Tree, beast, bug—
the worldclass bit parts in this
world—flit and skid through it; the
powers of congress tax, spend, law
what lives to pure crisp form
then break forms' lock, stock, and hold
on flesh. All night couples pledge
to stay flux, the hit-run stuff
of cracked homes. Men trim their quick
lawns each weekend, trailing power
mowers. Heartslaves, you've seen them: wives
with flexed hair, hitched to bored kids,
twiddling in good living rooms,
their twin beds slept in, changed, made.

—*Alice Fulton*

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an, in trousers, would be sitting, oiling a gun or cutting up seed potatoes or gutting a fish. Nothing she couldn't do herself, Jack had said, providing Hazel with this picture. He put himself in it as well. He had sat on the steps outside the kitchen door, on days of hazy radiance like today's—except that the grass and the trees had been green—and he passed the time fooling with the dogs or trying to get the muck off the shoes he had borrowed from his hostess.

"Jack borrowed Miss Dobie's shoes once," she said to Antoinette. "She had big feet, apparently. She always wore men's shoes. I don't know what had happened to his. Maybe he just had boots. Anyway, he wore her shoes to a dance and he went down to the river, I don't know what for"—it was to meet a girl, of course, probably to meet Antoinette—"and he got the shoes soaked, covered with muck. He was so drunk he didn't take anything off when he went to bed, just passed out on top of the quilt. Miss Dobie did not say a word about it. Next night he came home late again and he crawled into bed in the dark. A pailful of cold water hit him in the face. She had rigged up this arrangement of weights and ropes, so that when the springs of the bed sagged under him, the pail would be tipped over and the water would hit him like that, to serve him right."

"She mustn't have minded going to a lot of trouble," Antoinette said. Then she said they would stop for lunch. Hazel had thought that the whole point of leaving when they did had been to get the visit over with early, because Antoinette was short of time. But now, apparently, they were taking care not to arrive too soon.

They stopped at a pub that had a famous name. Hazel had read about a duel fought there; it was mentioned in an old ballad. But the pub now seemed ordinary, and was run by an Englishman who was in the middle of redecorating. He heated their sandwiches in a microwave oven.

"I wouldn't give one of those houseroom," Antoinette said. "They irrigate your food."

She began to talk about Miss Dobie and the girl Miss Dobie had to look after her.

"Well, she's hardly a girl anymore. Her name is Judy Armstrong. She was one of those what-do-you-call-thems—orphans. She went to work for Dudley's mother. She worked there for a while, and then she got herself in trouble. The result was she had a baby. The way they often do. She couldn't stay in town so easily after that, so it was fortunate Miss Dobie was just getting in the way of needing somebody. Judy and her child went out there, and it turned out to be the best arrangement all round."

They delayed at the pub until Antoinette judged that Judy and Miss Dobie would be ready for them.

The valley narrowed in. Miss Dobie's house was close to the road, with hills rising steeply behind it. In front was a shining laurel hedge and some wet bushes, all red-leaved or dripping with berries. The house was stuccoed, with stones set here and there in a whimsical suburban style.

A young woman stood in the doorway. Her hair was glorious—a ripply fan of red hair, shining over her shoulders. She was wearing a rather odd dress for the time of day—a sort of party dress of thin, silky brown material, shot through with gold metallic thread. She must have been chilly in it—she had her arms crossed, squeezing her breasts.

"Here we are, then, Judy," Antoinette said, speaking heartily as if to a slightly deaf or mutinous person. "Dudley couldn't come. He was too busy. This is the lady he told you about on the phone."

Judy blushed as she shook hands. Her eyebrows were very fair, almost invisible, giving her dark brown eyes an undefended look. She seemed dismayed by something—was it the fact of visitors, or just the flamboyance of her own spread-out hair? But she was the one who must have brushed it to this gloss and arranged it on show.

Antoinette asked her if Miss Dobie was well.

A clot of phlegm thickened Judy's voice as she tried to answer. She cleared her throat and said, "Miss Dobie's kept well all this year."

Now there was some awkwardness about getting their coats off—Judy not knowing quite when to reach for them, or how to direct Antoinette and Hazel where to go. But Antoinette took charge and led the way down the hall to the sitting room, which was full of patterned upholstery, brass and china ornaments, pampas grass, peacock feathers, dried flowers, clocks and pictures and cushions. In the midst of this an old woman sat in a high-backed chair, against the light of the windows, waiting for them. Though she was old, she was not at all shriveled. She had thick arms and legs and a bushy halo of white hair. Her skin was brown, like the skin of a russet apple, and she had large purplish pouches under her eyes. But the eyes themselves were bright and shifty, as if some intelligence there looked out just when it wanted to—something as quick and reckless as a squirrel darting back and forth behind this heavy, warty, dark old face.

"So you are the lady from Canada," she said to Antoinette. She had a strong voice. Spots on her lips were like blue-black grapes.

"No, that's not me," Antoinette said. "I'm from the Royal Hotel, and you've met me before. I'm the friend of Dudley Brown's." She took a bottle of wine—it was Madeira—out of her bag and presented it, as a credential. "This is the kind you like, isn't it?"

"All the way from Canada," Miss Dobie said, taking possession of the bottle. She still wore men's shoes—she was wearing them now, unlaced.

Antoinette repeated what she had said before, in a louder voice, and introduced Hazel.

"Judy! Judy, you know where the glasses are!" Miss Dobie said. Judy was just coming in with a tray. On it was a stack of cups and saucers, a teapot, a plate of sliced fruitcake, milk, and sugar. The demand for the glasses seemed to throw her off course, and she looked around distractedly. Antoinette relieved her of the tray.

"I think she'd like a taste of the wine first, Judy," Antoi-

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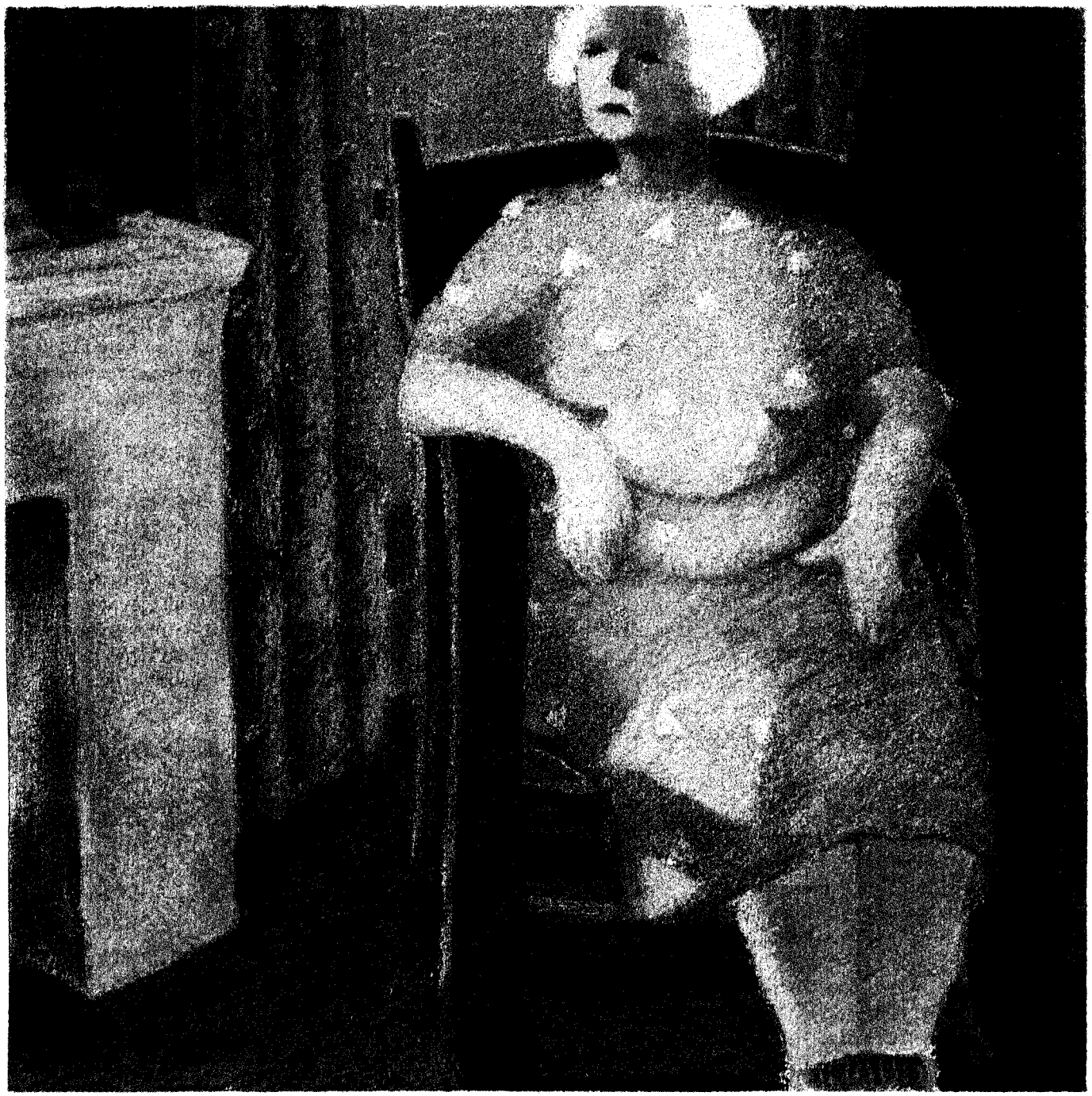

nette said. "Isn't this nice! Did you make the cake yourself? May I take a piece back to Dudley when we go? He's so fond of fruitcake. He'll believe it was made for him. That can't be true, since he only called this morning and fruitcake takes a lot longer than that, doesn't it? But he'll never know the difference."

"I know who you are now," Miss Dobie said. "You're the woman from the Royal Hotel. Did you and Dudley Brown ever get married?"

"I am already married," Antoinette said irritably. "I would get a divorce, but I don't know where my husband is." Her voice quickly smoothed out, so that she ended up seeming to reassure Miss Dobie. "Perhaps in time."

"So that's why you went to Canada," Miss Dobie said.

Judy came in with some wineglasses. Anybody could see that her hands were too unsteady to pour the wine. Antoinette got the bottle out of Miss Dobie's clasp and held a wineglass up to the light.

"If you could just fetch me a napkin, Judy," Antoinette said. "Or a clean tea towel. Mind it's a clean one!"

"My husband, Jack," Hazel broke in resolutely, speaking to Miss Dobie—"my husband, Jack Curtis, was in the Air Force, and he used to visit you during the war."

Miss Dobie picked this up all right.

"Why would your husband want to visit me?"

"He wasn't my husband then. He was quite young then.

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He was a cousin of yours. From Canada. Jack Curtis. Curtis. But you may have had a lot of different relatives visiting you, over the years."

"We never had visitors. We were too far off the beaten track," Miss Dobie said firmly. "I lived at home with Mother and Father and then I lived with Mother and then I lived alone. I gave up on the sheep and went to work in town. I worked at the post office."

"That's right, she did," Antoinette said thoughtfully, handing round the wine.

"But I never lived in town," Miss Dobie said, with an obscure, vengeful-sounding pride. "No. I rode in every day, all that way on the motorbike."

"Jack mentioned your motorbike," Hazel said encouragingly.

"I lived in the old house then. Terrible people live there now."

She held out her glass for more wine.

"Jack used to borrow your motorbike," Hazel said. "And he went fishing with you, and when you cleaned the fish, the dogs ate the fish heads."

"Ugh," Antoinette said.

"I'm thankful I can't see it from here," Miss Dobie said.

"The house," Antoinette explained, in a regretful undertone. "The couple that live in it are not married. They have fixed it up but they are not married." And, as if naturally reminded, she said to Judy, "How is Tania?"

"She's fine," said Judy, who was not having any wine. She lifted the plate of fruitcake and set it down. "She goes to kindergarten now."

"She goes on the bus," Miss Dobie said. "The bus comes and picks her up right at the door."

"Isn't that nice," Antoinette said.

"And it brings her back," Miss Dobie continued impressively. "It brings her back right to the door."

"Jack said you had a dog that ate porridge," Hazel said. "And that one time he borrowed your shoes. I mean Jack did. My husband."

Miss Dobie seemed to brood over this for a little while. Then she said, "Tania has the red hair."

"She has her mother's hair," Antoinette said. "And her mother's brown eyes. She is Judy all over again."

"She is illegitimate," Miss Dobie said, with the air of somebody sweeping aside a good deal of nonsense. "But Judy brings her up well. Judy is a good worker. I am glad to see that they have a home. It is the innocent ones, anyway, that get caught."

Hazel thought that this would finish Judy off completely, send her running to the kitchen. Instead, she seemed to come to a decision. She got up and handed around the cake. The flush had never left her face or her neck or the part of her chest left bare by the party dress. Her skin was burning as if she had been slapped, and her expression, as she bent to each of them with the plate, was that of a child who was furiously, bitterly, contemptuously holding back a howl. Miss Dobie spoke to Hazel. She said, "Can you say any recitations?"

Hazel had to think for a moment to remember what a recitation was. Then she said that she could not.

"I will say one, if you like," Miss Dobie said.

She put down her empty glass and straightened her shoulders and placed her feet together.

"Excuse my not rising," she said.

She began to speak in a voice that seemed strained and faltering at first but that soon became dogged and preoccupied. Her Scottish pronunciation thickened. She paid less attention to the content of the poem than to the marathon effort of getting it out in the right order—word after word, line after line, verse after verse. Miss Dobie's face darkened further with the effort. But the recitation was not wholly without expression; it was not like those numbing presentations of "memory work" that Hazel remembered having to learn at school. It was more like the best scholar's offering at the school concert, a kind of willing public martyrdom, with every inflection, every gesture, rehearsed and ordained.

Hazel started picking up bits and pieces. A rigmarole about fairies, some boy captured by the fairies, then a girl called Fair Jennet falling in love with him. Fair Jennet was giving back talk to her father and wrapping herself in her mantle green and going to meet her lover. Then it seemed to be Halloween and the dead of night, and a great charge of fairies came on horseback. Not dainty fairies, by any means, but a fierce lot who rode through the night making a horrid uproar.

> "Fair Jennet stood, with mind unmoved,
> The dreary heath upon;
> And louder, louder wax'd the sound,
> As they came riding on!"

Judy sat with the cake plate in her lap and ate a large slice of fruitcake. Then she ate another—still with a fiery, unforgiving face. When she had bent to offer the cake, Hazel had smelled her body—not a bad smell, but nevertheless a smell that washing and deodorizing had made uncommon. It poured out hotly from between the girl's flushed breasts.

Antoinette, not bothering to be very quiet, possessed herself of a tiny brass ashtray, got her cigarettes out of her bag, and began to smoke. (She said she allowed herself three cigarettes a day.)

> "And first gaed by the black black steed,
> And then gaed by the brown;
> But fast she gript the milk-white steed,
> And pu'd the rider down!"

Hazel thought that there was no use asking any more about Jack. Somebody around here probably remembered him—somebody who had seen him go down the road on the motorbike or talked to him one night in the pub. But how was she to find that person? It was probably true that Antoinette had forgotten him. Antoinette had enough on her mind, with what was going on now. As for what was on

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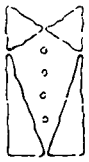
Today, 21 million American smokers will go out to eat. That's a market you can sink your teeth into!



America's smokers love to go to restaurants. They do so with great frequency. Their tastes in food span the globe— American, Italian, Chinese, French, Japanese and Mexican cuisines. America's smokers feed this country's food service industry.

The American Smoker- an economic force.

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MAGAZINE

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Miss Dobie's mind, that seemed to be picked out of the air, all willfulness and caprice. An elf-man in her yammering poem took precedence now.

> "They shaped him in Fair Jennet's arms,
> An esk, but and an adder;
> She held him fast in every shape,
> To be her bairn's father!"

A note of gloomy satisfaction in Miss Dobie's voice indicated that the end might be in sight. What was an eskbut? Never mind. Jennet was wrapping her lover up in her mantle green, a "mother-naked man," and the Queen of the Fairies was lamenting his loss, and just about at the point where the audience might be afraid that some new development was under way—for Miss Dobie's voice had gone resigned again, and speeded up a bit as if for a long march—the recitation was over.

"Good Lord," Antoinette said, when she was sure. "How ever do you keep all that in your head? Dudley does it too. You and Dudley, you are the pair!"

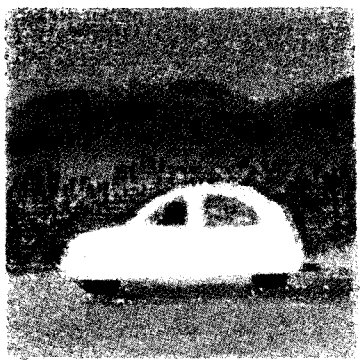
Judy began a clattering, distributing cups and saucers. She started to pour out the tea. Antoinette let her get that far before stopping her.

"That's going to be a bit strong by now, isn't it, dear?" Antoinette said. "I'm afraid too strong for me. We have to be getting back anyway, really. Miss Dobie'll be wanting her rest, after all that."

Judy picked up the tray without protest and headed for the kitchen. Hazel went after her, carrying the cake plate.

"I think Mr. Brown meant to come," she said to Judy quietly. "I don't think he knew that we were leaving as early as we did."

"Oh, aye," that bitter, rosy girl said, as she splashed the poured tea down the sink.



"IF YOU WOULDN'T MIND OPENING MY BAG," ANTOINETTE said. "And getting me out another cigarette? I have to have another cigarette. If I look down to do it myself, I'll feel sick. I've got a headache coming, from that moaning and droning."

The sky had darkened again, and they were driving through a light rain.

"It must be a lonely life for her," Hazel said. "For Judy."

"She's got Tania."

The last thing that Antoinette had done, as they were leaving, was to press some coins into Judy's hand.

"For Tania," she'd said.

"She might like to get married," Hazel said. "But would she meet anybody out there to marry?"

"I don't know how easy it'd be for her to meet anybody anywhere," Antoinette said. "Being in the position she is in."

"It doesn't matter so much nowadays," Hazel said. "Girls have children first and get married later. Movie stars, ordinary girls, too. All the time. It doesn't matter."

"I would say it matters around here," Antoinette said. "We aren't movie stars around here. A man would have to think twice. He'd have to think about his family. It'd be an insult to his mother. It would be even if she was past knowing anything about it. And if you make your living dealing with the public, you have to think about that, too."

She was pulling the car off the road. She said, "Excuse me," and got out and walked over to the stone wall. She bent forward. Was she weeping? No. She was vomiting. Her shoulders were hunched and quivering. She vomited neatly over the wall into the fallen leaves of the oak forest. Hazel opened the car door and started toward her, but Antoinette waved her back with one hand.

The helpless, intimate, desperate sound of vomiting, in the stillness of the country, the misty rain.

Antoinette leaned down and held on to the wall for a moment. Then she straightened up and came back to the car and wiped herself off with tissues, shakily but thoroughly.

"I get that," she said, "with the kind of headaches I get."

Hazel said, "Do you want me to drive?"

"You aren't used to this side of the road."

"I'll go carefully."

They changed places—Hazel was rather surprised that Antoinette had agreed—and Hazel drove slowly, while Antoinette sat with her eyes closed most of the time and her hands against her mouth. Her skin showed gray through the pink makeup. But near the edge of town she opened her eyes and dropped her hands and said something like "This is Cathaw."

They were going past a low field by the river. "Where in that poem," Antoinette said—speaking hastily, as one might if one was afraid of being overtaken by further vomiting—"the girl goes out and loses her maidenhead, and so on."

The field was brown and soggy and surrounded by what looked like council housing.

Hazel was surprised to recall a whole verse now. She could hear Miss Dobie's voice chanting it hard at them.

> "Now, gowd rings ye may buy, maidens,
> Green mantles ye may spin;
> But, gin ye lose your maidenheid,
> Ye'll ne'er get that agen!"

A ton of words Miss Dobie had, to bury anything.

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"ANTOINETTE ISN'T WELL," HAZEL SAID TO DUDLEY Brown when she came into the lounge that evening. "She has a sick headache. We drove out today to see Miss Dobie."

"She left me a note to that effect," Dudley said, setting out the whisky and water.

Antoinette was in bed. Hazel had helped her get there, because she was too dizzy to manage by herself. Antoinette got into bed in her slip and asked for a facecloth, so that she could remove what was left of her makeup and not spoil the pillowcase. Then she asked for a towel, in case she should be sick again. She told Hazel how to hang up her suit—still the same one, and still miraculously unspotted—on its padded hanger. Her bedroom was mean and narrow. It looked out on the stucco wall of the bank next door. She slept on a metal-frame cot. On the dresser was displayed all the paraphernalia that she used to color her hair. Would she be upset when she realized that Hazel must have seen it? Probably not. She might have forgotten that lie already. Or she might be prepared to go on lying—like a queen, who makes whatever she says the truth.

"She had the woman from the kitchen go up to see about dinner," Hazel said. "It'll be on the sideboard, and we're to help ourselves."

"Help ourselves to this first," Dudley said. He had brought the whisky bottle.

"Miss Dobie was not able to remember my husband."

"Was she not?"

"A girl was there. A young woman, rather. Who looks after Miss Dobie."

"Judy Armstrong," Dudley said.

She waited, to see if he could keep himself from asking more, if he could force himself to change the subject. He couldn't. "Has she still got her wonderful red hair?"

"Yes," Hazel said. "Did you think she would have shaved it off?"

"Girls do terrible things to their hair. I see sights every day. But Judy is not that sort."

"She served a very nice dark fruitcake," Hazel said. "Antoinette mentioned bringing a piece home to you. But I think she forgot. I think she was already feeling ill when we left."

"Perhaps the cake was poisoned," Dudley said. "The way it often is, in the stories."

"Judy ate two slices herself, and I ate some and Miss Dobie ate some, so I don't think so."

"Perhaps only Antoinette's."

"Antoinette didn't have any. Just some wine, and a cigarette."

After a silent moment Dudley said, "How did Miss Dobie entertain you?"

"She recited a long poem."

"Aye, she'll do that. Ballads, they're rightly called, not poems. Do you recall which one it was?"

The lines that came into Hazel's mind were those concerning the maidenhead. But she rejected them as being too crudely malicious and tried to find others.

"First dip me in a stand of milk?" she said tentatively. "Then in a stand of water?"

"But hold me fast, don't let me pass," Dudley cried, very pleased. "I'll be your bairn's father!"

Quite as tactless as the first lines she had thought of, but he did not seem to mind. Indeed, he threw himself back in his chair, looking released, and lifted his head and started reciting—the same poem that Miss Dobie had recited, but spoken with calm relish now, and with style, in a warm, sad, splendid male voice. His accent broadened, but, having absorbed a good deal of the poem once already, almost against her will, Hazel was able to make out every word. The boy captured by fairies, living a life of adventures and advantages—not able to feel pain, for one thing—but growing wary as he gets older, scared of "paying the teint to hell," and longing for a human climate, so seducing a bold girl and instructing her as to how she can get him free. She has to do it by holding on to him, holding on no matter what horror the fairies can change him into, holding on until all their tricks are exhausted, and they let him go. Of course Dudley's style was old-fashioned, of course he mocked himself, a little. But that was only on the surface. This reciting was like singing. You could parade your longing without fear of making a fool of yourself.

> "They shaped him in her arms at last,
> A mother-naked man;
> She wrapt him in her green mantle,
> And so her true love wan!"

You and Miss Dobie, you are a pair.

"WE SAW THE PLACE WHERE SHE WENT TO MEET him," Hazel said. "On the way back, Antoinette showed it to me. Down by the river." She thought that it was a wonder to be here, in the middle of these people's lives, seeing what she'd seen of their scheming, their wounds. Jack was not here, Jack was not here after all, but she was.

"Carterhaugh?" Dudley said, sounding scornful and excited. "That's not down by the river! Antoinette doesn't know what she's talking about! That's the high field, it overlooks the river. That's where the fairy rings were. Fungi. If the moon were out, we could drive out tonight and look at it."

Hazel could feel something, as if a cat had jumped into her lap. Sex. She felt her eyes widen, her skin tighten, her limbs settle, attentively. But the moon was not going to be out—that was the other thing his tone made clear. He poured out more whisky, and it wasn't in aid of a seduction. All the faith and energy, the adeptness, the forgetfulness, that is necessary to manage even a tiny affair—Hazel knew, for she'd had two tiny affairs, one at college and one at a teachers' conference—all that was beyond them at present. They would let the attraction wash over them and ebb away. Antoinette would have been willing, Hazel was sure of that. Antoinette would have tolerated someone

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who was going away, who didn't really matter, who was only a sort of American. A small consolation? That was another thing to make them draw back—Antoinette's acceptance. That was enough to make them thoughtful, regretful, fastidious.

"The little girl," Dudley said, in a quieter voice. "Was she there?"

"No. She goes to kindergarten." Hazel thought how little was required, really—a recitation—to turn her mind from needling to comforting.

"Does she? What a name that child has got. Tania."

"That's not so odd a name," Hazel said. "Not nowadays."

"I know. They all have outlandish international names, like Tania and Natasha and Erin and Solange and Carmen. No one has family names. Those girls with the rooster hair I see on the streets. They pick the names. They're the mothers."

"I have a granddaughter named Brittany," Hazel said. "And I have heard of a little girl called Cappuccino."

"Cappuccino! Is that true? Why don't they call one Cassoulet? Fettucini? Alsace-Lorraine?"

"They probably do."

"Schleswig-Holstein! There's a good name for you!"

"But when did you see her last?" Hazel said. "Tania?"

"I don't see her," Dudley said. "I don't go out there. We have financial matters, but I don't go out."

Well, you ought to go, she was about to say to him. You must go, and not make stupid arrangements that Antoinette can step in and spoil, as she did today. He was the one, however, who spoke first. He leaned across and spoke to her with slightly drunken, sad sincerity.

"What am I to do? I can't make two women happy."

A statement that might have been thought fatuous, conceited, evasive.

Yet it was true. Hazel was stopped. It was true. At first the claim seemed to be all Judy's, because of her child and her loneliness and her lovely hair. But why did Antoinette have to lose out, just because she had been in the running for a long time, could calculate, and withstand defections, and knew how to labor at her looks? Antoinette must have been useful and loyal and perhaps privately tender. And she didn't even ask for a man's whole heart. She might shut her eyes to a secret visit once in a while. (She'd be sick, though; she'd have to turn her head away and vomit.) Judy wouldn't put up with that at all. She'd be bursting with ballad fervor, all vows and imprecations. He couldn't bear such suffering, such railing. So, had Antoinette foiled him today for his own good? That was the way she must see it—the way he might see it too, after a little while. Even now, perhaps—now that the ballad had stirred and eased his heart.

Jack had said something like that once. Not about two women, but about making a woman—well, it was Hazel—happy. She thought back to what he had said. *I could make you very happy.* He meant that he could give her an orgasm. It was something men said then, when they were trying to persuade you, and that was what they meant. Perhaps they still said it. Probably they were not so indirect nowadays. And he had been quite right, about what he promised. But nobody had said that to Hazel before, and she was amazed, taking the promise at face value. It seemed rash and sweeping to her, dazzling but presumptuous. She had to try to see herself, then, as somebody who could be *made happy*. The whole worrying, striving, complicated bundle of Hazel—was that something that could just be picked up and *made happy*?

One day, about twenty years later, she was driving down the main street of Walley and she saw Jack. He was looking out the front window of the appliance store. He wasn't looking in her direction, he didn't see the car. This was while she was going to college. She had errands to do, classes to get to, papers, labs, housework. She could notice things only if she was halted for a minute or two, as she was now, waiting for the light. She noticed Jack—how slim and youthful he looked, in his slacks and pullover—how gray and insubstantial. She didn't have anything like a clear intimation that he was going to die there, in the store. (He did, he slumped over while talking to a customer—but that was years later.) She didn't take account, all at once, of what his life had become—two or three nights a week at the Legion, the other nights spent lying on the sofa from supper to bedtime, watching television, drinking. (Three drinks, four. Never mean, never noisy, he never passed out. He rinsed his glass at the kitchen sink before he went to bed.) A life of chores, routines, seasons, pleasantries. All she saw was the stillness about him, a look you could have called ghostly. She saw that his handsomeness—a particular Second World War handsomeness, she felt, with a wisecracking edge to it and a proud passivity—was still intact but drained of power. A ghostly sweetness was what he showed her, through the glass.

She could be striving toward him, now as much as then. Full of damaging hopes, and ardor, and accusations. She didn't let herself then—she thought about an exam, or groceries. And if she let herself now, it would be like testing the pain in a phantom limb. A quick test, a twinge that brings the whole shape into the air, and that would be enough.

SHE WAS A LITTLE DRUNK HERSELF BY THIS TIME, AND she thought of saying to Dudley Brown that perhaps he *was* making those two women happy. What could she mean by that? Maybe that he was giving them something to concentrate on. A hard limit that you might someday get past in a man, a knot in his mind you might undo, a stillness in him you might jolt, or an absence you might make him regret—that sort of thing will make you pay attention, even when you think you've taught yourself not to. Could it be said to make you happy?

Meanwhile, what makes a man happy?

It must be something quite different. □

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The aftereffects of the Vietnam War mean much more to us than to the Vietnamese, whose concern is tending to business

NO HARD FEELINGS?

BY JAMES FALLOWS

LAST SUMMER MY WIFE AND I TRAVELED THROUGH two of the most miserable parts of Asia—Burma and Vietnam. We were in Burma just as the anti-government protests were beginning, and what we saw made the subsequent upheaval there completely unsurprising. But what we saw in Vietnam made the lasting bitterness and contention over what America did in Vietnam seem, if not surprising, way out of proportion. The Vietnam War now seems much less important in Asia, where it was fought, than it does back in the United States. In most of Asia, including Indochina, America's role in the war is part of the dead and uninteresting past, as the Korean War was to most Americans a few years after it ended. America is the only place where the Vietnam War is still going on.

I went to Vietnam as part of a group tour, to my chagrin. In theory it is easy for American journalists to get into Vietnam these days. Vietnam is desperate for Western currency. Even the tourists and advisers from the USSR and other Soviet-bloc countries, who make up most of the foreigners on the street, have to settle their hotel bills in American cash. Because of the Western trade boycott and a general collapse of Vietnam's economy, tourism is practically the only way for Vietnam to get foreign currency. And so for at least two years Vietnam has been trying to entice Western tourists, especially Americans. (It is already well established as a vacation spot for Eastern Europeans. The resort concept is less ludicrous than it may sound: the Vietnamese coastline is spectacularly beautiful, like Califor-

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nia's.) At the same time, Vietnam has been letting in Western journalists as a sign of its general openness and, it hopes, as a way to build interest in the tourist trade and, eventually, in normalized relations with the United States.

In keeping with this policy, the various Vietnamese embassies I dealt with continually assured me that there was no objection in principle to my obtaining a journalist's visa. This would satisfy my journalist's dignity, by letting me specify what I wanted to see; an interpreter-chaperon would take me around the country. But in practice the months rolled by and the embassies never got the required "word from Hanoi" about the visa. I gather that this distinction, between principle and practice, is the crucial one in all dealings with the Vietnamese government. In principle there is no reason why any of the half-American Amerasians should still be stuck in Vietnam, since America has agreed to accept them and Vietnam has supposedly agreed to let them go. But in practice it is common to see them singly or by twos in small villages of what was South Vietnam, and by the score in big cities, like Da Nang and Saigon (as Ho Chi Minh City is still frequently called, and as I, for conciseness, will call it here). Vietnam has no reason in principle to keep them, but in practice it is slow to issue exit visas.

Except in rare cases, the only way into Vietnam without a journalist's visa is on one of the group tours run by the state monopoly, Vietnam Tourism. (Tickets are sold by travel agencies around the world, of which the most experienced is Diethelm Travel, in Bangkok, but the agencies must act as fronts for Vietnam Tourism.) Joining a tour wounded my vanity as a reporter and offended my sense of individualism, which is sharpened each time I run into a group of Japanese tourists massed behind a leader holding a flag. Also, Vietnam Tourism pushes its monopoly advantage to the hilt, charging about $100 a day for food and lodging whose open-market value must be about $15.

But as it turned out, the group-travel approach had its advantages. For one thing, the group was small—only nine people besides my wife and me, just enough to be crammed uncomfortably into the rickety Russian-made mini-bus on which we spent most of the nine days of our trip. Also, every member of it had some ulterior motive for taking what was not exactly a relaxing journey. One traveler was a German priest, thoroughly disguised behind a slapstick comedian's manner, who would sneak into Catholic churches at each stop and try to make contact with the local clergy. A mild-mannered banker turned out to have been stationed near the DMZ as a Marine in 1968. A novelist from England had just finished a book set in Vietnam during the war. She wanted to visit Vietnam before the book came out, so that on her publicity tour she could tell people that of course she'd seen all the places she had written about. A chaplain from the Belgian Army seemed to have memorized the history and after-action intelligence assessment of every combat engagement in Indochina since the late 1940s. And so on.

The group tour also forced us to see a lot of territory in a short time. We flew first from Bangkok to Hanoi, and then two days later to Da Nang, halfway down the country. There we switched to the Russian bus and drove north to Hué, forty miles south of the old DMZ. Then, over the next four days, we drove down the length of what had been South Vietnam, to Saigon, following Highway 1, the famous "Street Without Joy." The road was rough, the bus leaked when it was rainy and was stifling the rest of the time, the hotels had rats and spiders in the rooms and, in Dalat, bats flapping outside the window. The journey combined, in short, the good and the bad of driving across the United States in a beat-up car, stopping briefly at fleabag motels. It was similar in the time it required and in the resulting grubbiness and fatigue but also in the satisfaction of seeing how the topography and cultures fit together.

Finally, although this is not a high-minded way to judge, a group tour gave me a more visceral sense of Vietnamese politics than I might have received as a privately escorted journalist. China has figured out a brilliantly cynical tactic that still has not dawned on most other centrally controlled societies: you can get much better PR for your country if you give visitors liberties you'd never dream of allowing your own people. China's population is repressed in numerous ways, but Western visitors usually aren't. They come out with a better impression of China than they would have if they were treated "normally"—and are much happier than most people would be after a spell in the hands of Vietnam Tourism. I know that it sounds petty to complain about minor indignities—being told what you can and cannot look at, being fed obvious lies by the guides—in a country where people still languish in re-education camps. (As an example of the lies: one guide told us that a monument in Hanoi, which actually commemorates the shooting down of the plane that Senator John McCain flew during the war, was a kind of "friendship" memorial.) Vietnam is more self-revealing now than it will probably be soon, when it learns how to humor its visitors; and what it reveals is a very controlled society.

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JUST BEFORE WE LEFT FOR VIETNAM, THERE WERE NEWS reports about crop failures and famine in the north. We saw no signs of that in our brief excursions around Hanoi, and nowhere in the country did we see colonies of squatters living on the streets in total destitution, as a tourist does in Manila. If you knew you were going to end up on the very bottom level of a society, I suppose you'd have to choose Vietnam over the Philippines and India. The most dismal group we saw was at a famous temple in Da Nang, built by the Cham people. The Cham are a Malay-like race, influenced by Hinduism, who ruled central Vietnam until they were conquered by Vietnamese invaders from the north five hundred years ago. They live on in bedraggled groups in Vietnam, and around the temple were some forlorn-looking Cham children with big bellies, dirty faces, tattered clothes. One toddler had been born with no right arm—a strange deformity, leaving a perfectly smooth surface where the shoulder joint should have been. Another little boy walked over and urinated in my direction while saying *"Lien Xo"*—"Russian."

The problem of Vietnam's economy is that the average level of existence is so low. The farming system is more brutally primitive than anything else I've seen in Asia, including China, Burma, and rural Java. Growing rice involves a lot of hand labor wherever it's done. Even in supermodern Japan it's not unusual to see people stooped over in the fields during the most labor-intensive stages of the rice cycle: transplanting the little seedlings into the paddies, and cutting the mature stalks and tying them into neat bundles. In Vietnam every stage seems to rely on human labor. In the arid central part of the country, between Da Nang and Nha Trang, the paddies are irrigated in more or less the way the ancient Egyptians did it. Boys stand over well holes, dip buckets into the wells, and haul the water out bucket by bucket to slosh into the paddies. Once or twice I saw a crude mechanical threshing device, resembling a large grinding wheel. As the wheel spins, women hold sheaves of rice against it and the mature rice grains are stripped off. Exactly once in nine days I saw a tractor in a field. People, sometimes with buffaloes, did the rest of the work themselves. Highway 1 is the main, and usually the only, north-south route in the country. For most of its length rice grains are laid out in foot-wide swaths along the side of the road, to dry in the sun.

What was South Vietnam still seems like a different country from the North—more commercial, more casual, seemingly less wrapped up in political correctness. The main market in Hanoi had little to offer except local vegetables, a few plastic tools, and the incongruously colonial-looking green pith helmets that most northern men wear. (Hanoi's market also featured several tubs full of live bullfrogs while we were there. Two market ladies chatted with each other while lopping the frogs' legs off with strokes of their cleavers.) In Saigon there are rows of "shop-houses," the tan-colored buildings with red-tile roofs and open storefronts that are found throughout Southeast Asia, and stores selling paintings, lacquerware, and a few cheap imported calculators and digital watches. In Hanoi there are virtually no private cars—the streets look the way China's must have looked fifteen or twenty years ago, dense with bicycle traffic but very quiet. In Saigon there are lots of motorcycles and a few private cars, including original Mustangs and other veteran American models. Still, no place in Vietnam has anything like the bustle of a typical Southeast Asian trading center.

There is a lot of talk about price reform in Communist countries these days, which takes on a more vivid meaning when you see what unreformed prices are like. In both Vietnam and Burma the exchange rates and the market systems are so skewed that a lot of energy goes into figuring out what anything costs. The official exchange rate in Hanoi is a wildly unrealistic 368 dong to the dollar; at a government-run store in Saigon a dollar was worth 2,800 dong. At three post offices, in Hanoi, Da Nang, and Saigon, I was quoted three different postage rates for letters to Western countries. I asked the guide in Da Nang, How can the price of stamps vary from city to city? "Oh, many things cannot be explained!" he said cheerfully. "Especially about prices!" At the "Cuban hotel" in Hanoi, built a few years ago by Cuban engineers, imported Heineken beer sells for seventy cents. (This is the in-principle price. In practice only dollar bills are accepted, and there is no change.) Alongside is locally made beer for 2,800 dong a bottle, equivalent to $8 at the official rate offered at the same hotel or $2 at Hanoi's black-market rate.

I would not bet on Vietnam's staying poor forever. From what I can tell, its economic problems are mainly political rather than cultural in origin. That is, people seem to be exerting themselves purposefully much of the time, just as they do in Korea, Hong Kong, and Japan—but in Vietnam they are held back by the insanities of Communist pricing and production policies. Even the Vietnamese government says the system must be reformed, and when it is, Vietnam will probably thrive.

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Reforming the rules, though, will pose the same difficulties for Vietnam that it does for the rest of the Communist bloc, because the regime is so obviously intent on maintaining thoroughgoing political control. This seems to weigh more heavily on the North than on the South, but it is never easy to ignore.

The Soviet-style cult of personality that surrounds Ho Chi Minh is one sign of political control. Ho's picture is on all the dong bills. Murals in which he beams down at happy toilers and rosy-cheeked maidens seem to be at every crossroads and town square. And his mausoleum! Hanoi is a surprisingly gracious-looking French colonial city, with sprawling big-eaved houses that might have been transplanted from Lyons. But near the city center is a grassy plain the size of a soccer field, behind which sits a squat, blocky, pillbox mausoleum labeled, in big letters, CHU TICH [President] HO CHI MINH. Stone-faced honor guards in white uniforms goose-step into position. Even to enter the building we had to line up in two columns, stand up straight, and march in, keeping formation. The ex-Marine had his arms crossed on his chest; a uniformed Vietnamese soldier stepped up and shoved the man's arms down to an at-attention position. Inside the building, on an elevated, elaborately cushioned bier, beneath two enormous red flags—one of Vietnam, one of the Communist Party—lies a waxy semblance of Ho himself. Despite the guide's reassurances, I couldn't quite believe that I was looking at the actual corpse, especially considering that Ho died four years before the mausoleum was built. But this claim was no less plausible than anything else the guide said. "Because of our love for President Ho Chi Minh, the people of Vietnam have designed the mausoleum in the shape of the classic lotus-blossom pattern that is so important to our nation." At this a murmur broke out in the group. Classic lotus blossom? It looked more like the classic Stalinist monstrosity pattern. Just behind the mausoleum was the only large-scale construction project I saw anywhere. "And this will be the new President Ho Chi Minh museum. . . ."

A more important barometer of repression is the status of the Catholic Church. Tolerance for religion, like tolerance of any sort, seemed to increase as we moved south. In the North the padlocks are taken off the church buildings only on Saturday nights and Sundays, whereas the big cathedral in Saigon is apparently open all the time. The guides told us that of course there is complete freedom of religion, but it certainly did not look or feel that way. In one city my wife and I accompanied the incognito priest as he crept away from the guide's surveillance and went to a churchyard. He rapped on the door, which was opened a few inches by a Vietnamese priest. The priest blanched when he heard that we were from the West—not Russia, as he would have assumed on sight—but then motioned us in when the German said that he was also a priest. Inside, the German said that he had a large supply of Vietnamese-language Bibles back home and would be happy to send them. "You *must* have the approval of the authorities," the Vietnamese priest said, as if he thought we'd been wired by the Vietnamese government and were there to entrap him. Two or three minutes after he had let us in, he said, "This conversation must now finish. Please leave now and do not mention it to anyone." I don't know exactly what retribution he expected, but he was obviously afraid of something.

IT MAY NOT COME AS BIG NEWS THAT VIETNAM IS POOR and oppressed, but other things were surprising to me. They all had to do with the reason that most Americans are curious about Vietnam: to learn what it can tell us about ourselves and our war.

The fundamental surprise was how few signs there are of America's presence. If you didn't know that the United States had put so much time, money, hope, and despair into Vietnam, you'd never guess it from the looks of the country today.

The Philippines announces the long-term presence of the United States in a million ways: street names, people's names, styles of architecture, clothes. In Vietnam most traces of "the American war"—as they call it, to distinguish it from "the French war"—are gone. Language is one illustration. You wouldn't expect to find English-speakers in the North, where Americans never were, but even in the South they are rare. In the North and the South alike French is more useful than English. The oldest French-speakers are the best, having gone to colonial schools—but English-speaking among the stratum of people now in their thirties and forties, who would have learned from the Americans, is not there. Maybe the English-speakers have left; maybe they're hiding what they know. In their absence English usually crops up in obnoxious contexts. Outside the main post office in Saigon sat fifty market ladies selling fifty identical selections of picture postcards. When you bought from one, you made enemies of all the rest. The English novelist exposed herself to this cruel math by buying a pack of postcards. As she

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walked on, the next market lady glared up bitterly from beneath her conical hat and said, "Asshole!"

Language is part of a much larger truth about the relative impact of the French and the Americans. Countless places in the country tell you unmistakably that the French were here—with place names, the Catholic churches, and the layout of the resort town of Dalat and the old colonial capital in Hanoi. The American barracks and aircraft shelters are usually crumbling and deserted.

There is much less physical evidence of the war than I had expected. Now, I may have been missing something, because I had never seen Vietnam before and had no before-and-after perspective. For instance, as the bus jounced along one particularly craggy stretch of Highway 1, I assumed that it was just another bad road, like so many in Burma. The Belgian expert quickly pointed out that the road had been damaged by artillery during an engagement between the French and the Viet Minh, thirty-five years earlier, and had never been repaired. Also, we did not see any of the highland or forest areas that were subjected to the heaviest defoliation and reportedly are still wastelands. But we saw many areas that had been battlegrounds, and the relics of battle were few. The walls of the famous Citadel, in Hué, are pocked with bullet marks—but from ten yards away they look merely weatherbeaten. On the long drive down the coast from Da Nang to Nha Trang there is a box-car-shaped trailer resting on a cliff, with US ARMY and a big white star on the side, but it was the only large piece of leftover materiel I saw. On street corners in Saigon children sometimes wash themselves using old American helmets turned upside down as basins. The courtyard of the Military Museum in Hanoi contains the crumpled wreckage of an American B-52 (plus that of a Chinese fighter plane, shot down in the border war in 1979). Some of the trucks lumbering along the roads say Dodge or even Desoto on the front, but the great majority are Russian. In the famous Cu Chi district, outside Saigon, there are dozens of bomb craters, most of which have filled with water and become small round ponds. But this was one of the most heavily bombed parts of the entire country. In most other places, notably including Hanoi, there is no damage that immediately calls attention to itself. I'm sure that in reality there is damage. But if you weren't constantly thinking, *Wait a minute, this is Vietnam!* the surroundings would not remind you that Americans had ever thought this was an important place.

The Vietnamese seem less interested in chewing over the meaning of the war than Americans do. Indeed, when guides, museum officials, shopkeepers, or passers-by said "the war," they seemed to mean something that started in the late 1940s and ran through the early 1980s, involving fighting against the French, Americans, South Vietnamese, Chinese, and Cambodians, successively. At the major military exhibits I did not detect any tone of contempt in the descriptions of American (or French) combat efforts. For instance, in Cu Chi the Viet Cong had built more than a hundred miles' worth of tunnels in an elaborate network that reached right under a major American base. A slight, intense-looking woman, who said that she had lived in the tunnels for almost ten years, explained that the tunnels had been designed to endure saturation bombing by B-52s and assaults by the fearless American "tunnel rats." "The Americans trained Hispanic soldiers and others of short stature to fight in the tunnels," she said, through a translator. "But through skillful use of booby traps their efforts were repelled." The emphasis was on how stoic and ingenious the Vietnamese had been to overcome all that firepower, not on the failure of the Americans. I got the strong feeling from most of the guides (we dealt with five in all) that they were much less fascinated by this ancient history than the visiting Americans were. One guide seemed totally bewildered when we asked to go to Cu Chi instead of the attraction usually chosen by Vietnam Tourism: as I remember, it was listed in the brochure as a "relatively prosperous rug-making cooperative."

THE MAIN EXPLANATION FOR THE VIETNAMESE ATTITUDE is probably that they won the war, so they don't have to keep brooding about the hows and whys of what they did. But when I noticed their relative indifference to events that are twenty years past, it connected with a clear impression I'd developed in the preceding two years in Southeast Asia.

In my conversations with officials in a number of the "domino" countries—Thailand, Malaysia, Singapore, Indonesia—and others in what Americans think of as Vietnam's general neighborhood, like the Philippines and Korea and even Japan, I've realized that something has been missing. Nobody has ever brought up America's years in Vietnam—how terrible it was that we lost the war, how it changed the Asian balance of power for America to pull out, how wrong it was for America to get involved in the first place, or anything else of the sort. Vietnam, as a coun-

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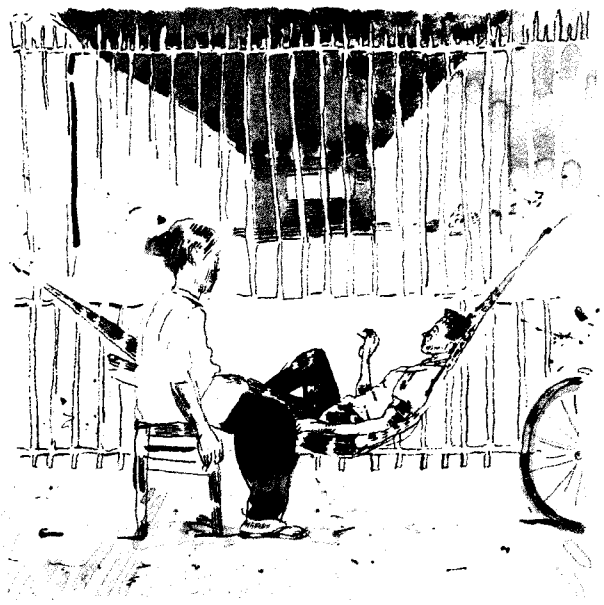
try, is a huge factor in Asian politics. It is important because it has occupied Cambodia for so long (and implicitly threatened Thailand), because it has allowed the Russians to encamp at Cam Ranh Bay (threatening everybody), and because it keeps emitting so many refugees. But the Vietnam War, as we think of it, is not important.

Let me elaborate on this, since it may sound incredible to Americans. In Malaysia, which spent most of the 1950s defeating a Communist insurgency, and in Thailand, which spent most of the late 1970s doing the same thing, people have not shown any interest in America's Vietnam War. Once I had dinner with the director of Malaysia's military-intelligence bureau. The only thing he wanted to talk about was whether the Japanese would re-arm. In Japan and Korea, where people are obsessed with the decline of American power, and in the Philippines, where America's power seems like God's, no one has asked me how America could have let itself lose in Vietnam, or argued that America should have toughed it out to win, or mentioned the subject at all. In some of his speeches Lee Kuan Yew has said that America's withdrawal from Vietnam has been destabilizing, but I take him as the exception that proves the rule. Most of the time when Lee talks about a historic shift of power away from the United States, he is talking about a shift in trade balance and debt, something that happened under President Reagan, not under the long-gone Johnson and Nixon. One evening in Kuala Lumpur my wife and I met a number of well-to-do Malaysians plus two former Vietnamese refugees who had escaped at the last minute, made it to the United States, and were now stationed back in Asia as bank executives. We pressed the Vietnamese for juicy details of what it had been like in Saigon and how they had coped in the United States. The Malaysians could not have been less interested in these reminiscences—they were angling to get loans.



The Vietnamese obviously care more about their war than their neighbors do, but what I saw reinforced the conclusion I had reached in the neighboring countries: the Vietnam War will be important in history only for what it did internally to the United States. What it did internally is immense, but the effects may be easier to deal with if we recognize that we are talking about something Americans did to one another, not an event that changed world history.

By fighting the war but not winning it, the United States probably changed Asian history in one important and grievous way. If it had either stayed out of the war or hung on indefinitely, perhaps the Khmer Rouge holocaust in Cambodia would never have taken place. But the overall balance of power in Indochina now is probably about the same as it would have been if the United States had never become involved. The Cambodian and Laotian sanctuaries were maddening to the American military, because tongues of those countries' territory lap into Vietnam. For the same reason, they would probably have seemed intolerable to the Vietnamese. "Really, it is *force majeure* for our army to be there," said the one non-propagandistic guide we encountered. "Because of the geography, our borders could never be secure with a hostile Cambodia." Maybe without the United States, Pol Pot would never have come to power—but it seems a stretch of logic to hold America responsible for his becoming a homicidal maniac.

Of course, the United States might have preserved both Cambodia and South Vietnam from the North if it had won the war. But without rehashing twenty years' worth of arguments let me say that a short visit to modern Vietnam made this seem an even bigger "if" than I had thought it before. I will never, never understand how an American politician, strategist, or general could have seen this place and thought that a Western army could outlast the locals in an extended ground war. The Vietnamese seem *fierce*. There's a sweetness or gentleness or fecklessness at the core of most of the surrounding cultures—Filipino, Malay, Burmese, Thai. These Vietnamese did not seem sweet or gentle to me: they seemed ferocious and tough, even in peacetime, even when they were smiling and trying to please us as visitors. The nearby countries that did vanquish their Communist guerrillas relied on nationalistic and ethnic tools that were turned against the French and the Americans in Vietnam. In Malaya, for example, the Communists were overwhelmingly ethnic Chinese, which greatly simplified the job of isolating them in a mainly Malay population. The same factor worked against Americans in Vietnam. And of course there is the notorious Vietnamese terrain. I am not exactly making a fresh point, but the staleness *is* the point. Even though I've heard for twenty years that this was a bad place for Americans to fight a war, I found myself walking around saying, "My God! How could anybody think this could be done?"

If we exclude the possibility of outright, conclusive victory, then the difference America made in Vietnam was to delay everything for ten years—"everything" consisting of the North's conquest of the South and the advent of com-

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munism. Conceivably, that might have been worth it, although it's hard to see how. Asian countries are over the Vietnam War because they've recognized how little difference it made.

A FURTHER SURPRISE HAD TO DO WITH REFUGEES. For more than a dozen years Vietnamese boat people not only have changed the ethnic mix in America, Canada, and Australia but also have been the prima facie evidence against the Vietnamese regime. What kind of deplorable country must they be running if everyone wants to leave? In the case of Cambodia under Pol Pot, using refugees to draw dire conclusions about the regime was clearly justified. But after seeing Burma and Vietnam back to back, my idea about the meaning of the Vietnamese boat people has changed.

Let me illustrate this with the story of "Raymond." The most emotional moment of this trip came in Saigon. After wriggling away from the guide, my wife and I walked to the front gate of the old U.S. Embassy. This is the gate everyone has seen in the heart-wrenching pictures, with Vietnamese trying to claw their way into the embassy on the day before Saigon fell. The embassy looks as if nothing has been touched since then. The upper prongs of the gate are still slightly askew from all the hands that pulled on them. The embassy itself looks gutted and deserted, although a guard said that a state petroleum organization used some of the offices. Right in front of the gate a family of Cham people had made a squatters' home. A teenage boy was sleeping in a hammock slung across the gate. His mother crouched next to him on the ground, occupied with what was apparently some food.

While we were walking toward the gate, we heard someone calling to us from across the street. We turned and saw four Amerasians, all men in their early twenties, beckoning us to come over.

One of the oddest and most unsettling things about meeting Amerasians is how strongly dominant the Western genes seem to have been. It's probably just the sharp contrast with all the Vietnamese faces on the street, but after one glance you feel as if you know exactly how their fathers looked. As we walked over to this group, I thought I could see the faces of four American soldiers, two black and two white, who had been in Saigon twenty years before.

Most of the Amerasians we met, including three of these four, knew English of only the "Hey, Joe!" variety. As soon as the fourth, who said his name was Raymond, began to speak, my wife and I stood dumbstruck. On an American street he would have looked like an ordinary black American. What we could hardly believe is that he also *sounded* identical to an American speaking street English. "How ya doin'," he said. "You gotta help me get out of here."

That day and the next he told us his story. He said that he called himself Raymond after the last name of his father, a military policeman from Philadelphia. He was born in 1964 on a U.S. Army base and lived there with his father and Vietnamese mother until he was four. Then his father went home, passing him and his mother on to another American soldier, also black. Raymond said that he had grown up on the base until age eleven, never going to school but being taught to read and write by the soldiers. Just before the fall of Saigon, he said, his mother had sent him out of town, to Pleiku, to stay with an aunt. When he came back to the city, a few weeks later, his mother shunned him, because he was such flagrant evidence of her fraternization with the Americans. He was an eleven-year-old boy without any place to live. The police arrested him and sent him to re-education camp, and there he stayed for the next twelve years, being moved from camp to camp, until he was twenty-three. He said that he had been released the previous fall. By the time he got out, his mother had died, and since he lacked any proper "household registration," he was an illegal resident in his own country.

Many people in Saigon have stories to whisper to visiting Americans about the deep ties to the United States that qualify them as refugees. You quickly become skeptical about these self-serving tales, and there are grounds for skepticism about Raymond, too. Some of the other Amerasians have claimed that Raymond was really in his early thirties, not his twenties, and that his father was a black man posted with the French forces. That would surprise me, considering the way Raymond sounded, but even if true it wouldn't matter. Raymond was an Amerasian in the way that counted: other Vietnamese treated him as one. The Vietnamese government has promised to issue an exit visa so that he can leave, "but it don't happen," he said. "I'm afraid I'm never going to get out. I know I can make it if I get to the States."

There were two conclusions to draw from Raymond's story, I thought. One is that Vietnam treats many of its people very badly. After he was let out of camp, Raymond was left with no legitimate way to support himself—according to American refugee officials I spoke to, the prob-

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lem of household registration is a widespread and serious one in Vietnam, condemning people to a semi-outlaw existence. Amerasians are specially despised, as half-bloods and because of their American connection. "Kids be telling us, your daddy bombed our family, your daddy killed my sister," Raymond said.

The other conclusion, though, is that bad treatment does not automatically make people into refugees. To say this the other way around, the people who do leave by boat are not necessarily the ones who have suffered most. They may simply be the ones for whom this gamble makes the most practical sense (as it does not for Raymond, who can reasonably hope that one day an exit visa will come through). This, I think, is the caveat to bear in mind when thinking about Vietnamese boat people. Life in Vietnam, though terrible, may not be that much worse than life in many other countries. The rewards for leaving may simply be better.

From what I could see, life in Burma is, for most people, fully as hopeless as life in Vietnam. Burma does not have enormous re-education camps, but then most Vietnamese are not in the camps either. For many Filipinos, life is worse than it is for nearly all Vietnamese. China is both poor and repressive. Bangladesh has every problem a country can have. But Vietnam, Cambodia, and Laos are the only Asian countries from which hundreds of thousands flee. Why? The basic reason, I think, is that if Burmese or Filipinos leave, they're sent back home. They're not presumed to be political refugees, they're not processed for resettlement in the West. For them, becoming a refugee is pointless; for a Vietnamese, it is a risky but sensible step to take. This is not an argument against accepting Vietnamese refugees, which I think is good for America, or an apology for Vietnam. But it is a reason to stop using the outflow of boat people as proof that Vietnam is worse than anyplace else, or as retrospective justification for the war.

ONE FINAL POINT ABOUT VIETNAMESE-AMERICAN RELATIONS: In the years since Vietnam decided to let Americans back in, there has been a nostalgic tone to much of the reporting from there. The war is over; the hard feelings can be put behind us. Maybe two countries that meant so much to each other twenty years ago should have a special relationship again, two veterans sharing the bonding of the battlefield. Perhaps the Vietnamese are slightly nostalgic for Americans, as some Americans are for their experiences in Vietnam.

The main evidence that a special relationship might be possible between America and Vietnam is that the Vietnamese now hate the Russians more than they hate Americans. To go to Vietnam is to find yourself suddenly within the Russian sphere. Signs at airports, hotels, and so on are typically written in Vietnamese, Russian, English, and French, in that order. The heavy equipment, the imported goods, and the foreign faces on the street are mainly from Russia. I would estimate that 95 percent of the Vietnamese children who saw us immediately yelled, "*Lien Xo*! *Lien Xo*!" This is pronounced "lee-en so," and usually not in a welcoming tone. One street-urchin type in Saigon said that the Russians were unpopular because they were so stingy—"Americans without money." In Nha Trang we ran into a group of Czech advisers, helping to set up a factory, who reciprocated the hostility between Asians and Eastern Europeans. They showed us their steamer trunks full of Czech sausages and bread. "*Pfffahhh!* Who could eat the food of Vietnam? It is fit for dogs! They are lazy and they cheat. I spit on their country!"

Clearly, the Vietnamese, for their part, have figured out that they must mend fences with the West to improve their economy—as China and Russia are doing. But I saw no sign of fondness for anything American except money. For the French there may even be nostalgia, since they have left so much deeper a mark. But every time I heard Vietnamese talk about "friendly" relations with America, the punch line was money: trade, investment, even a mammoth rebuilding plan.

Many Vietnamese seem to think that if diplomatic relations are normalized, America will come back strong with aid. You can't blame them for hoping this (the last they saw of us, we were made of money), and it's a natural inference from the idea that the two countries should have a special relationship once again. It would be better for America to take the specialness out of the relationship—including the special ostracism of Vietnam. It doesn't make sense to try to ostracize Vietnam forever. If we have had an embassy in Moscow even when it was the "focus of evil," what's the harm of having one in Hanoi? Normalized relations might even be useful for straightforward business purposes, as Japan has learned. (I did not see a single Japanese in Vietnam, but every manufactured product I saw in the hard-currency store in Saigon was made in Japan.) But when opening relations, we should treat Vietnam as just another "bad country," one more of the needy, repressive nations with which the world unfortunately abounds. We do our best to live with bad countries, and we hope that they'll become richer and freer, but we don't kid ourselves that we have much in common with them.

So it should be with Vietnam. It can be another Burma to the United States. If everything goes well there, it can be another Thailand. It should be nothing more. □

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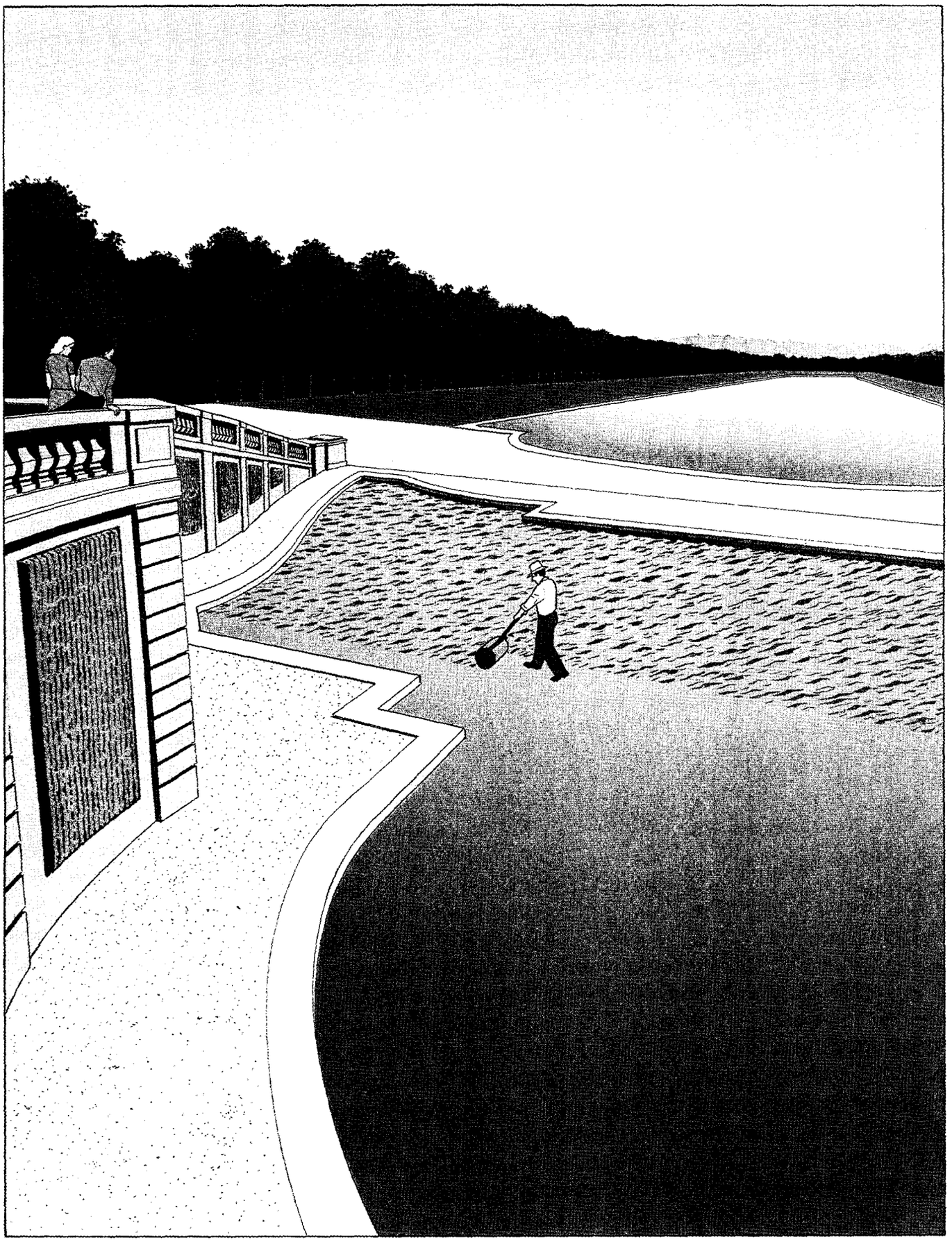
À LA FRANÇAISE

BY GUY BILLOUT



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HOME

NOT LOG CABINS

Timber framing is an innovative alternative to stud framing

BY PHILIP LANGDON

I RECENTLY SPENT three days in Elizabethtown, Pennsylvania, with some of the least-understood members of the custom-home industry—a group of craftsmen known as timber-frame builders. "What kind of log house do you build?" is the question most often asked of timber-framers, and it drives them crazy, because few timber-framers build houses with log walls. The distinctive feature of a timber-frame house is something entirely different—a wooden-pegged framework of posts and beams six or more inches thick, which carries the weight of the building and gives the interior an atmosphere of sturdiness and warmth even when the walls between the posts are surfaced in ordinary gypsumboard.

Twenty years ago there were hardly any timber-frame builders left in America except Amish farmers, whose distaste for modernity was inculcated by their religion. As far back as the nineteenth century, commercial homebuilders adopted quicker construction methods based on easy-to-carry, easy-to-fasten two-by-four sticks of lumber—stud framing. Traditional timber framing demanded too much labor and skill, both because of the bulkiness of the posts and beams and because the timber frame was put together without nails, bolts, or metal plates. Even today a timber-framer working in the traditional mode will cut the posts and beams so that a wooden tongue, or tenon, at the end of one timber fits precisely into a slot, or mortise, in another. Wooden joints in the mortise-and-tenon system require work of extraordinary exactness; a small mistake can render a large timber useless.

BENSON WOODWORKING

The master bedroom in a Greenwich, Connecticut, home by Benson Woodworking

On the outside a timber-framed house looks much the same as a conventional stud-frame house. But on the inside the entire framework of posts and beams is exposed, making a dramatic, rugged outline against walls and ceilings. The rustic beauty of the framework, and its exceptional strength, have spurred a revival of the method since the early 1970s, bringing a seemingly obsolete craft back from the edge of extinction. By 1985 timber-framers had become numerous enough to form their own organization, the Timber Framers Guild of North America. I went to Elizabethtown, fifteen miles northwest of Lancaster, to join some three hundred and fifty timber-framers at their annual conference, on the tidy Elizabethtown College campus, with its orange-brick buildings. In talking with conference participants I discovered that a number of timber-framers were part of the back-to-the-land movement of the late 1960s and early 1970s—a few of the men still wore that era's ponytails and round wire-rim glasses, along with the standard plaid shirts and blue jeans.

Nonetheless, timber-framers have a symbiotic relationship with metropolitan areas. After doing the labor-intensive cutting and carving in their shops, which tend to be in low-wage rural areas, they often truck the finished posts and beams hundreds of miles and assemble the structure in a place where customers are willing to pay a higher price for a house. Some timber-framers build the entire house. Others erect only the frame, leaving it to the buyer or a contractor to bring the house to completion.

For a while, one of the toughest problems was insulation. The solution most timber-framers eventually settled on was to enclose the frame with "stress-skin panels"—factory-made sandwiches of building and insulating materials. The panel's first layer, facing the interior of the house, is a half inch or so of gypsum wallboard. The second layer is usually three-and-a-half or five-and-a-half inches of moisture-resistant rigid foam insulation. The third layer is a half inch of exterior sheathing—often oriented-strand board, which is wood chips glued together so that the fibers in each ply run in a different direction, giving the panel strength. The panels can be quickly installed and then covered with

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whatever looks best—clapboard, brick, stucco, or another material.

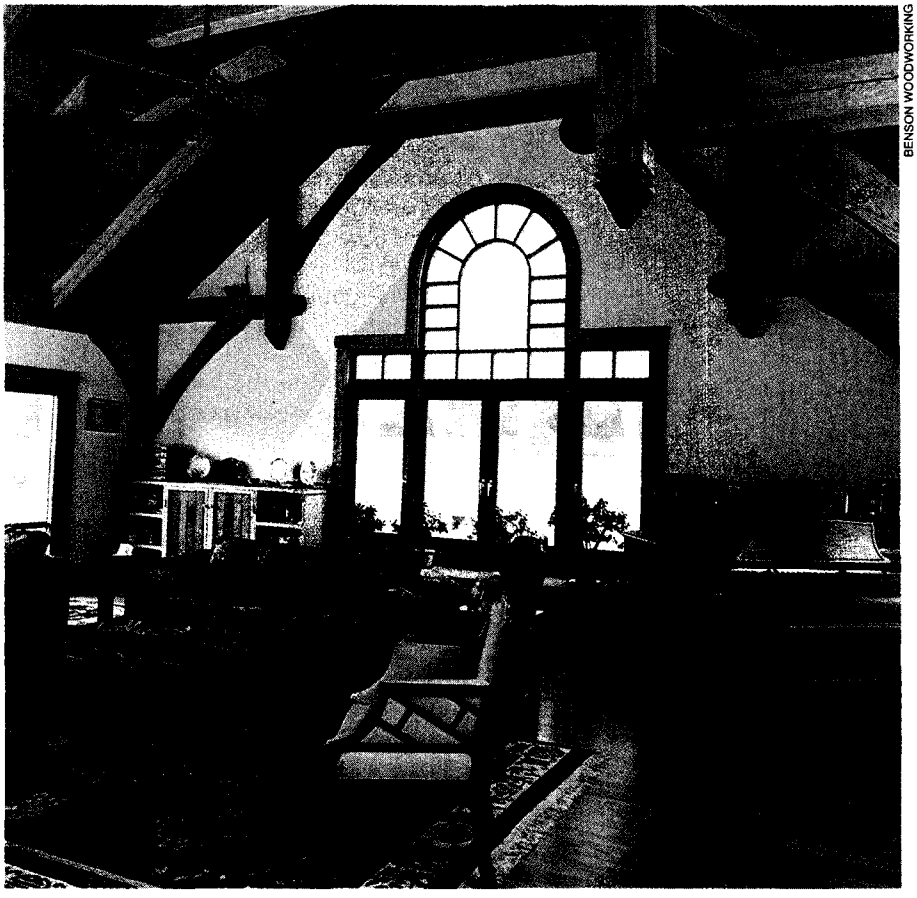
By comparison, the insulation system in a conventionally constructed house is not well designed at all. Two-by-fours are nailed into place every sixteen inches, and fiber-glass batts are stuffed into the cavities between them. As anyone who has ever insulated an attic knows, fiber-glass batts are not easy to work with. The Pink Panther in the Owens-Corning TV commercials may be able to put the fiber glass in place with a flick of the wrist, but in real life the batts resist rolling out evenly and neatly. Workers installing the fiber glass may leave occasional gaps. Even the best installations are undercut by the wooden two-by-fours, which conduct cold or heat into the house. Polyurethane stress-skin panels are more expensive than fiber glass for the same amount of insulation, and their manufacture relies on freon, which is blamed for some of the depletion of the earth's ozone shield. Some timber-framers use panels of expanded polystyrene, which do not require freon, but these are not quite as effective as insulation and are more vulnerable to fire. A search is on for a better alternative to polyurethane. Still, a stress-skin panel forming a continuous barrier is a superior insulator. It is this energy-efficient innovation that has made the ancient craft of timber-framing a desirable alternative to conventional building methods.

TIMBER-FRAMERS have made rapid progress in solving technical problems and expanding the aesthetic range of their houses. One of the foremost figures in both these efforts is Tedd Benson, a tall thirty-nine-year-old who has been building timber frames since 1974 in Alstead Center, New Hampshire. Benson was an anti-war activist and an organizer of "street academies" for poor minority youths during his college and immediately post-college years. He expected to end up a social worker, not a homebuilder. Yet timber framing is an expression of conviction, just as much as his political efforts once were. "Why is a house a hundred fifty years old and not torn down?" Benson asks. "I think buildings last because people love them. They love them because there's an obvious aura of human presence." In timber-frame houses the feeling of human presence, of loving care, comes from the handcraftsmanship visible in the posts and beams. Benson, who is regarded as an authority on modern timber framing, collaborated with James Gruber to write *Building the Timber Frame House* (1980). Last March, Taunton Press published Benson's second book, *The Timber Frame Home*, a gracefully written exploration of design.

Around the time of the conference I visited Benson's shop, on a dirt road in the southwest New Hampshire hills, and saw evidence that Benson is interested in using modern technology, up to a point. In the center of the shop stands a ten-foot-long mortising machine, designed and built by one of his employees, Rees Acheson. It cuts slots in the timbers for mortise-and-tenon joints and thus reduces the human labor that has to be devoted to rough cutting and chiseling. The final stages of the work continue to be done as they were centuries ago, with mallet and chisel; the satisfaction of working with one's hands, with tools, and with wood is much of what motivates people to become timber-framers.

In a white-walled office above Benson's shop is a computer-equipped studio where staff designers plan most of the twelve to seventeen houses his twenty-four-person company builds each year. One of the company's latest accomplishments is learning how to design the complicated mortise-and-tenon joints required by roofs with hips and valleys. "We put *hundreds* of hours into designing a frame for a hip-and-valley roof," Benson told me. "After we'd done that, we produced a computer program to solve the difficult joinery, and now we can design one in an hour." With aids like this, his firm also designs houses for other timber-framers.

In Greenwich, Connecticut, I visited a rambling 12,000-square-foot house—the largest house Benson has ever built, and one whose size and budget allowed him to demonstrate the versatility of timber framing. Because of the advances in hip-and-valley joinery, the family room of the Greenwich house has a vaulted ceiling that rises above the adjoining roof slopes. Inside the room the framing is composed of an unusual combination of woods. Most of the posts and beams are northern red oak—oak being a favorite of timber-frame-home buyers because of its rugged, informal character. In a broad opening between the family room and the kitchen the framing is clear, smooth-textured Port Orford cedar. The contrast between the two woods is striking. Whereas oak dries out



BENSON WOODWORKING

In the living room, hammer beams make a large space feel more comfortable

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after installation and develops conspicuous but structurally acceptable surface cracks known as checking, the Port Orford cedar is a West Coast species that arrives dry and remains free of such imperfections; the fine, smooth grain imparts an elegance to its surroundings.

The Greenwich house employs different types of framing to establish a distinctive character in each of its major rooms. In the living room, oak timbers form two rows of "hammer-beam trusses" that reach down from a vaulted ceiling of clear Port Orford cedar to about nine feet above the oak floor. The intricately carved hammer beams and a massive stone fireplace wall are the room's focal points—so robust and dominant that any other interior decoration is almost superfluous. By extending from the ceiling into the upper portions of the room, the timbers make a fairly large space—twenty-four by twenty-six feet, rising to twenty-four feet at its peak—feel comfortably proportioned.

Much the same effect is achieved in the master bedroom, through another combination of framing. Oak beams extend across the sloping ceiling above the bed, breaking the expanse of gypsumboard into segments. Along two walls of the bedroom, bridge trusses—a combination of Xs and diagonal timbers like those in covered bridges—prevent the large room, which has a sitting area and a TV set at one end, from seeming to be a single, overly vast volume. I emphasize timber framing's success in bringing human scale to large, tall interiors because this is one of the major unresolved problems in many of today's "move-up" houses and even in some retirement houses, such as those I've seen in Sun City West, Arizona.

The cost of the house in Greenwich was $138 a square foot. Much of that can be attributed to luxurious features other than the timber framing and to the cost of everything in Connecticut's premier suburb. The timber-framers I've spoken with say that a timber-frame house typically costs the same as a custom-designed stud-frame house of equivalent quality, or five to ten percent more. The price can be kept down by using a simple gable roof, an uncomplicated floor plan, and non-exotic woods—pine, for example—for the timbers.

Anyone contemplating having a timber-frame house built should be aware that such houses are more challenging to design than conventional ones. Stories are told, for instance, about timber-framers who built a house with a laundry room in the core of the home and left no way to run an exhaust line to the exterior without either cutting through a beam or installing a duct that would protrude awkwardly beneath the ceiling. The locations of plumbing, heating, and electrical lines must be planned more rigorously than they would need to be in a stud-frame house, and after a timber-frame house is built it is harder to add new lines to it.

The timber frame and the house itself must be planned in relationship to each other. The intervals from one load-bearing post to another and from one beam to another should be coordinated with room sizes and partition walls. In a well-designed home the posts and beams help to define each area of the house. Since most timber-frame companies are small, with an average of a half-dozen employees, some have their customers work on the design with an independent architect or with the help of a more comprehensive timber-frame firm.

The most sophisticated firms, like Benson's, may continue for a long time to serve a widely scattered clientele, but as timber-framers become better understood and more numerous, the trend will probably be toward their concentrating on customers within two hundred miles or so of their shops. This should produce improvements in cost efficiency that will benefit timber-framers and home buyers alike. Builders with national ambitions may be encouraged to operate more than one shop, in different parts of the country. Timberpeg, one of the most commercially successful of such companies, annually produces more than two hundred pre-cut timber-frame packages, in shops in both Claremont, New Hampshire, and Fletcher, North Carolina. Timberpeg uses fairly simple joinery, and its production process is relatively highly mechanized. A list of the approximately two hundred timber-frame companies for which the members of the Timber Framers Guild work can be obtained by writing to the guild at P.O. Box 1046, Keene, New Hampshire 03431.

The hope now among timber-framers is that their craft will avoid the fate of dome houses—that of being seen, in Benson's words, as "just another interesting but out-of-the-mainstream building form." Astute practitioners realize they will have to become known not only for fashioning rugged beauty but also for practical problem-solving. □

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FOOD

COOK PORK PINK

No matter what your mother used to say

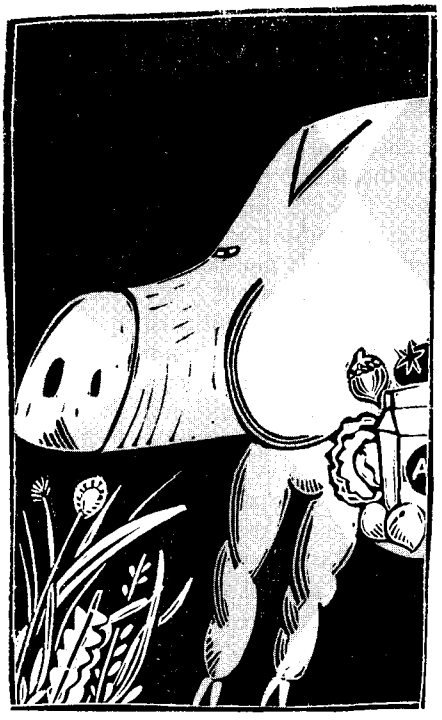
BY CORBY KUMMER

PORK IS MY default meat—the one I use when I can't think of anything else to buy, the one that can marry with any number of sauces, and the one that can be cooked in the time it takes to wash the utensils used to prepare the rest of the meal.

This endorsement of pork might seem surprising on several counts. The first is the claim of versatility. The "Other White Meat" campaign, on which the National Pork Producers Council spent $10 million last year, is making a virtue of something many cooks resent: pork doesn't taste the way it used to, largely because it has less than half the fat it had twenty years ago. Changes in pork breeding began after the Second World War, when fat was no longer needed for the manufacture of certain explosives and producers began to seek a higher ratio of meat to fat. (In the early fifties, foreshadowing its strenuous efforts at status-building, the pork council changed its name from the National Swine Growers Council.) The increasing awareness of the dangers of eating too much fat, and especially saturated fat, hastened the reduction in fat content. Pork today has proportionately less saturated fat than beef—one third of the fat in pork is saturated, compared with nearly half in beef.

Edna Lewis, whose new book, *In Pursuit of Flavor*, continues the account of the simple and tasty food of her Virginia childhood which she began in *The Taste of Country Cooking*, told me recently about the pigs her family raised. "We fed them fruits and vegetables we had grown too much of, such as cabbage, tomatoes, peaches, and acorns. Then we also pulled good weeds they liked and fed them. And there was tons of milk, sour and sweet, that was surplus. In the fall we would build a floor and raise it from the ground and put the pigs in there and fatten them. They were fed absolutely nothing but corn and water. When they were butchered and cured, the meat was so flavorful and sweet."

Today pigs raised commercially are fed mostly corn from start to finish (with soybean meal added for protein) and their meat doesn't taste the same. When I asked a number of chefs what they do with the new pork, most replied immediately, Wish for the old pork. Putting pork on a menu, they say, is a gamble, because in America it is not regarded as highly as it is in Europe. And now that meat from the loin has lost so much flavor-carrying fat, they prefer fattier cuts from the shoulder and leg (the ham) and spareribs, which on a menu seem even lower-rent. "What do I do when I want lean pork? I eat chicken, turkey, anything that's lean," says Michael Roberts, a non-fan of the new pork. Roberts is the chef of the Los Angeles restaurant Trumps and the author of *Secret Ingredients*, a provocative book about how unexpected flavors can bring out the true nature of something else—as vanilla does with lobster—and yet themselves remain undetectable. Roberts likes pork too much to ignore it, though. In his book he calls for cooking lean pork in milk, an old way to moisten and enrich pork; and he pairs it with honey and coriander and with clove and orange.



ILLUSTRATIONS BY RANDALL ENOS

Despite the complaints, the effort to make pork better for you has made for a meat with many virtues. Like veal or chicken, pork tenderloin, sliced thin, can be pounded and sautéed quickly. Pork has fewer calories and less cholesterol than might be supposed. A 100-gram (three-and-a-half-ounce) portion of pork loin—"loin" includes pork chops, the cut I find quickest and most satisfying to cook—has 231 calories and 98 milligrams of cholesterol; the same amount of chicken breast without skin has 165 calories and 85 milligrams of cholesterol. (The same size portion with skin has 197 calories and about the same amount of cholesterol.) But I have no intention of thinking of pork loin as white meat. Its virtue is that it is lighter than red meat but as succulent and rich in flavor—if it is cooked right, which it almost never is. Home cooks can take advantage of leaner pork and still have tenderness, moistness, and flavor, if they will do something restaurant cooks can't do (and most mothers never would) unless they seek to outrage their customers: cook it for a very short time. Pork is as sensitive to overcooking as beef. And the price of juicy, flavorful pork is not a trip to the hospital.

THE WORD *pork* connotes *trichinosis*, and the two words are virtually synonymous for many Jews, who consider it the ultimate *treif*, or unkosher food. Although the dietary laws of both Jews and Moslems forbid the eating of pork, the reasons have nothing to do with trichinosis, which was unrecognized when the laws were made (it was identified only in the past century) and which was no more a threat than many other diseases that meat could transmit. Peter Farb and George Armelagos, in their 1980 book *Consuming Passions*, offer a theory of why Jews so revile pork. They explain that when the Mosaic laws were created, pigs, which had not yet been domesticated, were no more prominent on the list of forbidden foods than, say, camels or vultures. The ruler Antiochus IV Epiphanes, however, in 167 B.C. abolished Mosaic law and ordered Jews to sacrifice and probably eat the meat of pigs, which by then had been domesticated, as a symbol of the Hellenic secularization he advocated. After the Jewish

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zealot Judas Maccabeus re-established fundamentalist law at the Jerusalem Temple—the event Hanukkah celebrates—Jews prohibited with new vehemence pork products and any other variance from strict observance of their law. Moslems forbade eating pork in the seventh century, when the Koran was written, partly because, Farb and Armelagos postulate, they hoped to emphasize their difference from Christianity, which had no such ban, and also to attract Jews as new followers.

Trichinosis is today very rare and becoming more so. An average of fifty-seven cases a year have been reported to the Centers for Disease Control, in Atlanta, for the past five years, a decrease from the average of 150 cases reported in the previous five. Cases that can be traced to wild game, including wild boar, bear, and even cougar, account for 15 to 25 percent of the total. Peter Schantz, of the parasitic-diseases branch of the Center for Infectious Diseases at the CDC, says that the actual incidence of trichinosis is probably much higher, because many cases are as mild as a case of flu and are never diagnosed. (In extreme cases trichinosis, which results when a microscopic parasitic worm, *Trichinella spiralis*, bores into striated muscle, can be fatal.) The U.S. Department of Agriculture has approved the use of irradiation, a controversial treatment, to kill trichinae in pork, but manufacturers, wary of consumer reaction, have so far declined to irradiate pork.

It is much easier to avoid trichinosis than it is to get it. Trichinae are killed at 137° F after long cooking and at 144° after brief cooking. They are also killed by freezing for twenty days at 0°; home-freezer temperatures are typically between 0° and 10°. The Food Safety and Inspection Service lowered its recommended cooking temperature for pork to 160° from 170° two years ago; it was 185° in 1960. My opinion, and that of many cooks, is that pork that registers 150° allows for a margin of thermometer error and unevenness of cooking. Yes, at that temperature pork is pink. Not red. Not rosy. Just a pale pink.

THE TRICK IS to keep pork loin moist, and cooks have many recommendations. Perhaps the most frequent and certainly the worst is long, slow cooking—for example, a quick browning followed by the addition of a small amount of liquid and an hour or so of covered braising in a slow oven. This method produces the white, compact, dry meat most of us think of as pork chops, its juices and flavor long since pooled at the bottom of the pan, and has given rise to many awful, viscous sauces.

Pork chops, a great convenience food, need no masking. Most pork chops in supermarkets come from the back of the loin (toward the ham) and are called "center cut"; the bone is vertebra, not rib. Rib chops, from the front of the loin, have not only a longer and thicker bone but also more fat around the meat, for which some cooks prefer them. The wider bone makes for a thicker chop, so

rib chops are used for stuffing, a procedure that seems to me fussy and unnecessary. There is no difference between the meat in rib and loin chops—it comes from the same muscle, the *longissimus dorsi*. Pork loin is not graded according to marbling, or intramuscular fat, as beef is; a piece of loin meat trimmed of its exterior, or subcutaneous, fat has an average of three percent intramuscular fat, as compared with 10 percent in a piece of prime beef. Fresh pork is light in color, with pure white fat.

Pork is one of the few meats that can be cooked successfully in a microwave oven, because it has so little intramuscular fat. The oven keeps the pork's white color without drying out the meat (the fat, however, becomes transparent and is far from appetizing—an advantage for dieters). Because an extra minute can make pork chops unacceptably tough, it is safest to cook them in a liquid, such as tomato sauce, or with a liquidy fruit, such as apples (best unsweetened, to my mind, and flavored with fennel or caraway seeds). A one-inch-thick chop requires just three to four minutes in a 700-watt (large) oven, two chops five to six minutes; add two minutes if cooking with a half cup to a cup of liquid.

Pan-frying is probably the most popular method of cooking pork chops, and can be the best. The right way to pan-fry is described by Paula Wolfert in two recipes in her new book, *Paula Wolfert's World of Food*, a collection of recipes from around the Mediterranean. Both recipes call for marination, which adds flavor but is not necessary to make the meat tender; one marinade uses juniper berries, an old trick to give meat a wild taste—in this case the taste of boar. The chops are browned quickly on both sides, removed to a plate, and left to sit, tightly covered, in a warm place, where they finish heating through while the cook sees to the sauce. If you cook the chops at high heat until they are done, however, they will be as dry as braised chops and much tougher.

I liked the chops so much that I adapted the method to an Edna Lewis recipe. Lewis believes in dipping chops in seasoned flour and then browning them on both sides, a step that makes for a delicious crust. Flouring also helps flavor and thicken a splash of stock or wine (Lewis favors Madeira), into which you scrape the bits from the bottom of the pan, but it doesn't keep in juices, so it isn't essential. Lewis then calls for twenty more minutes of cooking. I shortened the additional time to five minutes off the heat after browning two half-inch chops for three minutes on each side. The simple Madeira sauce was lovely, but it was gravy—the chops were wonderful plain.

The great revelation came next, when I tried an inch-thick chop in the same hot and heavy skillet, simply grinding pepper over each side and browning the chop in a film of nearly smoking oil for four minutes on each side. (It's easier to fry two chops than one, since more fat is released sooner, keeping the chops from sticking, and promoting browning. The southern cook Nathalie Dupree uses this fact as a metaphor for the benefits of collaboration.) I removed the pan from the heat and covered it tightly with foil. After twelve minutes an instant-read

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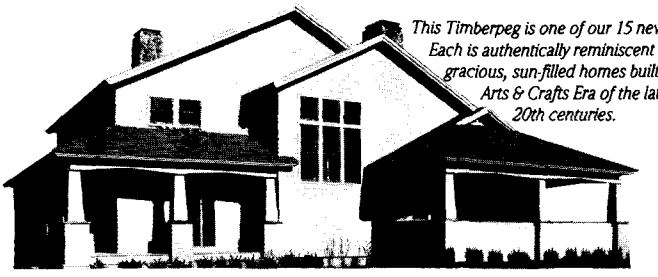
thermometer registered 150°. I cut into the chop, which was well browned without and light pink within. I have rarely enjoyed a steak or a lamb chop as much or had a piece of meat as tender and juicy.

This method can be adapted to grilling, which browns the outside quickly, but not to broiling—by the time the sides are browned, the meat is dry. I'm not in favor of finishing the cooking at low heat either on the stovetop or in the oven, because the heat produced by the chops under a tight cover seems ideal for retaining moistness. If your kitchen is cold, try letting them sit in a 200° oven. The times for half-inch and inch chops that I have mentioned both resulted in meat that registered at least 145° in the middle, but do test for yourself using an instant-read thermometer. More than two or three chops will take longer, and if you transfer the chops to a plate and use the pan for a sauce you will need to add at least two or three minutes to the resting time. To cook inch-thick chops to a higher temperature, brown them for five or six minutes on each side before leaving them to rest for ten minutes.

There are two schools of thought on saucing pork: go with its natural sweetness, or cut it. Americans are used to pork with applesauce (as are Germans) and to pork with prunes or apricots, both of which I find too sweet and chewy to complement the meat. A sweet wine, such as Madeira, Marsala, or port, or balsamic vinegar is a better way to add sweetness. The other school of thought is to play off the sweetness with salty and strong ingredients, such as mustard and capers. The Chinese, who favor pork over all other meats, mix it into their whole palette of flavors, and many American books now routinely add ginger and soy. Wolfert gives French recipes for pork chops which take each approach, one with pears that are cooked with honey, wine vinegar, and pepper, the other with cornichons and sherry vinegar. Lewis adds peanut butter to the sauce for a stovetop pork-loin roast, a pertinent illustration of Roberts's point that an unlikely auxiliary ingredient can disappear, intensifying the main one. The ideal is to try the many pork recipes available but to take the crucial extra step of altering cooking methods and especially times. Armed with a thermometer and an adventurous spirit—a death-defying one is not required—you'll find yourself trying a delicious new kind of meat. □



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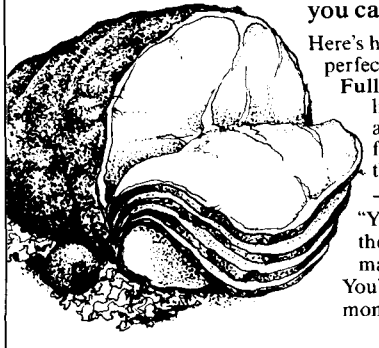

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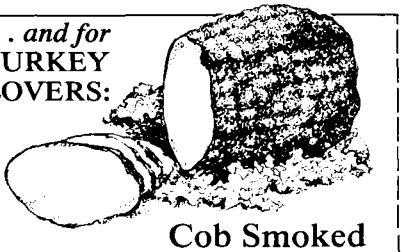

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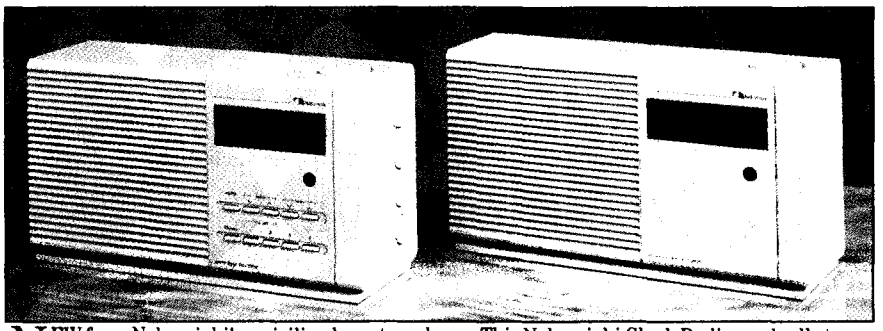

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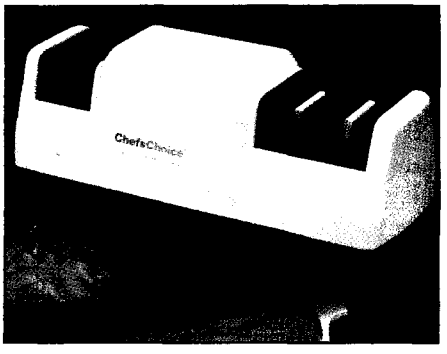

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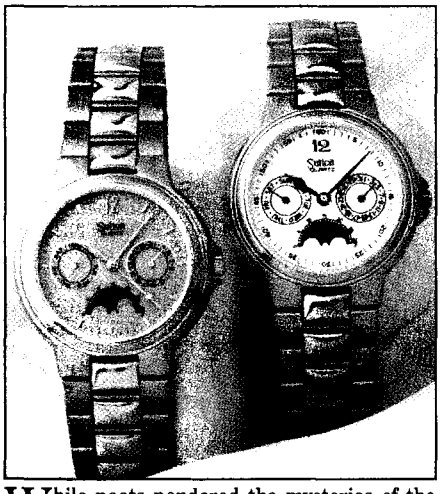

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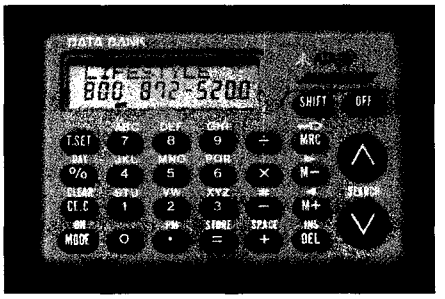

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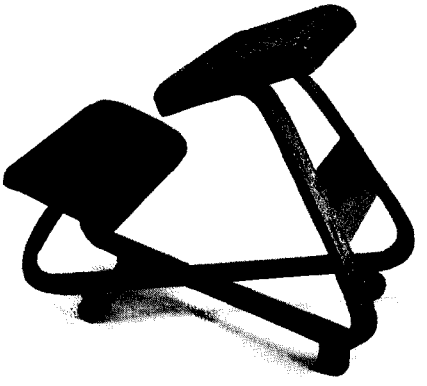

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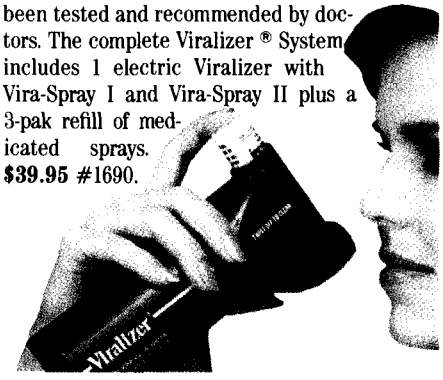

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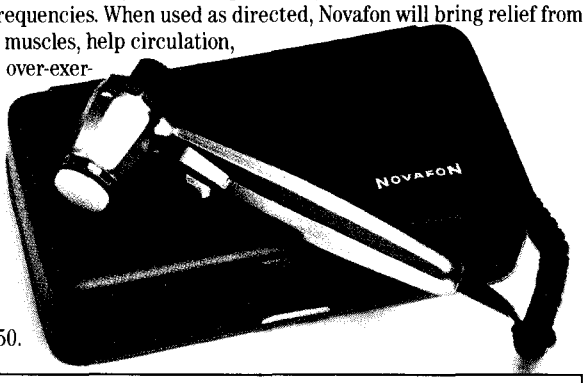

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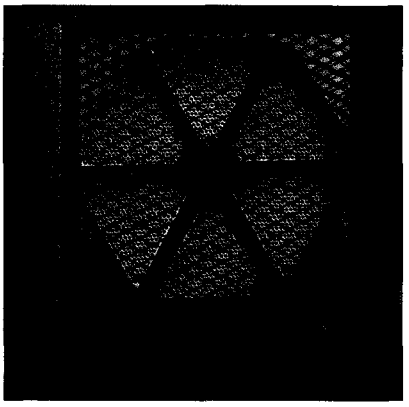

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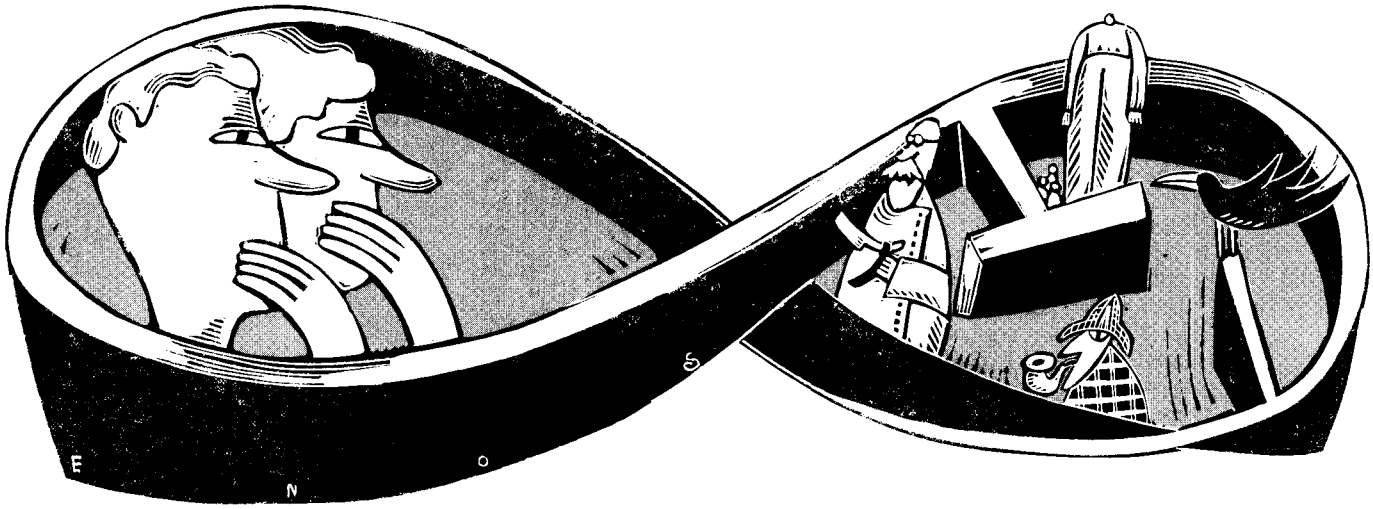

FUN WITH KURT AND BERT

BY PAUL HOFFMAN

LABYRINTHS OF REASON
by William Poundstone.
Doubleday, $18.95.

THIS BOOK IS NOT for the somnolent. In a section called "Interlude," Sherlock Holmes finds that the quiet retirement life of beekeeping on the Sussex Downs does not entirely agree with him. Hungry for mental stimulation, he summons Watson, who brings with him some mind benders he has collected at his club. In one puzzle a man who has spent his entire life in the same part of the United States goes to the local graveyard at midnight. The man visits his family's crypt, which is lit only by a thin crescent moon. The air is still; as he turns to leave, he hears scraping footsteps. He cries out, but no one answers. The next morning the caretaker discovers him dead, his body sprawled in front of the crypt, a hideous grin on his face. The question is this: Did the man vote for Teddy Roosevelt in 1904?

The question is disarming, but it has a perfectly logical answer (which, in the interest of stimulating your neurons, I'll save for later). But this puzzle is from the "Interlude"; the main body of *Labyrinths of Reason*, from which Holmes is absent, serves up heady philosophical paradoxes. Philosophers use the word *paradox*, from the Greek for "beyond belief," to describe a chain of reasoning that leads to an absurdly false conclusion, a self-contradiction, or any situation that seems to be at once true and false. The existence of a paradox is a red flag that something is wrong with either the chain of reasoning itself or the premises from which the chain starts. At first many paradoxes may seem as silly and contrived as Watson's puzzle, but on close scrutiny they can be seen to strike at the heart of epistemology: how we know what we know.

Take Bertrand Russell's well-known paradox of the Barber of Seville, who shaves everyone who doesn't shave himself. The paradox rears its head in the question Who shaves the barber? If he does not shave himself, then he must shave himself; but if he shaves himself, then he must not shave himself. Russell concocted the paradox in 1918 as an easy-to-understand analogue of a vicious circle in mathematical set theory: a class of objects is defined by the objects it contains, but the objects in turn are defined by their belonging to the class.

The liar's paradox is another celebrated vicious circle that may seem frivolous and inconsequential but actually opens an epistemological Pandora's box. The original formulation of the paradox comes from the mouth of a Cretan, who says, "All Cretans are liars." The more rigorous modern version dispenses with a human speaker and reads, "This sentence is false." The liar's paradox cannot be deactivated simply by denying the existence of a sentence that asserts its own falsehood; its existence has been established simply by the writing of it.

In 1931 the Austrian logician Kurt Gödel showed that a kind of liar's paradox crops up in the highly formal language of arithmetic. Gödel produced an arithmetic statement that was true on one level but that denied its own truth on another level. What's more, he showed that there was no conceivable way to patch the language of arithmetic (say, by redefining symbols more precisely) in order to avoid a liar's paradox. In essence, Gödel discovered that mathematics was somehow rotten at the core—a discovery that today, more than half a century later, still confounds philosophers of science.

In 1979 Douglas Hofstadter, an assistant professor of computer science at Indiana University, brought Gödel's discovery a wide audience with his best-selling tour de force *Gödel, Escher, Bach*. In *Labyrinths of Reason*, William Poundstone, a Los Angeles writer who studied physics at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, tries to do for other philosophical paradoxes what Hofstadter did for the liar's paradox. With no particular ax to grind (except that of having no particular ax to grind), Poundstone cheerfully takes the reader on a whirlwind tour of modern epistemology.

POUNDSTONE IS AT his best with the paradoxes that theoreticians have come closest to disposing of. Consider the paradox of confirmation. When a bird watcher concludes from a finite number of observations of black ravens that all ravens are black, he is making an inductive inference—the kind of inference scientists routinely draw when they generalize from a handful of experiences to all future cases.

The paradox is not that an inductive

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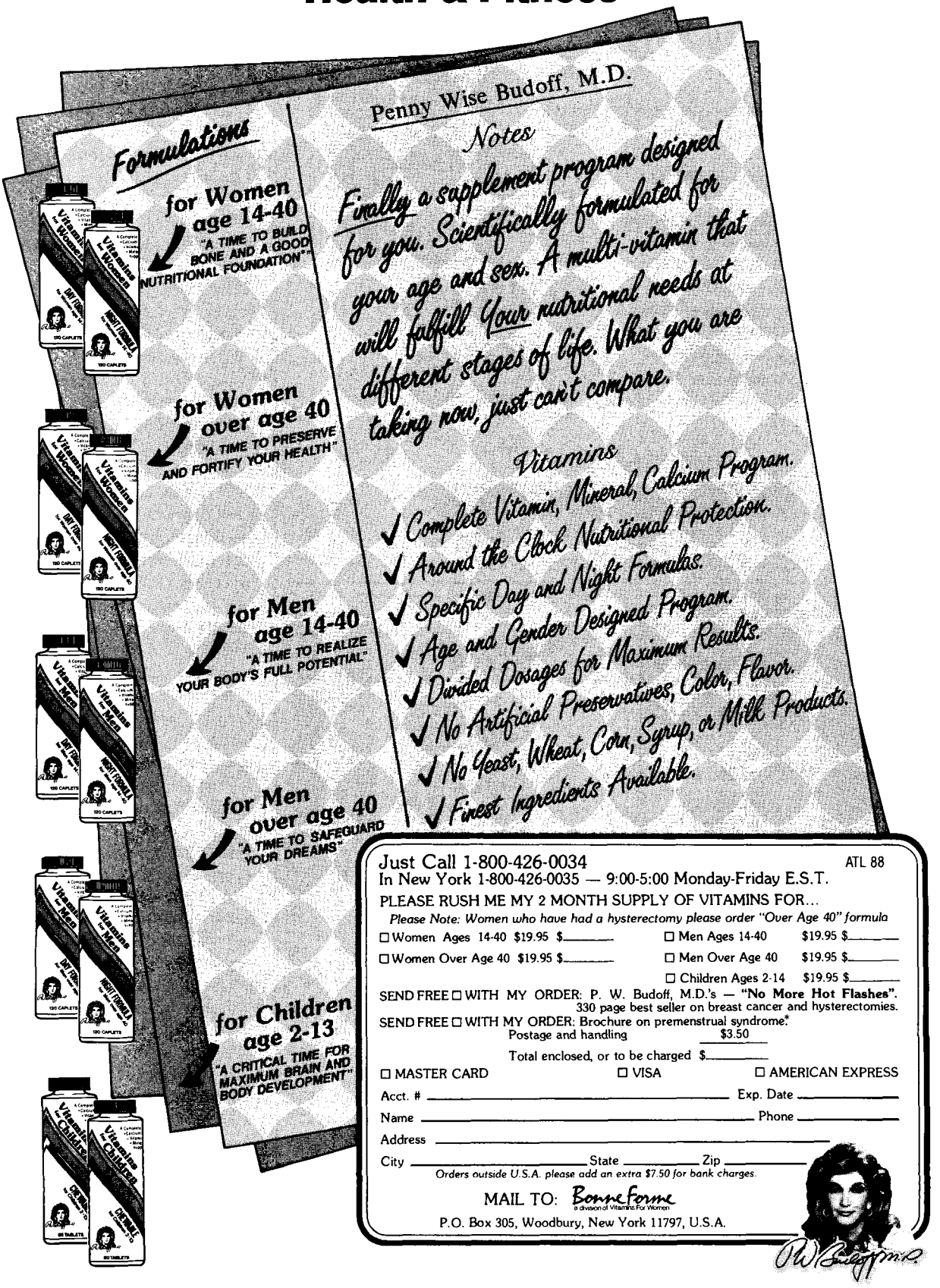

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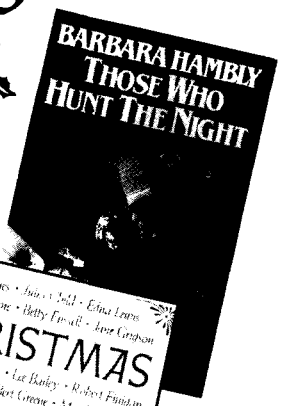

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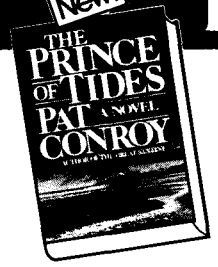

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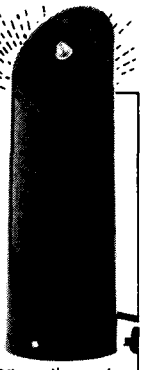

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inference may turn out to be false (the next raven sighted could be chartreuse). The paradox involves what observations count as evidence for the truth of an inductive inference. It's a point of logic that the statement "All ravens are black" is equivalent to the statement "Non-black objects are not ravens." In other words, any object that lends confirmation to the first statement also lends confirmation to the second statement, and vice versa. But the second statement is much easier to test: it's easier to find nonblack things that aren't ravens than it is to find black things that are ravens. Yellow pencils, pink erasers, and silver paper clips are all nonblack nonravens, so they help to confirm the statement "All ravens are black." Yet there's something absurd—paradoxical—about doing ornithology from a desk.

One attempt to elude the problem is to admit that yellow pencils, pink erasers, and silver paper clips do confirm "All ravens are black" to some infinitesimal degree. After all, if you perused all nonblack things in the world and saw that none were ravens, you could definitively conclude that all ravens are black. It's just that nonblack nonravens so greatly outnumber black ravens that the sighting of a few yellow pencils doesn't count for much.

Such a solution, however, is unsatisfactory. The same yellow pencils that serve to confirm "All ravens are black" also lend support to the statement "All ravens are green," because yellow pencils count as nongreen objects that aren't ravens. An observation (yellow pencils) cannot be a confirming instance of two contradictory statements.

To help resolve the problem, Poundstone introduces the paradox of the ninety-nine-foot man. Suppose you entertained the reasonable hypothesis that all people are less than a hundred feet tall. Everyone you have ever seen is a confirming instance of this hypothesis. One day, at the circus, you encounter a towering giant of a man; you get out your tape measure and find that he's ninety-nine feet tall. He's just under the wire to qualify as a confirming instance, but surely his very existence makes you less confident that all people are shorter than a hundred feet. Indeed, you might now doubt the hypothesis. The paradox is this: How can a confirming instance hurt the chances that your hypothesis is true?

This one is easy to resolve. Because you are not operating in a vacuum but know a lot of background information

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about human growth and variation, the ninety-nine-foot man suggests that it's genetically and physically possible for someone to reach the height of a hundred feet. It is this background information, Poundstone argues, that turns the ninety-nine-foot man from a confirming instance into what is effectively a refutation.

The need to take into account background information—what the philosopher Rudolf Carnap called the "requirement of total evidence"—eliminates the raven puzzle. "Were our knowledge of the universe so poor that black ravens, nonblack ravens, black nonravens, and nonblack nonravens were nothing but data points," Poundstone argues, it would be proper to count nonblack nonravens as confirming instances. But

> we know too much about ravens to confirm that way. Someone finds an albino crow (a counterpart of the 99-foot man). It's a nonblack thing and a nonraven. Far from confirming the 'ravens are black' theory, it would cast strong doubt on it. Crows are in the same genus as ravens. If crows are prone to albinism, then possibly ravens are too.

In general we know that ravens are more similar to other birds than they are to yellow pencils, pink erasers, and silver paper clips. It's pointless to observe nonblack nonravens. Scientists can thus sleep soundly at night, knowing that at root there's nothing paradoxical about inductive reasoning.

BUT PARADOXES are not always this easy to dispose of. Sometimes they can't be resolved, and their persistence forces a sea change. In the late nineteenth century many philosophers came to regard mathematics not as a natural science but as the product of pure reason, as postulational thinking in which conclusions are necessarily drawn from arbitrary premises. Whether or not the premises are true is unimportant; the chain of reasoning is what counts. In this way mathematics is like formal logic. Logic has nothing to say about the truth of the premises "All men are mortal" and "Socrates is a man"; logic does say that from these premises it must follow that Socrates is mortal. The recognition that both logic and mathematics proceed this way inspired philosophers to try to demonstrate that logic and mathematics were one and the same.

The German logician Gottlob Frege spent twenty-five years on such a demonstration but was finally foiled by a paradox. The demonstration depended on the seemingly straightforward assumption that for any property—say, the property of being a lobster or the property of weighing more than five ounces—the world can be divided into two classes: those that have the property and those that don't. In 1901 Bertrand Russell asked Frege to consider a superclass—namely, the class of all classes that do not contain themselves as members. The class of lobsters, for example, belongs to this superclass because a collection of lobsters is not itself a lobster. Is this superclass a member of itself? If it is a member, then it must not be a member. But if it is not a member, then it must be a member. With this paradox Russell identified a property—self-membership—that doesn't bifurcate the world into those that have it and those that don't. Russell's question forced Frege to abandon his two-volume effort to deduce arithmetic from logic; at the end of the second volume he appended an extraordinary, and poignant, footnote: "A scientist can hardly meet with anything more undesirable than to have the foundation give way just as the work is finished. In this position I was put by a letter from Mr. Bertrand Russell as the work was nearly through the press."

LEST YOU THINK that academic philosophers are the only ones who take paradoxes seriously, consider the poor contractors and jail keepers who once had to attempt to carry out the resolutions passed by the Board of Councilmen in Canton, Mississippi.

> 1. Resolved, by this Council, that we build a new Jail.
> 2. Resolved, that the new Jail be built out of the materials of the old Jail.
> 3. Resolved, that the old Jail be used until the new Jail is finished.

Oh, yes, about that dead man. He couldn't have voted for Roosevelt. The solution depends on recognizing that a thin crescent moon can be seen at midnight only in polar regions ("It is shocking," Holmes says, "how many of the so-called educated classes are unaware of this elemental fact known to every goatherd"). Thus, since the man lived in the United States, he must have lived in Alaska, which wasn't a state until 1959. □

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BY CONOR CRUISE O'BRIEN

THE FOUNDER: Cecil Rhodes and the Enigma of Power
by Robert Rotberg.
Oxford University Press, $35.00.

CECIL JOHN RHODES was born in 1853 in England, the son of an Anglican vicar. In 1870 he emigrated to South Africa, where he dug for diamonds most successfully. By the 1880s he had accumulated an immense fortune, and the deBeers Consolidated Mining Company, which he controlled, proceeded to monopolize 90 percent of the world's diamonds. In 1889 he acquired a royal charter for his British South Africa Company, which was able to annex large territories north of South Africa and name them after him: Rhodesia (the Zambia and Zimbabwe of today). In 1890 Rhodes became the Prime Minister of the Cape of Good Hope Colony, a part of South Africa that was then within the British Empire.

In 1895 Rhodes was politically discredited at the Cape, through the failure of the Jameson raid, an attempt to place the then independent Republic of the Transvaal and its gold fields under Rhodes's control. The following year he resigned as Prime Minister of the Cape. Rhodes died in 1902, near the end of the Anglo-Boer War.

The "enigma" of this biography appears to be largely of the author's construction. The actual record of Rhodes's activities, as detailed in the book, presents a remarkably simple and consistent pattern. Almost everything he did was aimed at the personal acquisition of money and power, and then of more money and more power. There is apparently only one major exception to that. This is Rhodes's imperialism, his project for "the bringing of the whole uncivilized world under British rule." And Rhodes did present this ideal in terms of service: "The wish came to render myself useful to my country."

But in practice the British imperialism of the mature Rhodes was inseparable from the expansion of his personal power. By the end of the 1880s, when Rhodes had all but cornered the market on diamonds, he had automatically become the most powerful man in Africa. The senior representatives of the Crown in South Africa were in Rhodes's pocket. So were some very senior establishment figures in London. Lord Robert Cecil, the son of Lord Salisbury (then the British Prime Minister), accepted a sinecure in Rhodes's chartered company. Many other politicians bought shares in Rhodes's company at an artificially low price and then made enormous profits.

Under those conditions, if British power had "turned the map of Africa red," as Rhodes hoped, Rhodes himself would have been the actual master of the continent so tinted. There were some unselfish British imperialists—General Charles George Gordon was one—but Cecil Rhodes was not of that number.

It all looks pretty straightforward to me. But Professor Rotberg thinks otherwise. In a characteristic passage he writes,

> The wellsprings of Rhodes' own view of himself during the late 1880s are deep and murky. Modern biographers who are concerned to separate received myth from reality and true motive from convenient rationalization must infer answers from the subject's speeches, infrequent writings, his actions and reactions and the comments and responses of others.
>
> Simple explanations for the behavior of complicated, multifaceted personalities are to be distrusted. But, now and again in an examination of Rhodes, a glimmer of some central light is refracted through the prism of previous obscurity. The Confession and the wills are important, as are many of his rambling reflections to constituents and friends. In the late 1880s a sense of his inner self—of internal coherence amid accusations of traitorous behavior—was revealed at the end of the long, pro-Bond speech in parliament in favor of limiting the African franchise. Rhodes' own words speak to more than a defiance of convention and expectation. Possessed by a vision which by the use of poetic imagery he may genuinely have believed transcended mere expediency, Rhodes placed himself amid the ranks of those great men of the past who served humanity by espousing unpopular views or seeking impossible goals well in advance of their compatriots.

But in the parliamentary speech by Rhodes on which Rotberg bases these comments there is no mention of service to humanity or anything of that sort. There is nothing visionary about it. Rhodes is talking, as usual, about his money and his power: "I have got my in-

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terest in this country, I have my mining speculations, I have my interest in its future and, coupled with all this, I am a member of the House." In the context, Rhodes is warning parliamentary dissidents that it might be dangerous to get in his way, whereas it might be rewarding to be on his side. Rotberg's comments here bear virtually no relation to the text he is supposedly elucidating.

In general, the narrative parts of this biography, which compose its longest and strongest stretches—convey a great deal of information about Cecil Rhodes, which is why the book is worth reviewing. Rotberg's interspersed commentaries, like the one quoted, form a kind of chorus to the narrative. It is the chorus that offers the "enigma" theme. Rhodes the enigma is more attractive than Rhodes the historical figure, precisely because he is more mysterious. Rhodes the enigma might just possibly be a nice guy: an enigma might be anything. But Rhodes the historical figure is one of the least nice guys in modern history.

Consider what Rhodes was actually up to, in the political context of that speech which Rotberg presents as full of visions of service to humanity. What Rhodes was actually at, as Rotberg's own narrative establishes, was beginning the process of restricting the franchise to whites—the process that was to culminate in the apartheid system. That was the particular service to humanity on which Rhodes was bent when he made the speech.

UNDER BRITISH RULE, until the late nineteenth century, the law at the Cape was color-blind—wholly so in theory and so in practice to a significant degree. The franchise was based on property ownership, not race. If a black or "coloured" male person met the property qualification, that person could vote. This did not suit the Afrikaners. Some blacks were already better off than some Afrikaners. To base the franchise exclusively on property could give some blacks the vote while depriving some Afrikaners of it, thus placing Afrikaners in a position of inferiority to blacks, which was obviously intolerable. So the Afrikaners demanded that the franchise be based on race, not property. English-speaking Cape parliamentarians, backed by the British government, held out against this change. Cecil Rhodes's contribution to the evolution of this momentous controversy was to take the side of the Afrikaners; the English-speaking liberals were the real targets of that supposedly visionary speech of his.

Rhodes and his Afrikaner allies did not immediately place the Cape franchise on an explicitly racial basis. That might have caused alarm in London. One of the things that made Rhodes a valuable ally to the apartheid-bound Afrikaners was that he knew about London, while they did not. What Rhodes

and his allies did was to make such changes to the existing laws as would freeze the existing situation. The few blacks who already had the vote might retain it for a time, but no *new* blacks (or "coloureds") would get the vote, ever. The gates were closed. Permanent white supremacy was now safeguarded by law. Blacks were not totally disenfranchised until the mid-twentieth century, after the Afrikaner nationalists had achieved a monopoly of power. But that was merely a doctrinaire gesture. From 1887 on, thanks largely to Cecil Rhodes, what was left of the black franchise never posed any threat to white supremacy. Next Rhodes went to work laying the foundation for South Africa's Group Areas Act.

While not seeking to make the franchise legislation explicitly racial, Rhodes made clear in his speeches that he fully shared the racial attitudes of the Afrikaners. "We are to be lords over them. . . . The native is to be treated as a child." Being "treated as a child" meant that their white masters should be free to flog them, as Rhodes explained in a later debate.

Rhodes was saying these things because he was wooing the Afrikaners—successfully, as it turned out. But basically he shared their racist attitudes. Indeed, he was more cynical in the avowal of these attitudes in private than the devout Afrikaners would have thought proper. Very early on in his African career the young Rhodes wrote to his mother about what a pleasure it was to have "land of your own, horses of your own, and shooting when you like and a lot of black niggers to do what you like with, apart from the fact of making money."

Rotberg quotes this revealing passage but makes no comment on it. Perhaps it was insufficiently enigmatic to attract the interest of this biographer.

With Afrikaner support Cecil Rhodes became the Prime Minister of the Cape in July of 1890. Rotberg offers one of those enigmatic explanations about why Rhodes wanted the job.

> Rhodes' decision to assume the premiership should thus be seen as integral to and fueled by the enormous burst of energy which drove his seven-year period of generativity. Psychologically it reflected a fusion of raw ambition and the ideals which had been set out in the "Confession of Faith." That fusion, following Kohut, determines the adult configuration of normal productive narcissism which balances self-absorption with other-directedness and selfishness with altruism. The complexities of Rhodes' psychological makeup are particularly related to precisely that balance which, in him, was always uneasy.

I can see nothing uneasy about that particular balance. The evidence of Rhodes's selfishness is overwhelming, the evidence for his altruism virtually nonexistent. If we refuse to consider his

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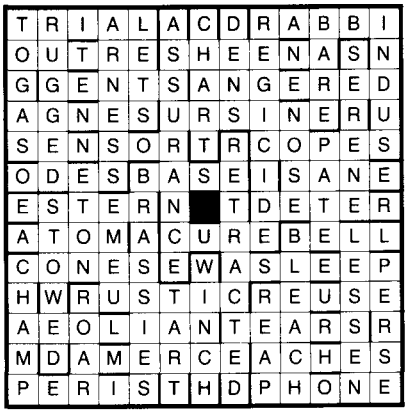

Ten-letter Words. a. C-HAM-PAG(N)ES b. OUT-REACHES (anag.) c. RA-B(BITE)ARS d. DETER-GENTS (anag.) e. PER-SEP-H(ON)E f. CHAR-TRE(U)SE (anag. + *U*) g. C-ONE-S-TO-GAS h. PERISCOPES (anag.) i. INDUSTRIAL (anag.) j. WIN(CHE'S)TER *Across*. 8. SHEEN-A 10. AN-(GERE)D 11. URS(I)NE (anag. + *I*) 13. SEN-(S)OR 16. ODES (even letters) 18. BASE (double def.) 19. SANE (homoph.) 22. A-TOM 23. CURE (double def.) 24. BELL (double def.) 26. AS-LEEP (*peel* rev.) 27. RUSTIC (anag.) 30. AE(O)LIAN (anag. + *o*) 31. AMERC-E (anag. + *e*) *Down*. 1. RUGGED (double def.) 2. ARNESS (anag.) 3. LETS (double def.) 4. A-SSURANCE (*a* + anag.) 5. DENS(e) 6. REG(ICI)DE (*greed* anag.) 7. B-ARE 9. SERE(N)-E 12. NOSE (homoph.) 14. RE-TRAC-TED (*Carter* rev.) 15. PATE (double def.) 17. ET-ON 18. BRASSI(er)ES 20. STOWE-D 21. EMEU (hidden) 24. B(L)EACH 25. LESSEN (homoph.) 27. R-OAR 28. TART (double def.) 29. R(E)AP

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—(J. D.) Salinger, *The Catcher in the Rye*

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imperialism altruistic—and I have offered grounds for so refusing—about the only thing remaining that is even putatively altruistic is the endowment of the Rhodes scholarships. But the eponymous scholarships were excellent public relations for Rhodes. They spread his name and influence throughout the English-speaking world. He was getting full value for his money. He usually saw to it that he did. Nor is there any need to make such heavy psychological weather out of Rhodes's "decision to assume the premiership." Rhodes wanted power in the land that was the source of his wealth. What more natural, then, than to "assume the premiership," having paved the way to it by a racist deal with the Afrikaners?

By 1894 Rhodes was at the height of his power. He had his diamond monopoly. He had his premiership at the Cape. To the north he had Rhodesia under royal charter, acquired by a mixture of adroit public relations and corruption, predominantly the latter. Then, in 1895, came the great setback of his life: the failure of the Jameson raid. Leander Starr Jameson was the most devoted of Rhodes's many devoted servants; Rhodes entrusted him with the mission of annexing the Transvaal. Jameson bungled the job and ended up as a prisoner of the Boers. Rhodes's political power at the Cape was at an end. His power had been based on the Afrikaners, and he had now double-crossed them and been caught at it. The Afrikaners at the Cape were not all that fond of their cousins in the Transvaal, the descendants of the Voortrekkers. All the same, they *were* their cousins, and the Afrikaners at the Cape could not tolerate this attempt to do them down, perpetrated by a Britisher who had betrayed an Afrikaner trust. So that affair was over.

Rhodes still had his diamonds and his Rhodesia. But his prestige and authority were gravely impaired. Lord Milner, who came to the Cape to do the job that Rhodes had botched, virtually ignored Rhodes, who became a marginal figure in the politics of the country that he had dominated for so long.

Rotberg gets in a lot of enigmatizing on the subject of the Jameson raid. He credits Rhodes with possessing an unusually powerful Oedipus complex and believes—though he cites no evidence—that Rhodes identified Paul Kruger, the President of the Transvaal,

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with his own father. Hence the urge to destroy Kruger. As usual, more parsimonious explanations are available. Rhodes badly needed the Transvaal, for two reasons. First, its acquisition would join the two Rhodes dominions, the Cape and Rhodesia. Rhodes would be master of a South Africa stretching from Cape Agulhas to Lake Tanganyika.

Even more important was the fact that the Transvaal contained the largest gold reserves in the world. Rhodes, already the master of the continent's diamonds, wanted to be master of its gold as well. He had been deeply disappointed by a failure to find gold in Rhodesia. So for him to reach for the Transvaal, and its gold, was the most natural thing in the world.

The slipshod nature of the attempt does need to be accounted for. I think the factor that accounts for it is racial arrogance. Even more than most Englishmen of his day, Rhodes was imbued with a conviction of the superiority of the Anglo-Saxon race over lesser breeds, such as the Afrikaners. Jameson and his gallant little band of Britishers would be more than a match for Paul Kruger, Rhodes thought. The rulers of the British Empire were to make a very similar mistake a few years later, when their attack on the Transvaal—to get at the gold—involved them in the Anglo-Boer War, at a far greater cost in blood and treasure than they had ever anticipated. You can think what you like about the Afrikaners, but it doesn't do to underestimate them.

In his concluding chapter Rotberg says, "Rhodes' one colossal failure and his often forgotten but most enduring legacy is the fatal antagonism between white South African speakers of Afrikaans and English."

That is a wonderfully obtuse verdict. In the South Africa of today there is no such thing as a "fatal antagonism" between Afrikaners and English-speakers. There are mild differences of opinion, no more than that. Large numbers of English-speakers vote for P. W. Botha's National Party. The real fatal antagonism in South Africa today, as the world knows, is between whites and blacks. And the real "most enduring legacy" of Cecil Rhodes is his contribution to the development of apartheid, by his abandonment of the nonracial franchise. That was the beginning of the slippery slope down to the political inferno of today's South Africa. □

BRIEF REVIEWS

BOSTON *photographs by Santi Visalli, introduction by Thomas Boylston Adams. Rizzoli, $45.00.* In concluding his terse, quietly witty introduction to Mr. Visalli's splendid photographs, Mr. Adams points out that "the visitor to Boston can see in a short walk of half an hour what can be seen in no other city in America, great architecture of three centuries. . . ." This is true, but to see all the wide vistas and fine details that Mr. Visalli filmed, that visitor must ride a boat in the harbor, crouch wet-footed on the bank of the Charles River, climb steeples, scramble over rooftops, and possibly hire a helicopter. He must also stick around through blowing snow, blooming trees, the baseball season, the football season, and back to the lights of Christmas. Old and new, the best of Boston is recorded in this large and lovely book. The unlovely has been tactfully omitted.

MEMORIES OF AMNESIA *by Lawrence Shainberg. British-American Publishing, $16.95.* Mr. Shainberg's narrator, Drogin, is a distinguished neurosurgeon whose own brain suddenly goes haywire. What Drogin views as his self, meanwhile, stands aside examining his symptoms and wondering if such examination can be valid when a damaged brain becomes the instrument through which the damage is studied. All neurology, he suspects, "is ultimately circular, an attempt by the brain to understand itself," and if this proposition seems bewildering, it is pure simplicity when compared with the labyrinthine complications of logic and language in which Drogin entangles himself and the reader. The novel is extravagantly ingenious, gruesomely funny, and provocative, for who has not, at times, asked Drogin's question: Who is in charge here, me or my brain?

THE CAPTAIN AND THE ENEMY *by Graham Greene. Viking, $17.95.* Mr. Greene's latest novel lacks something of the compulsive drive that one expects of this dis-

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Coming Next Month In The Atlantic

WOUNDED HEALERS
by Thomas Maeder

People joke that psychiatrists, psychologists, and even the clergy are far more disturbed than the population in general. But the phenomenon is real, and it's no joke.

SHOUTING "FIRE!"
by Alan M. Dershowitz

Justice Oliver Wendell Holmes's classic example of unprotected speech—falsely shouting "Fire!" in a crowded theater—has become part of our folk language. It is almost always misused.

A VAN FOR VIOLET
by Ernst Havemann

"We have ladies' pistol practice on Thursdays, after Afwelf (that's short for African Welfare Society), at what used to be the Boy Scouts' hall. The basement has been fitted with sandbags and soundproofing and foot pedals that make the targets pop up when you want them. I believe it's one of the best private ranges in Johannesburg." A short story.

tinguished author, perhaps because the principal characters are seen entirely through the eyes of a mildly baffled third party. The narrator is unaware that he is cast as combination page, squire, and go-between in a contemporary version of the old theme of loyal knight and unattainable lady. The captain—his very casual surrogate father—is a basically decent fellow for whose outmoded talents modern society has no decent use. He is, in short, an international crook. The lady, like most of her kind, is remarkable only for her ability to inspire devotion. It is unlikely that these misfits can prevail against such dragons as English policemen and Latin American politicians, and Mr. Greene is much too accomplished a novelist to permit them to do so.

THE FIRST SALUTE *by Barbara Tuchman. Knopf, $22.95.* On November 16, 1776, the *Andrew Doria* sailed into the harbor of the Dutch island of St. Eustatius firing the ritual salute, and the guns of Fort Orange returned it. The event was notable because the *Andrew Doria* was flying the flag of the Continental Congress, which nobody had ever saluted before. Ms. Tuchman's study of that seemingly small affair extends to the commercial and political conditions that influenced European attitudes toward the American rebellion and eventually brought England to war with France, Spain, and Holland, as well as with her recalcitrant colonies. Ms. Tuchman carries the story through the entire war. Her use of pertinent quotation and unexpected detail is, as usual, superb, as are her command of brisk exposition and her distinctive ability to imply modern parallels in the history she so vividly recounts.

THE NAGLE JOURNAL *by Jacob Nagle, edited by John C. Dann. Weidenfeld & Nicolson, $25.00.* When Mr. Dann came upon the handwritten memoirs of Jacob Nagle of Pennsylvania, juvenile tagalong at the Battle of Brandywine, American privateer, British sailor by impressment and, in time, by choice, with service under Nelson and in the first settlement fleet to Australia, among other adventures, the stuff seemed too good to be true. Investigation proved, however, that Nagle really was where he claimed to have been. His journal is a remarkable, probably unique record of a seaman's life in the late eighteenth and early nineteenth centuries, for Nagle was a good amateur reporter of actions at sea and brawls ashore. His spelling—which his editor has sensibly left unmolested—was atrocious, and for precisely that reason conveys the quality of a speaking voice. Nagle wound up in Canton, Ohio, where he died in 1841, much respected as an old revolutionary and a fine teller of maritime tales. History buffs can now have the pleasure of hearing Nagle, and thanks to Mr. Dann's admirable background material and notes, they can also follow the large events of which Nagle saw only fragments.

ALEXANDRE DUMAS *by Claude Schopp. Franklin Watts, $27.50.* Mr. Schopp describes Dumas as "a spirit who always said yes," which is not altogether accurate, because his biography demonstrates that Dumas always said no to boredom, indolence, and financial common sense. His life was a whirlwind of astonishing, fascinating, not necessarily consistent activities, and if his biographer sometimes lapses into romantic hyperbole, he can easily be forgiven. Dumas incites that sort of thing.

THE MEZZANINE *by Nicholson Baker. Weidenfeld & Nicolson, $14.95.* The narrator of Mr. Baker's odd, clever novel is riding the escalator to his office on the mezzanine after a lunch hour devoted to the purchase of shoelaces. He has been surprised by the breakage of two laces in two days, although anyone familiar with trousseau sheets could have warned him that shoelaces are of the same breed—that is, when one goes, they all go. Meditations on shoelaces lead to the consideration of an astonishing number of similar trivialities. Knot tying, tooth brushing, milk bottles, the structure of escalators, and protocol in the men's room are only a few of the topics that flit through the young man's mind as he is borne aloft. The novel becomes an amusing illustration of the amount of time and effort required to deal with life's non-problems, but it also becomes a chilly, disconcerting study of the degree of personal isolation possible in a modern metropolis. The protagonist sees his colleagues only as potential sources of social difficulty, and his mistress expresses devotion by inserting his ear plug (he wears two by day) at bedtime. Like the mezzanine that he inhabits, the man exists outside traditional structure, and he is quietly frightening.

—Phoebe-Lou Adams

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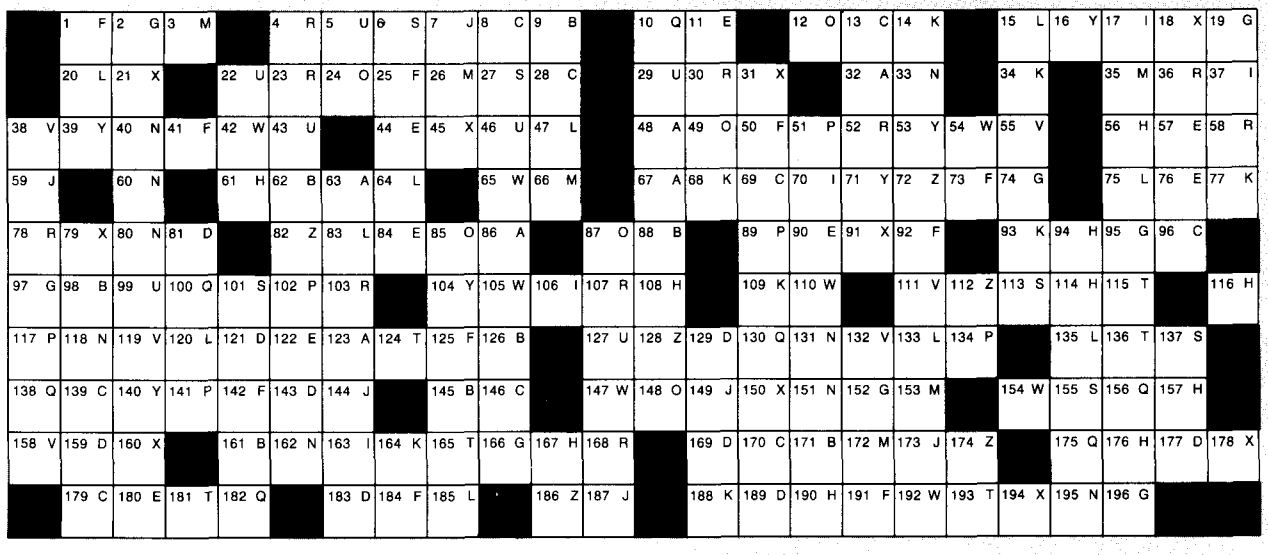
ACROSTIC NO. 41

BY DOROTHY OSBORNE

The letters of clue answers, when put in the appropriately numbered squares, will spell out a quotation. The first letters of clue answers spell the author and source of the quotation.



The solution to Acrostic No. 40 appears on page 94.

A. Outmoded duplicate form — 63 48 123 67 32 86

B. Apparatus invented by Cousteau and Gagnan (hyph.) — 62 161 171 145 126 98 88 9

C. Rambunctious merrymaking (2 wds.) — 170 139 28 13 179 69 8 96 146

D. Collaborator with Auden on *The Ascent of F6* — 189 121 159 177 143 169 183 129 81

E. Area of strongest ability (2 wds.) — 84 76 90 44 11 180 57 122

F. Art treasure of Milan (2 wds.) — 73 125 92 41 1 184 25 191 142 50

G. Control for a flight simulator — 97 152 74 196 19 166 95 2

H. Sinclair Lewis novel of 1925 — 94 190 108 167 56 61 157 114 116 176

I. Errand-runner — 70 17 106 163 37

J. "And, as in ___ thought he stood" ("Jabberwocky") — 149 187 173 7 144 59

K. Medieval crossbow — 34 68 93 188 77 14 164 109

L. Jamaican predecessor of reggae (2 wds.) — 133 20 75 64 15 185 120 135 47 83

M. Smartly dressed — 153 35 26 172 66 3

N. Warmed-up leftovers — 118 80 40 131 60 162 33 151 195

O. Lepidopteran with prominent eyespots (2 wds.) — 49 87 24 85 12 148

P. At a rapid tempo — 51 102 117 134 141 89

Q. Leg-stretching break (2 wds.) — 182 10 130 138 175 156 100

R. Toothless — 36 4 107 168 58 30 52 78 23 103

S. U.S. mint site — 137 101 27 6 113 155

T. Bird favoring multi-unit dwellings — 181 193 115 165 124 136

U. Kurosawa movie about a samurai for hire — 43 46 22 5 99 127 29

V. Deprive of freedom — 38 55 111 158 132 119

W. Individualist (2 wds.) — 42 65 54 105 147 110 192 154

X. Chutzpah; audacity — 160 150 21 79 45 194 31 91 18 178

Y. Expert involved in summit-meeting preparations — 140 71 39 104 16 53

Z. Dr. Seuss's egg-hatching elephant — 112 174 128 72 186 82

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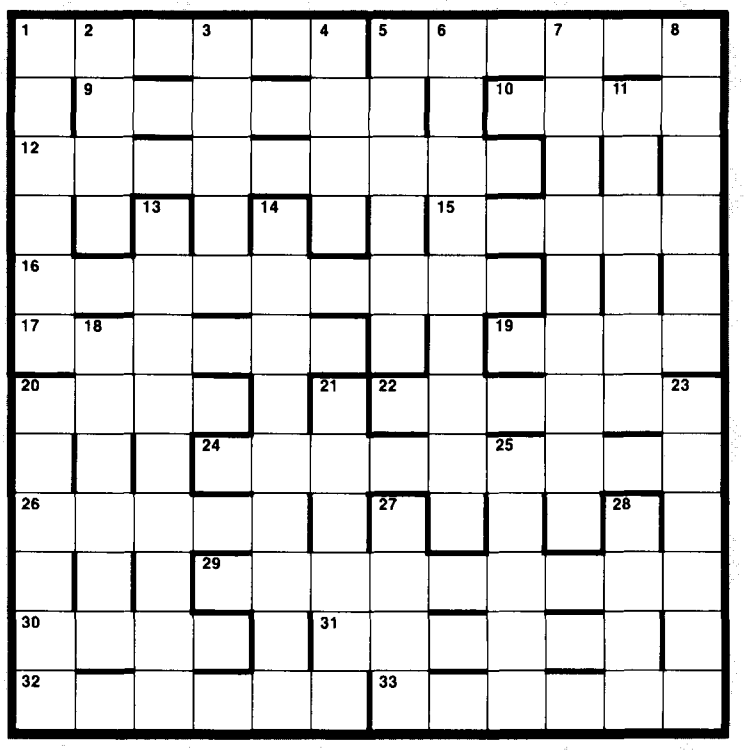
THE PUZZLER

BY EMILY COX AND HENRY RATHVON

THE FOUR SEASONS

Answers to this puzzle's clues are to be treated according to season before being entered in the diagram. Those of Spring, a time for new beginnings, have a different first letter in the diagram. Those of Summer, a time for growth, gain an extra letter somewhere. Those of Autumn, a time for dropping, lose one letter. And those of Winter, a dormant time, undergo no change. All changes result in new words in the diagram. Nine answers are associated with each season. Answers include two proper nouns.

The answers to last month's Puzzler appear on page 94.



ACROSS

1. Begins with first of seasons, entering first sign of spring?
5. Photograph defeat inside unfinished sports facility
9. Speech specialist comes in for a tortilla
10. Old man shot from a gun
12. Ceremony African country held in '40
15. School of trout swimming
16. Shaking rein, Mr. Ed gives cue
17. Judge mongrel impure
19. Answer for practice again?
20. Spot double agent
22. Tossing die in commercial helped
24. Amulet is poor copy
26. 30-year mortgage offers protection
29. Evil of the first woman embracing villain's snaky forms (*two words*)
30. Stoic philosopher with sort of Buddhist ring
31. Bigots' street numbers recalled
32. Most well-to-do fail at exam
33. Candy assortments split by all of us

DOWN

1. Autograph source material for Italian gentleman
2. Group of chicks plotted out loud
3. Dam catches black snake
4. Grass consequently died
5. A bit of rum in drinks results in amused expressions
6. Dance and dance, eating butter crackers
7. Pals of Ted turned play down (*hyphenated*)
8. Archaic, like a nobleman?
11. Cooked one old bean
13. Running through one time, about 1,000 albinos?
14. A group of taxers travels places to see planes
18. No more lousy President
20. First and last, hurry up with Italian food
21. Bird allowed outside motel
23. Stops altering SDS ties
25. Think about love for shy person
27. Clear mesh
28. Savage when in risk

Note: The instructions above are for this month's puzzle only. It is assumed that you know how to decipher clues. For a complete introduction to clue-solving, send an addressed, stamped envelope to The Atlantic Puzzler, 8 Arlington Street, Boston, Mass. 02116.

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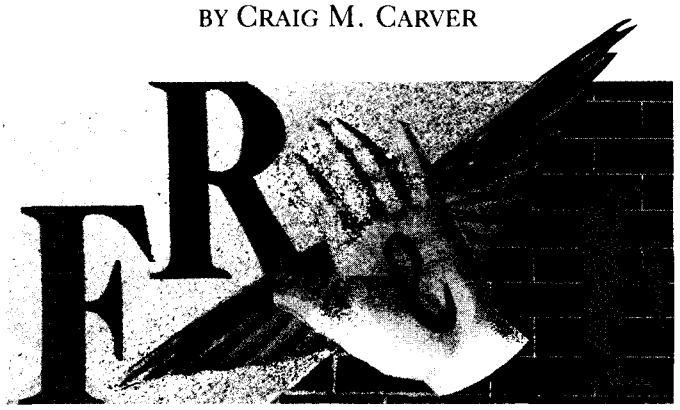
WORD HISTORIES

Etymologies derived from the files of The Dictionary of American Regional English

BY CRAIG M. CARVER

freedom



Freedom is such an ordinary word that we don't really see it, even though Americans are preoccupied with the concept. It's everywhere in our free press and in the speeches of our politicians. During Ronald Reagan's last summit with Mikhail Gorbachev he used the word three times almost in one breath: "The *freedom* to keep the fruits of one's own labor, for example, is a *freedom* that the present reforms seem to be enlarging. We hope one *freedom* will lead to another" (*Time*).

Free goes back a long way in linguistic history, back through *freo* (free) in Old English, with its Germanic roots, to the prehistoric Indo-European form *prī*, meaning "to love." This form gave to Sanskrit the word *priya*, and eventually, through various sound changes, gave to Old English the word *freon* (to love) and its derivative *freond*, which has become modern English's *friend*. In the Germanic development of the root word the basic meaning, "dear," naturally applied to one's family or clan, as opposed to slaves, and in time the word was used more and more to refer to any person who was not in bondage or servitude. By the ninth century in England its modern meaning, "free will," was so well established that the learned King Alfred could use the word in translating Boethius from the Latin into Old English: "Forthaem he yesceop twa yesceadwisan yesceafta *freo*, englas & men" ("Therefore he created two kinds of free creatures, angels and men").

The *dom* of *freedom* was originally a separate word, meaning "statute; jurisdiction," formed from the common verb *do*. In Old English it was occasionally combined to form compound words, such as *cyningdom* (kingdom), and *haligdom* (holiness). In modern English *dom* is not a free word but exists only as a suffix.

geezer

A cover story in *The New Republic* last spring titled "Greedy *Geezers*," about an alleged grab by the elderly for entitlements, made me wonder where this word came from. Athough in American usage it almost always refers to an odd or eccentric old man, in late-nineteenth-century Britain it usually applied to an old woman. In standard usage *geezer* is almost always derisive, as the magazine's cover illustrated with a caricature of an aggressive army of avaricious oldsters. In contrast, underworld slang uses the word and its variant, *geezo*, without derision to refer to a young man, as in Graham Greene's *Brighton Rock*, when Pinkie complains that "a *geezer* can't have an alibi for every minute of the day."

Geezer derives from the fifteenth-century Scottish dialect *guiser* or *guisard* (masquerader; mummer), which comes from the Middle English *gise* (manner; costume—hence *disguise*). *Gise* in turn comes, through Old French, from the Germanic root *wise* (manner; style—hence the adverb-forming suffix *-wise*, as in *clockwise*). Children in Scotland to this day go door-to-door as *guisers* on Halloween, Christmas Eve, and Hogmanay (New Year's Eve) to collect gifts of cakes and nuts. By the 1880s *guiser* had moved beyond its dialectal borders into general English, the diphthong (ī) had become a high, tense vowel (ē), and the reference to a zany youthful masquerader shifted ironically to an odd elderly person, perhaps with the implication that age was being worn as a kind of guise.

quack

Like the poor, the practice of *quackery* has always been with us. However, its practitioners—ignorant pretenders to medical knowledge and skill—have been known as *quacks* only since the seventeenth century. The origin of this word is a minor etymological puzzle. It is generally agreed that *quack* is an abbreviated form of *quacksalver*, which has the same meaning, and that this in turn was adopted from the Dutch *quacksalver* (now spelled *kwakzalver*). The puzzle is the origin of the Dutch word. The second element, *salver*, derives from the Dutch *salf* or *zalf* (ointment; salve) or *salven* (to salve). And most etymologists agree that the first element is formed onomatopoetically from the sound that a duck makes (Dutch has *kwakken*, and German has *quacken*). Hence a *quacksalver* is one who *quacks* or boasts of the virtues of his salves.

The *American Heritage Dictionary* does not agree with the quacking metaphor. It instead derives the first element from the Middle Dutch *quac* (unguent), which is related to *quagmire* and *quaver*, the Indo-European root (*gwēbh*) having the meaning "sliminess." But such a redundant compound (unguent + to apply salve) seems unlikely. *Webster's Third New International Dictionary* derives *quacksalver* from *quicsilver* (mercury), which was used extensively in folk medicine. *Quicsilver* (*quic* or *quick* meaning "alive; living") in this derivation was then modified by the quacking metaphor and the verb meaning "to salve."

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The 1989 Cressida. The pride of Toyota is the new master of the asphalt jungle.

A **36-month/36,000-mile** basic new vehicle limited warranty with no deductible and no transfer fee applies to all components other than normal wear and maintenance items.

Call 1-800-GO-TOYOTA for more information and the location of your nearest dealer. Get More From Life...Buckle Up!

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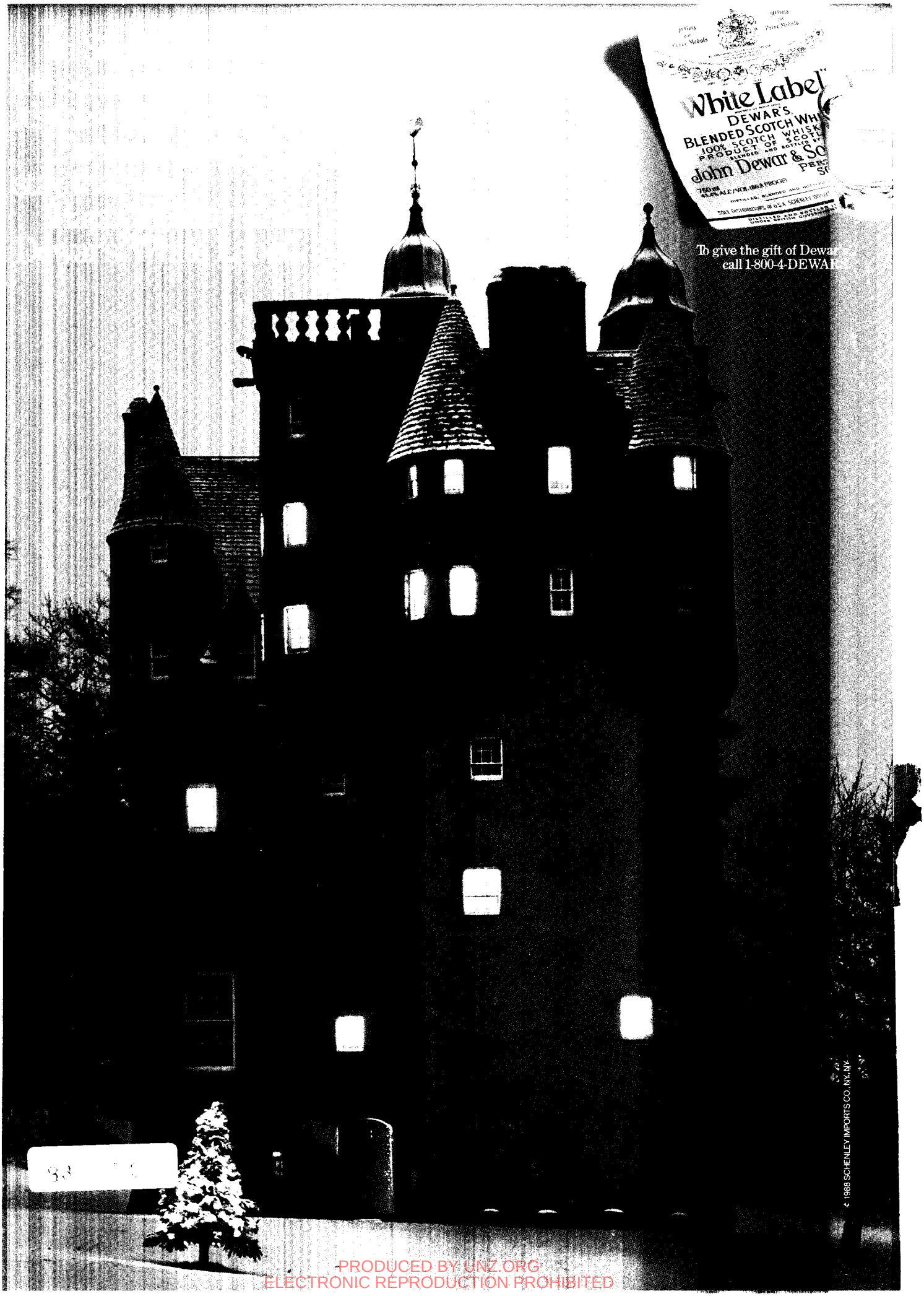

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